WAS A CHUMP—CAN I COME BACK? A Frank Confession by Richard Arlen

SEPT. 25,
1937

Liberty

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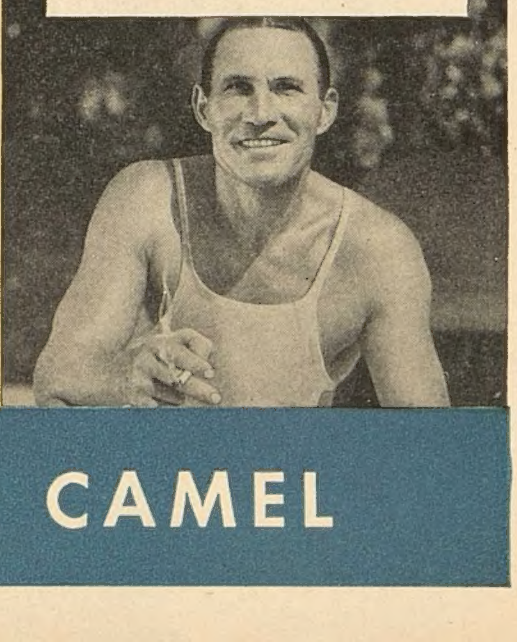

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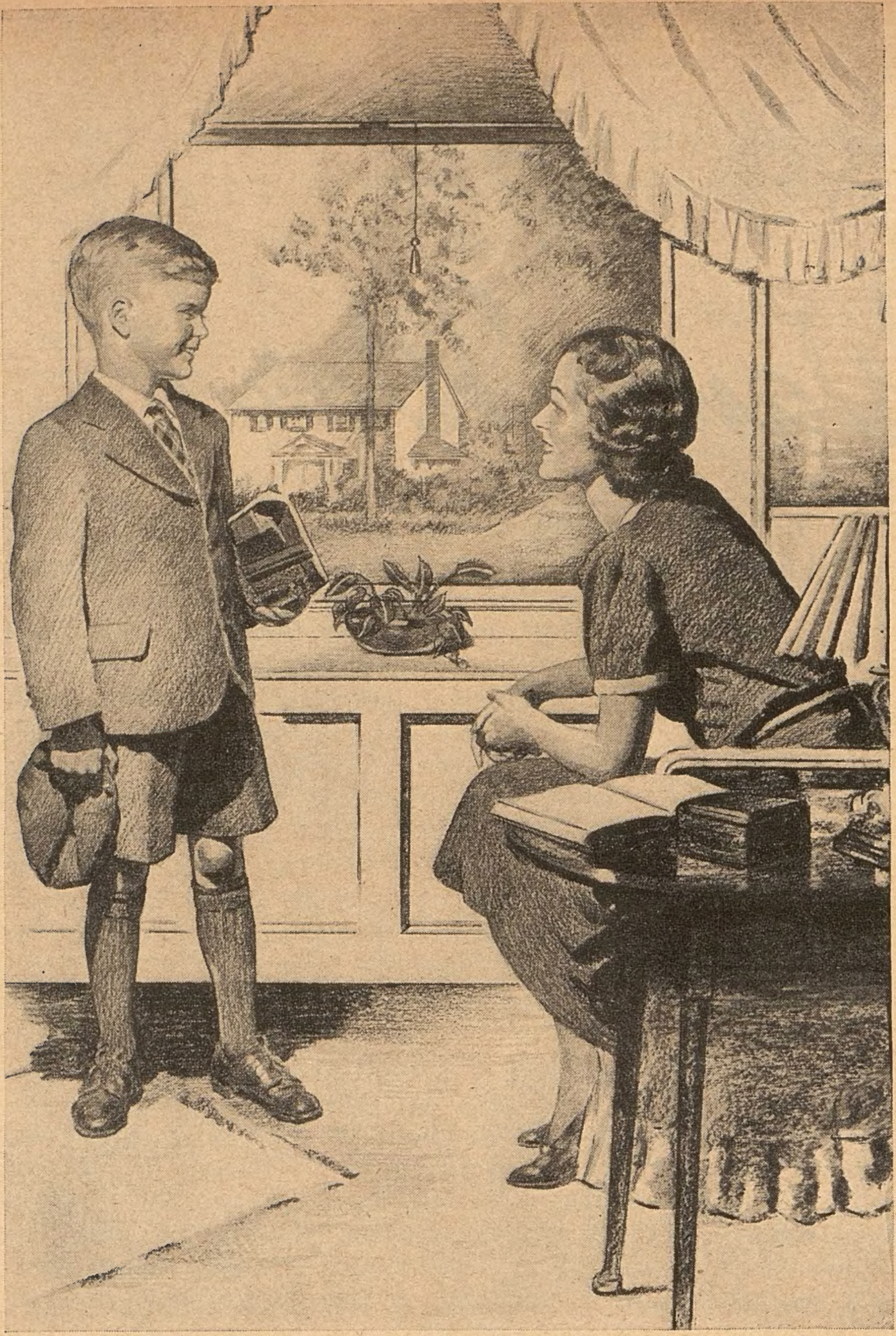

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SEPTEMBER 25, 1937
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BERNARR MACFADDEN
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FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

Who Wants War?

SPAIN is within the grasp of the game of wholesale murder that we call war.

China and Japan have also entered this maelstrom of bloody horror.

And what are they fighting for?

The average soldier now engaged in this game with death would find it difficult to answer that question.

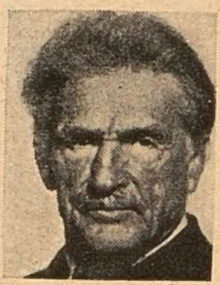
In the World War we heard of enemy soldiers between battles fraternizing with each other when their trenches were within shouting distance. They were not enemies at heart, and if allowed to follow their own inclinations, to kill and be killed would be far from their thoughts.

And why are we facing another world war? Is it due to the demand of the people for bloody strife? Is hatred between the Chinese and Japanese so intense that they want to murder each other? Are the rewards the Spaniards are seeking worth the terrific price they are paying at this time?

A few years after the World War, while I was in Germany, and while discussing the possibility of future wars with a prominent news gatherer who knew intimately all the leading diplomats of Europe, he stated that we would have another world war which would make the previous war look like a toy affair. At that time I was amused. But there is nothing ridiculous about such a possibility at this time. Europe is preparing with feverish haste for another conflict.

Now, who wants war? How many citizens of this country, for example, would favor war, except to defend our country from invasion?

Ninety-eight per cent of our people would probably vote against war, unless for self-defense. The same could be said of England, and doubtless similar situations exist in France and Russia.


BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Italy, Germany, and Japan may be influenced to a certain extent by the glorification of war broadcast by the officials of those countries. But if we were to go among their common people and inquire firsthand, we would doubtless find a hatred of war. No normal human would care to go into the business of killing other people. Therefore, if we boil down this war situation to the last analysis, nations fight each other for what? The answer is plain as the noonday sun. If we were to take away the financial gains through conquest and the self-glorification of the ambitious officials of warlike countries, there would be no wars. The love of power, financial and otherwise, is a colossal force in human life. Men like to be thought important.

The thrill of power through the control of huge armies intoxicates the senses and at times drives men to maniacal extremes.

What did the World War give the various combatants? A mountain of debt after murdering millions of men and destroying billions of treasures.

What would another world war give us? The possibility of destroying everything that civilization has brought us in the last few generations.

The people of this country do not want war. And the same can be said of the rank and file of the common people of every country. They are forced into war to satisfy the ambitious demands of autocratic rulers. They become a part of a great military machine that grinds up human flesh like the slaughterhouses which supply our butcher shops.

"War is hell!" said General Sherman. And if the people of this country and all countries will but raise their voices and make themselves heard, if they will express their own opinions forcibly and effectively, this bloody horror that stalks skeletonlike before the nations of the world will be discarded forever.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Surly Old Sam

Must we accept his rudeness? . . An eminent novelist reports some plain talk on a national matter of manners

BY LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

who wrote White Banners, Green Light, Magnificent Obsession

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FOUR of them had been with us for dinner and the other two drifted in afterward. Somebody remembered that there would be a fireside chat about the good neighbor, so we turned on the radio.

Uncle Sam wanted the world to know that his chief desire was to be a good neighbor. He overflowed with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

"Hell!" said the doctor. "I know something about the disposition of old Sam. I've had a box at the village post office for six years. Every three months I find a notice in the box saying, 'Rental on this box is due on the fifteenth. If not paid within three days the box will be closed and mail placed in General Delivery.' I have never refused to pay the rent of the box. The only bill I have ever received is this surly accusation that I am about to attempt a minor theft by receiving mail in a box I haven't paid for."

The gifted Voice carried on, increasingly inspirational: The goal of life, after all, was to be a good neighbor.

"Good neighbor, my eye!" mumbled the architect, scratching a match on his heel. "When we had been out here for two years I had a note from the income-tax office in Cleveland saying, 'Sir: Our records show that you made no income-tax return last year.' I replied that I had paid my income tax out here. They came back with another badly smudged form letter: 'Sir: You are required to furnish a receipt for your income tax 1934-35.'

"But I hadn't a receipt for my income tax. I had paid it, all right, but surly old Sam hadn't been decent enough to say that he got it."

"So what did you do?" inquired Doc, with an oblique grin.

"Nothing. They sent me three or four more letters—smeary forms that no country storekeeper would send out with the pork chops—and then, after a while, they let up on me."

Our hostess laid a hand on the button of the radio. "If nobody," she said pleasantly, "wants to hear any more about the good neighbor, I'll let him go to bed."

"I'm not quite sure," remarked the mining engineer, "just who Uncle Sam is. I've always thought of him as the symbol of government—federal, state, county, or municipal. But, whoever he is, he has pretty bad manners. A few days ago I had a notice from City Hall billing me for $19.65 on a new lighting project on Marshall Avenue. It was the first time I had heard of it. If I had been asked for my advice about it, I would have approved it heartily. The bill stated that if I didn't pay the assessment within thirty days, there would be a ten-per-cent penalty plus the cost of advertising my property for sale."

"Huh!" laughed the doctor. "Imagine your tailor and butcher or lawyer sending you a bill with that sort of threat tagged to it!"

"Well," said the engineer, patting a yawn, "it all gets back to this good-neighbor idea. Here is old Uncle Sam, benignly preserving the peace with other nations. He smiles pleasantly, remits their debts, ignores their clamorous insults, and very properly keeps his hands in his pockets. But when it comes to his hand-to-hand dealings with his own nephews and nieces, he is a surly old codger who, if he were engaged in any private enterprise, would lose all of his customers within ninety days."

"Governments all seem to behave the same way toward their people," said the lawyer. "As soon as some little fellow gets in the saddle, he wants to use the spurs."

"I think he forgets that he has spurs," said our hostess, ever ready to find an excuse for somebody's bad behavior. "He just realizes that at any moment he is likely to be thrown off, and he wraps his legs tight around his nag, unaware that he is gouging the beast to a runaway."

THE END

I Was a CHU

Here's a forthright, frank confession! With remarkable candor, a star tells you the tale of his folly in filmdom

THERE comes a time in the life of every man—" No, I guess that won't do. My wife says it sounds profound and I'm not profound. When you've been married ten years you learn to heed your wife's suggestions—whether you agree with them or not. She says I'm a chump. So we'll let it go at that. I am. At least, I was. I don't know yet whether I've been cured or not. I hope I have.

I've been in pictures for twelve years, and up to a couple of years ago I was doing all right for myself in a quiet, inconspicuous way. While my salary was never spectacular, it was a very nice salary and it was steady. I happened to be fortunate enough to have a fifty-two-week contract, which meant no lay-offs without pay. And that, my friends, is something very few white men and no chumps at all have these days.

I married the girl I fell in love with and after ten years we're still in love with each other. We have one of the swellest kids you ever saw. We've lived well but not extravagantly. We have a home that may not be one of the show places of Hollywood, but we like it and our friends seem to. We have a yacht and two cars. Everything we own is paid for. We don't owe any one a dime and we've saved enough money so that if I never work again we still won't be a charge on the county.

I am mentioning these things just to show that I had a lot to be thankful for. But I wasn't. That's where I was a chump.

I started in pictures twelve years ago. For a couple of years I worked extra and things were pretty tough. Charlie Farrell was just getting started, too, and we roomed together. Then I got a contract at Paramount and that part in Wings. Gary Cooper had a great part, too, although it was a small one. And Buddy Rogers had the fattest part in the whole picture. So I felt that all four of us sort of started out together.

First thing I knew, Buddy was the hottest thing in pictures—"America's Boy Friend," "The Deb's Delight," and a few other things like that. Then Charlie got that part in Seventh Heaven and for several years he was "King of the Movies," according to an annual poll conducted by a Chicago paper. Then Gary got the lead with Clara Bow and Esther Ralston in Children of Divorce, and was starred in Lilac Time and Legion of the Condemned and Street Angel. From then on he has been one of the most potent male draws at the box office.

Me? I was just good old Arlen, left at the post. The salaries of those boys with whom I started out began to look like telephone numbers. Magazines and newspapers were flooded with their pictures and interviews.

I was *not* envious of their success and I was honestly glad for them. The fact that they were earning huge sums didn't keep me from doing likewise. Their success didn't affect me in any way—except my morale.

I began to wonder why, when we'd started on an equal footing, I was being left behind. I was getting a nice salary (although nothing to compare to theirs); I was getting a moderate amount of publicity; and my fan mail, while never anything to cause people to gasp, has always been flatteringly large—and steady; and the pictures I've been cast in have nearly always made money for the company. Often more than more pretentious productions.

"Well, what more could any one ask?" you mutter.

I can ask myself the same thing now. But a couple of years ago it was a different story.

I'd been publicized as "the typical American boy." I was the reliable type that girls marry—but not the type they lose their heads over. My happy marriage was written and rewritten until I knew, without reading, what was in every interview that came out on me.

At the studio I was making mostly Class B pictures—pleasant enough little things, for the most part. The kind of pictures people may enjoy while watching them but promptly forget afterward.

When talkies came in, I was starred in a series of Westerns. Only a person in the picture business knows how an actor feels about Westerns. As a matter of fact, they probably did me more good, as to building a fan following—if there is such a thing—than anything else in which I've appeared. But I hadn't sense enough to know it at the time.

My friends around the lot, with the best intentions in the world, began telling me I was too easygoing. Whatever the studio wanted me to do I had done without grumbling. Suddenly—or so it seemed to me—there weren't any more pleasant, if inconsequential, little pictures. There was just a long succession of duds.

There was something else that made it worse. The first thing I knew, I was not only being put into relatively unimportant pictures but I was always supporting some unknown girl.

The theory around the studio was, when they had a new girl they hoped to develop into a star, "Give her Arlen for a lead. People know him and will go to the picture if they see his name advertised. Then they'll get a load of this girl. If she's any good they'll come away raving about her, and next time we advertise her in a picture she'll pull them in by herself."

I must have supported half a dozen girls that way. It isn't very flattering to one's ego.

SO I began to get temperamental. I saw people with a reputation for not being too easy to get along with going ahead by leaps and bounds. When *they* went into the front office with the storm signals flying, the executives ducked for cover and sent their secretaries to see that the temperamental ones got what they wanted. If *I* went in and raised a row about anything, they laughed in my face, knowing that I'd get over my peeve shortly. I felt I ought to start fighting for my rights.

That was when I started being a chump.

Then an interview came out on me, so filled with goo and slush about what a nice boy and good husband I was that it made me sick at my stomach.

On top of that, the following review of Ready for Love (my last picture under my Paramount contract) appeared in Liberty:

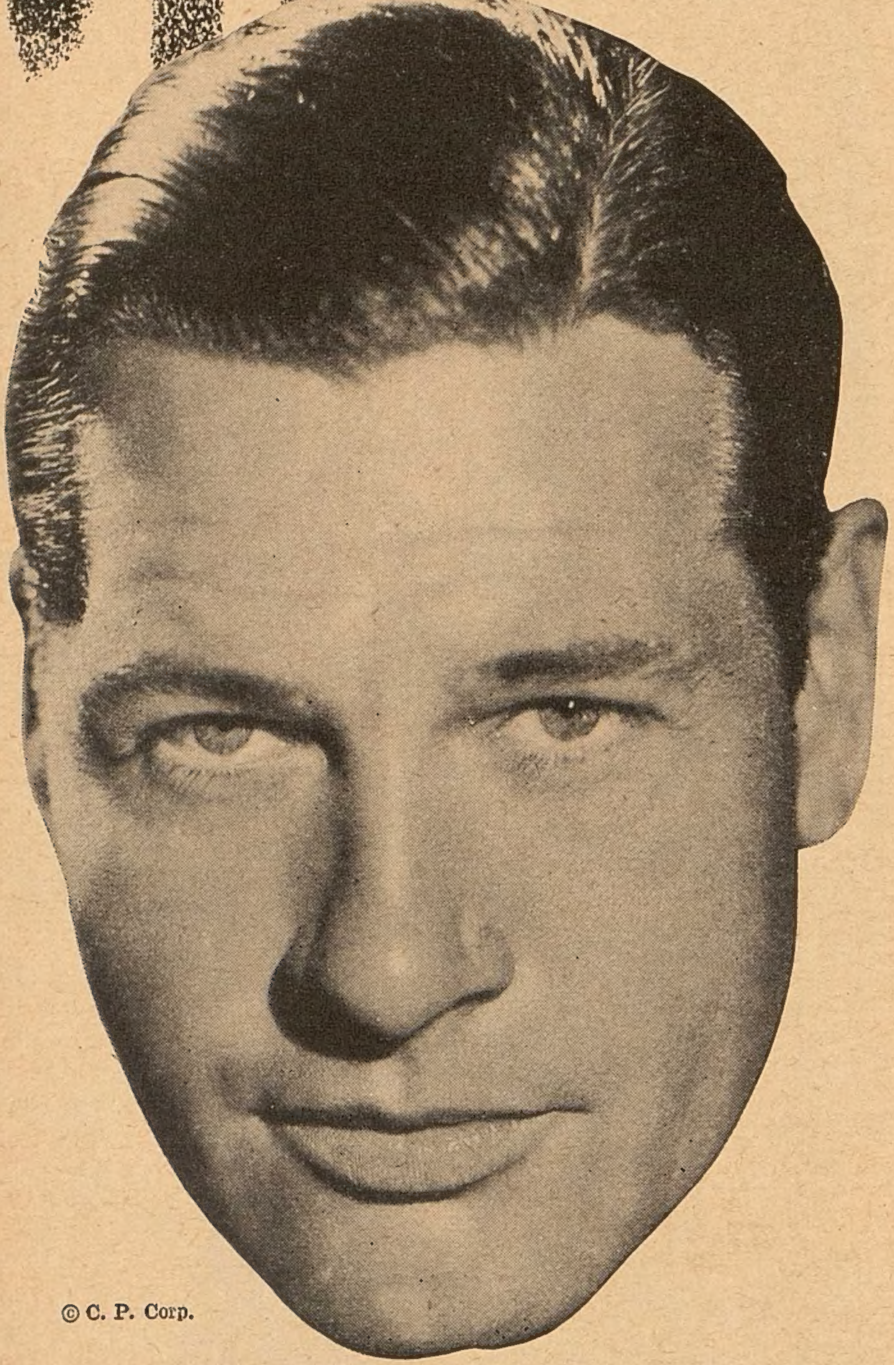
> Richard Arlen is wasted in the part of the small-town newspaperman. This picture is typical of the many inferior vehicles offered this likable actor, who, given decent material, could hold his wide popularity.

That was all I needed to confirm my belief that I wasn't appreciated. I'd had enough. I wanted to be a spectacular star, too!

I'd read about actors who refused to sign new contracts because they wanted to free-lance so they could pick their own parts. Agents came telling me all they could do for me if I could get out of my contract. Their offers alter-

MP Can I Come Back?

READING TIME
9 MINUTES
40 SECONDS



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BY RICHARD ARLEN

nated between making me so hot at the box office that Clark Gable would look like an also-ran, and getting me so much work at such fancy salaries that inside a year or two Mellon would look like a piker next to me.

I've always been a sucker for anything any one has told me. If there is a more gullible person living, I've never met him and may the Lord have pity on him. Actors would tell me they were making a certain figure, and I'd swallow it, hook, line, and sinker. Their talk convinced me I was underpaid—besides my other grievances.

Anyhow, when the agents started propositioning me, I listened—plenty. In the end, I asked for and obtained my release from my contract, and told my own agents if these other people could do so much for me it was up to them to get busy.

They got me plenty of offers, both for pictures and of new contracts. But on close analysis there was something wrong with all of them. I'd made a drastic move. I wasn't worried about the money. I wanted to be a sensational star and I couldn't afford to make a mistake. I turned down part after part because I felt they were no better than the ones I'd been getting at Paramount.

Months went by without my working. I began to get fidgety. Then Fox offered me the lead in Helldorado, which had been designed for Spencer Tracy. Spence was ill and had been ordered to Honolulu for a rest.

He was one of their big stars, and I figured the part must be good. The script read all right, too, and they had assembled a good cast. *This* was the part I'd been waiting for. *This* picture was going to justify my faith in myself.

When it was previewed I saw that the idea had got lost somewhere between the typewriter and the projection booth. It was no better than all those pictures I'd made—to say nothing of the ones I'd turned down.

I went home that night and sat up until dawn reasoning things out. I couldn't think of one big star who was free-lancing at the time! I couldn't name one free-lance actor who was playing in important pictures. When a studio had a big part to cast, I concluded, they weren't handing it out to any free-lance player. They handed it to one of their own actors in the hope it would help build him. If it didn't happen to fit one of their own players, they borrowed one from another studio. The free-lance player got what was left. And what was left were the parts that contract players wouldn't take or that the studio knew would hurt them.

I finally did get a part in a big picture—Let 'Em Have It. I got it because it was made by Edward Small. Mr. Small was only making a few pictures a year and didn't carry players under contract. The picture helped, although it didn't make me a spectacular star.

MORE months followed in which I did nothing. I felt I was remaining off the screen too long. An independent producer offered me a contract for three pictures a year, for two years. The salary was flattering, but it was the pictures and the parts I was most concerned with. He painted glowing word pictures of what he would do for me. So I signed.

Every one of the pictures was a Western, produced as cheaply as possible. The only consolation I had was that they couldn't hurt me. No one went to see them.

Gaumont-British offered me the lead in Silent Barriers. It was to be a super-special. I jumped at it. The picture was six months in the making and cost a million dollars. I came home from England satisfied that at last I had clicked in a big way. When the film was released it was the same old story. Whether the action was slowed down in the cutting or whether the story wasn't as good as I had thought, I don't know. All I know is I had to chalk up another disappointment.

Possibly I started free-lancing too soon. Most of the big stars now are not renewing their contracts exclusively with one studio. They sign for a certain number of pictures, with the privilege of making outside pictures. They *are* offered choice parts—but they were all big names at the box office when they started free-lancing.

It's humiliating to admit it, but either I was before my time or I just wasn't a big enough name.

After Silent Barriers was released I went into another huddle with myself. My life is bound up in pictures. I don't know any other business. I decided if I was to continue I had better be getting started again.

So when Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures offered me a contract, I grabbed it. It may mean practically starting over again, but I don't care. I no longer want to be a spectacular star. I'm not the type. I realize—finally—that my forte is the steady reliable type I've always played.

From now on you can bet your chips I'll play mine to the best advantage and stop making comparisons.

I'm through being a chump!

THE END

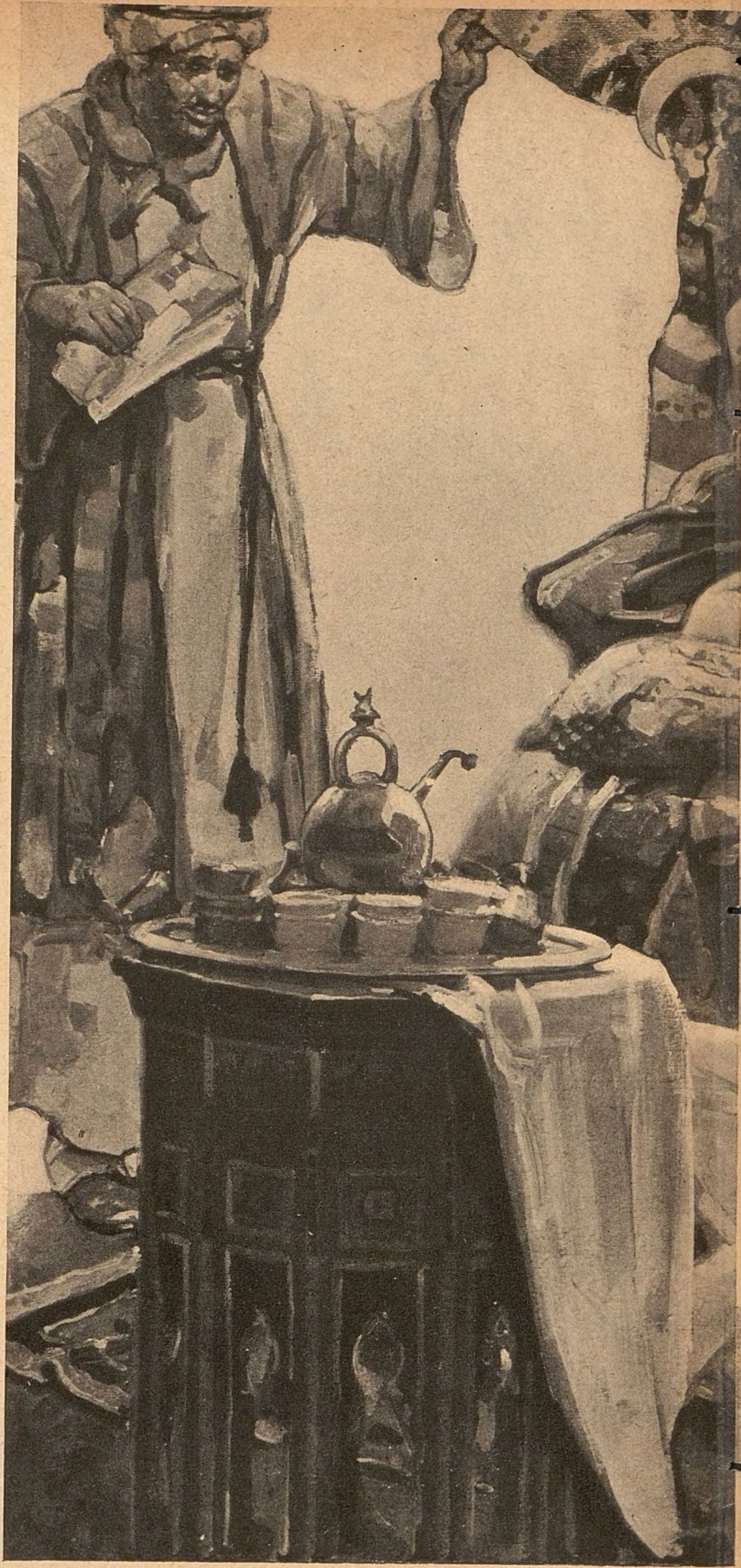
Desert Passion

The story of a beauty and a man who thought he was wise . . . . A flaming tale of the lure and mystery of love

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



ABOUT a month earlier, shortly after Lowell Riverton's arrival here at Tuggurt, the gateway to the Sahara, Mehmet the Algerian had attached himself to the other as servant and interpreter. Now he pulled at his master's sleeve; inquired:

"Want to meet her, elegant mister?"

"No!" impatiently. "I've told you so a dozen times this last week."

"All right. . . ."

Mehmet shrugged his shoulders, while the woman went on her way through the latticed bazaar that filtered the sun rays in shifting patterns of rose and lilac and elfin green on copper vessels and clay pots, on rugs and silks and silver-sheathed weapons. Leisurely she strolled on, her loose striped robe, as she passed the American, brushing his coat—and he gave a start, looked at her, and, her face veil being thin, could see, dimly and provocatively, a forehead that was smooth and snowy white, a short high-bridged nose, intensely red lips, and two black eyes, almond-shaped, heavily lidded.

As on the preceding afternoon, she stopped at the end of the bazaar where a hook-nosed Armenian presided over a jewelry booth. She pointed at a moonstone bracelet.

"*Kadesh* [How much]?" she asked.

"Ninety francs."

"*Ma indish Nasranee* [I have not the price, Christian]."

The woman sighed. Over her shoulder she glanced at the American. Then she went on with a cling-clong of her silver anklets, leaving behind a sweet trail of musk and wild thyme—and Lowell, staring after her, felt his heart pulsing, stirring, yearning. . . .

Yearning?

No, no! How could it be? Why, he did not know her. Besides, she was alien to him. So terribly alien in race and faith and civilization; in all that mattered.

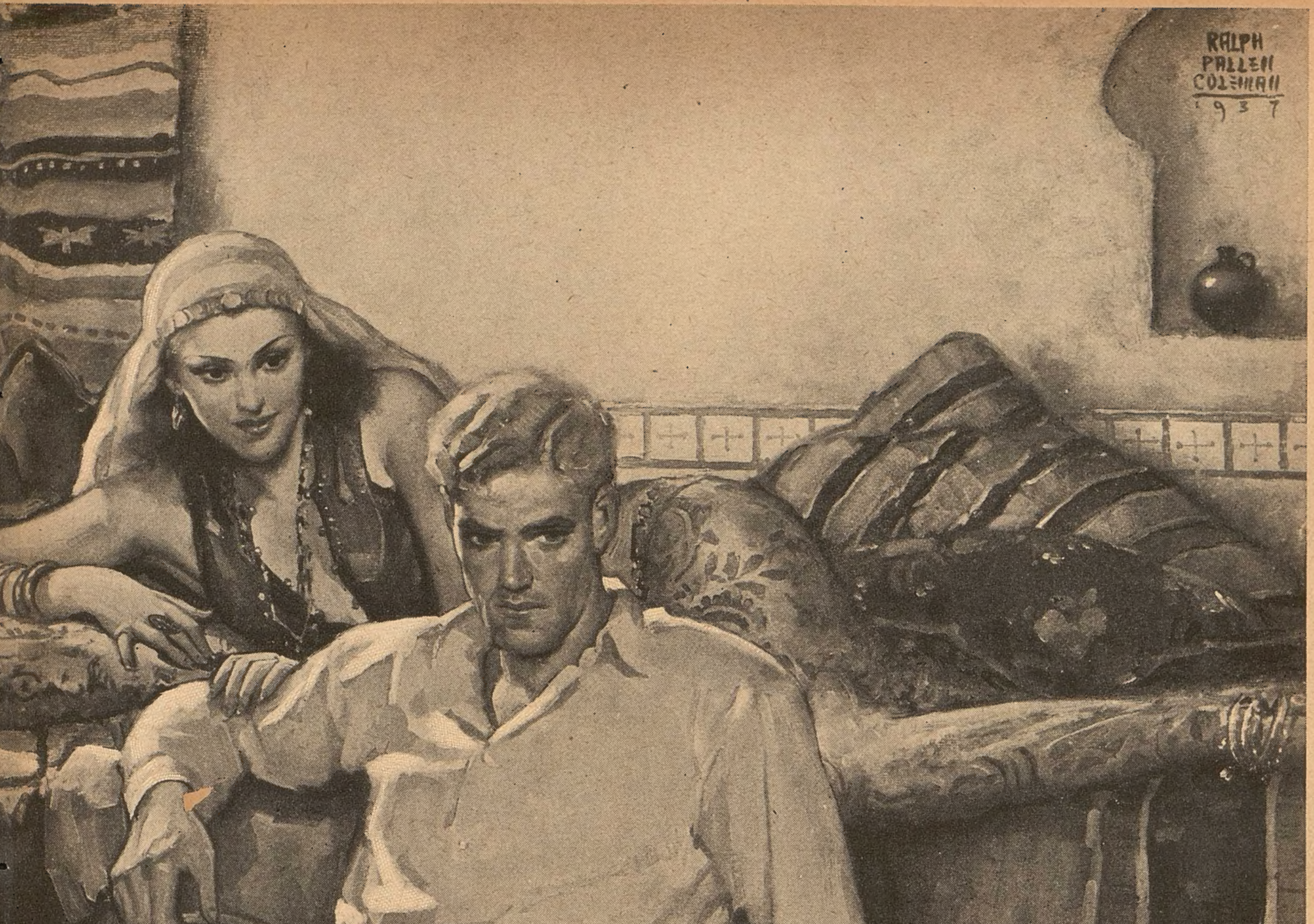
And the next second, almost violently, he considered that it was this very fact which attracted him; considered that one of the reasons why he had come here had been to escape from the stark, limiting circumstances of life as he had lived it back home in Boston—had lived it thus, thanks to another woman who had not been alien at all, and whom he had loved. At least, he had told her that he loved her; had told himself.

He thought of her now. Marie Peyton. So lovely. Coldly, white-and-golden lovely. Cold, too, her soul and mind. Boston-cold—and Boston-witty. Investing trivial comments with a suggestion of hard irony. Judging everything by her own crystal-pure standards. Physically brave, yet spiritually a coward. Afraid of every last genuine, daring emotion and thrill. . . .

"Swell female, eh?" Mehmet interrupted his thoughts.

"Oh, will you shut up!"

The other paid no attention to the irate command.



He said to himself: "I must keep my heart free . . ."

He spoke of the girl. Her name, it appeared, was Nuktat el-Misk, which meant the Musk Grain. Seventeen she was, a daughter of the Ouled-Nayl tribe whose black-felt tents stippled the desert far to the south, beyond the Djelfaa oasis. And if the elegant mister felt like giving her the bracelet, Mehmet—was he not famed for his shrewdness?—would drive a sharp bargain.

He talked on, while the American tried not to listen; tried to banish the girl's image from his brain; did not succeed.

What—he wondered—was she like? What were the dreams, the thoughts behind those hooded eyes? Different—he was willing to wager, and smiled bitterly—from those of Marie Peyton. And why today, as yesterday and the day before, had she glanced at him? Was it just because she wanted the bracelet?

He dried his face with his handkerchief. The heat was enormous. What he needed was a tall iced drink. So he went to the small house he had rented in the heart of the Arab quarter, Mehmet following at his heels like a mangy black-and-tan cur.

" Not going out tonight," he announced. " I'll have a sandwich and a bottle of white wine around six o'clock."

"I listen and obey, elegant mister."

Mehmet salaamed and withdrew, while Lowell walked up to the flat roof, mixed a highball, sat down near the parapet.

His thoughts returned to the desert girl. Again he felt his heart stirring. It made him a little ashamed—he being what he was: a painter, an artist of note; but a New Englander of Puritan stock whose moral convictions were strict, yet liable—since he was a man of healthy appetites—to produce at times violent reactions.

Somehow, throughout his thirty-two years, spent mostly in Boston and at his Maine country place, he had escaped these reactions, except for a few shoddy intermezzos that had left no mark—and except for the intermezzo with Marie Peyton that had left a very deep mark indeed.

Married—and, everybody knew, unhappily married—to Cabot Peyton, he had met her during the preceding summer. It was the artist in him who had immediately become enthralled by her amazing white-and-golden loveliness. The man had followed where the artist had led, until—he had seen her often—the sight of her had swept him into a sort of inner emotional debauch.

He had told her so with throbbing, winged words, and she had smiled thinly.

"Do you read much cheap fiction?" she had replied. "Your ideas of life and conduct . . ."

"Anything wrong with—with love?"

"I happen to be married."

"But," more brutally than he had intended, "unhappily married! There's such a thing as divorce. . . ."

"I," in level accents, "do not approve of divorce."

When he had said "Ridiculous!" she had proceeded to give him her own notions of life and conduct, of duty and the burden of duty, with an amazing, coldly ironic lack of sentimental bias. But—there being her latent vanity and, perhaps, her latent cruelty—she had not forbidden him the house. On the contrary, she had encouraged his visits, yet had always fought him off—until one night he had lost his temper, had shouted:

"You are mean, hard—oh—inhuman!"

"Because I am—decent?"

"Precisely! Decency gives! It gives, gives, *gives*—d'you see? It doesn't suck—and destroy—and—oh . . ."

He had not finished his sentence. He had flung out of the house; had left Boston two days later.

Now he was here, in North Africa. He had come here to forget Marie Peyton. Also—there being in him this practical Yankee streak—in search of new subjects for his brush and easel.

Color. That's what he had craved. The drama of color burning and vibrating beneath the sun and the moon.

The drama of life. Real life, as it was here, at his feet, in the narrow cobbled alleys of Tuggurt.

Gaunt dogs snarled. Lemonade sellers clanked their metal cups. Came the slurring sound of shuffle-footed loping camels. Came the excited shouts of silken young Arab dandies bent over their backgammon boards in front of some native café. Came the strumming of a one-stringed guitar. Came the rhythmic tramp-tramp-tramp of a platoon of the Foreign Legion.

Came—cling-clong—the tinkle of a woman's silver anklets . . . and Lowell jumped up.

He looked from the parapet. No sign of her in that motley moiling crowd. Still, here—cling-clong-cling—it was again. Nearer. More distinct. Too, a sweet disturbing scent—of musk and wild thyme. . . .

Oh, well—he decided—imagination. He poured himself another drink.

Mehmet had come out on the roof carrying a card table. He spread it, and Lowell demanded:

"Why this festive array of plates and glasses?"

"Company."

"Company?"

"The lady."

"What lady?"

ACHMED ABDULLAH

of Russian and Afghan blood, was an officer in the British-Indian cavalry before he took to writing plays, novels, and short stories. Educated at Eton and Oxford and in Paris, he is the only English writer ever crowned by the French Academy. For several years, he has lived in New York.

"The Musk Grain." The man pointed at the curtain that cloaked the bedroom. "She is in there. She has come to thank you for the bracelet."

"But I—I didn't . . ."

"I did. Seventy-three francs I paid for it. I," apologetically, "had not the time to bargain properly. Ah—good night, elegant mister!"

A moment later Lowell was alone. He stared at the curtain that moved in the evening breeze. From behind it drifted a scent of musk and wild thyme, a tinkling of silver anklets.

He swallowed hard. A flame of desire suddenly set his heart to drumming against his ribs. He tried to combat it—with common sense; and the next second this same common sense told him that here life was offering him—well—something.

He thought of Marie Peyton, and he gave a little laugh, and he raised the curtain and entered.

A small figure was curled up on the couch. She rose, approached him very slowly, though without the slightest hesitation. The rays of the dying sun, dancing through the window, glinted down her black tresses, gleamed with diamond points in the somber orbit of her eyes.

"I am here, *sidi.*"

Her French was halting, guttural. His own was not much better as, bitterly, once more trying to fight down his overwhelming desire, he replied:

"Really—you needn't have bothered. . . ."

"Bothered, *sidi?*"

"To come—and thank me for the bracelet."

"Nor did I come because of it. See"—she slipped the trinket from her arm and tossed it on a taboret—"I give it back to you." She smiled. "I have money. I could have bought it myself."

"Then why did you . . ."

"The jewel was but a—how do you say?—a trick, a pretext. I came"—she paused, went on in a headlong whisper—"because of you, *sidi!* Because of what is in my heart! And because I like yellow hair!"

"And I," he laughed, "like black hair!"

He took her in his arms. He kissed her. Tomorrow—he told himself—he would leave Tuggurt. Tomorrow! Not tonight!

He kissed her again. . . .

THERE was, during the next few days, a good deal of gossip in Tuggurt's European colony. But Lowell did not know; would not have cared.

He was with the Musk Grain and she with him. He grew more and more fond of her.

She was about the house and garden like a bird of gay plumage and bright song—and always on the move, here and there and everywhere. And always a fresh beauty to her, so different—not that he thought of her much now—from Marie Peyton's statuesque, static beauty. . . .

He caught her poses with charcoal and paint. Good paintings they were, but they meant nothing to her.

"Why paint a thing," she demanded with shattering logic, "when you own it—as you own me?"

"Do I?"

"Yes. You see—I love you!"

He never answered, in so many words, "I love you, too!"

Rather he said—to himself, not to her:

"This is a mere temporary madness of the senses which will pass—if I keep my heart free. I *must* keep my heart free. . . ."

And he did—at least in the beginning and during the hours of day. But not in the dusk and the dark, when his arms were about her, when she was no longer the child who amused him or the model who posed for him; was, instead, woman—vibrant, vital, elemental.

An alien creature who seemed a challenge to all he had formerly believed in; whose riddle he, a New Englander, reckoned it his duty to read.

In this he failed. So he became jealous. It was not jealousy of the flesh—since she evidently knew nobody here in Tuggurt—but jealousy of the mind because he was unable to reach down into hers.

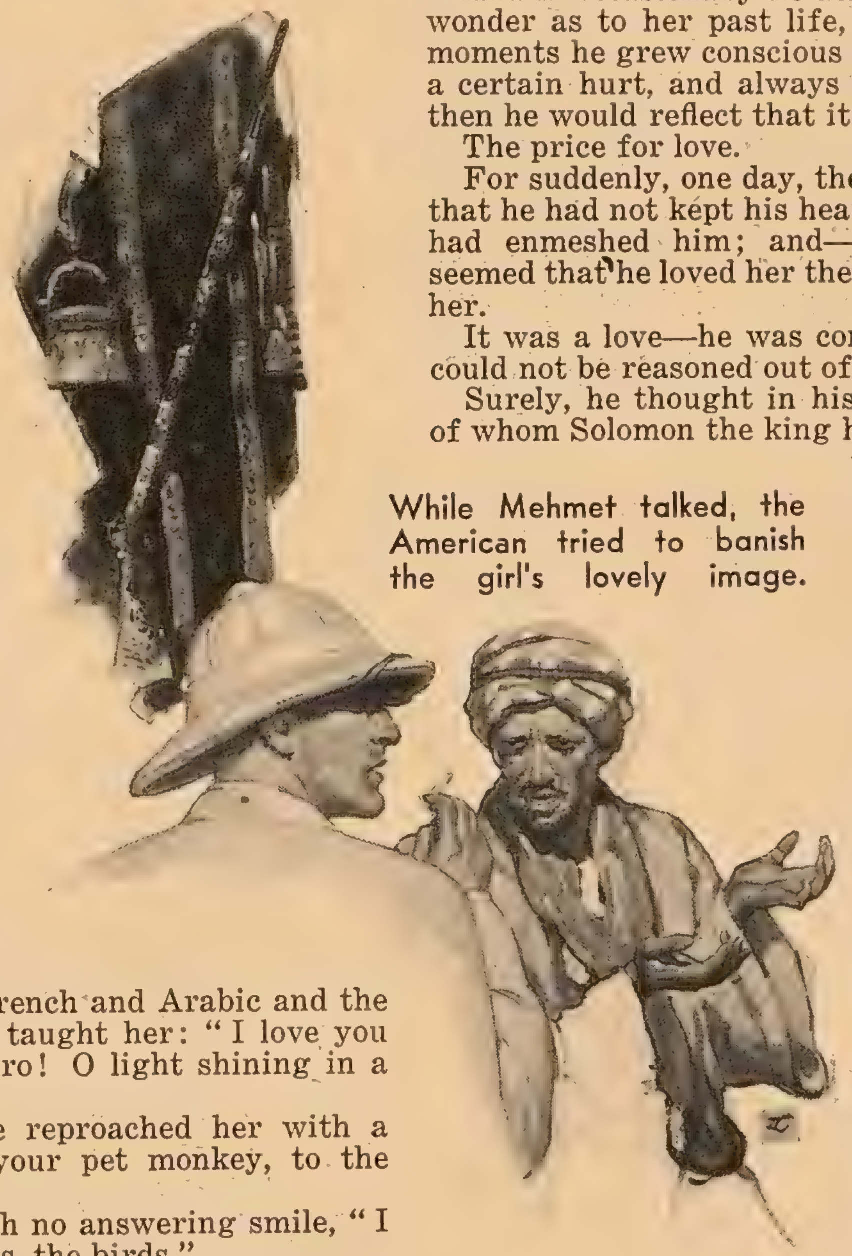
He appeared to be always on the point of finding out. Surely the next turn would reveal. And then—when he came to the next turn—nothing! A light laugh, a caress, that was all—and her secret self would glide away from his probing Anglo-Saxon brain—viewless, voiceless, faintly mocking.

"Well," he would say to himself, "I don't care. Who is she, anyway? Just a little harlot of a desert girl whom I picked up in a bazaar—rather, who picked me up."

Had she a soul? And suppose she had, suppose he found it, might it not be dangerous? Might he not become enmeshed in it, emotionally trapped?

Better not find out. There was nothing he wished to know about her. Nothing—but that her lips were soft and her arms white and generous. Let him not make the mistake of allowing her to become spiritually important to him. He had made this mistake once—with Marie Peyton. He would not repeat it.

Thus his decision. He did not keep it. Could not. . . .



While Mehmet talked, the American tried to banish the girl's lovely image.

FOR again and again, as his tenderness grew, as he discovered that more and more he needed her, he probed. Asked her one day, straight out:

"Tell me about yourself."

"Myself?"

"Yes."

"I am—oh, me—the Musk Grain."

"Tell me about this Musk Grain."

"What is there to tell—except that I love you?" She embraced him; went on extravagantly, in a mixture of French and Arabic and the smattering of English he had taught her: "I love you so! O piece of my soul! O hero! O light shining in a dark house!"

"That's the same way," he reproached her with a twisted smile, "you talk to your pet monkey, to the flowers, the birds."

"But," she said gravely, with no answering smile, "I also love the monkey, the flowers, the birds."

She plucked a tiny bud and pressed it to her lips. He was silent for a while; then went on:

"And still you haven't told me—about yourself."

He frowned; and she whispered:

"Are you angry?"

"Very angry."

"All right. I'll tell you."

She broke into a lengthy rambling story, terribly confused, with innumerable unimportant details, and the important details flatly contradicting each other.

It was days before he asked her again—when she told him another lengthy story which differed from the first in every single particular.

He shrugged his shoulders then. She lied. Of course. He would never find out about her. Her past life was like her soul: cloaked, hidden. But what did it matter?

He laughed as he reflected how scandalized Marie Peyton would be if she could know, could see him and the Musk Grain. . . .

Well—Marie Peyton mattered no longer. Rock-ribbed New England conscience mattered no longer. He was through with it all; had seen a brighter, keener light.

For here, he told himself defiantly, was what he wanted, as a painter and as a man. Here was color and drama. Here a rich palette. Here the packed shouting alleys. Here the feathery carob trees. Here the hush-hush of the excellent cedars. Here the sparkling sapphire of the sky. Here the sun and the moon and the stars like great spangles. Here—when, on an afternoon, he saddled his little Arab stallion and rode out beyond the town's limits—the enormous vaulted silences of the Sahara that came to him with a mighty sweep.

Here, too, his own quiet house with the patio and the tinkling fountain, the rugs on the walls, the little orange trees in their square peacock-blue pots.

And here the Musk Grain. . . .

A child, a toy, a lovely model. But, in the dusk and the dark, a woman who brought to him the magic of her touch, the burning, thrilling message of her beautiful young body.

And if occasionally he felt the same jealous, nagging wonder as to her past life, her secret self—if at those moments he grew conscious of a certain uneasiness, even a certain hurt, and always a deep frustrated longing—then he would reflect that it was the price he had to pay.

The price for love.

For suddenly, one day, the knowledge had come to him that he had not kept his heart free after all. His passion had enmeshed him; and—was his queer thought—it seemed that he loved her the more, the less he knew about her.

It was a love—he was convinced—that could not die; could not be reasoned out of existence.

Surely, he thought in his artist's soul, the Shulamite of whom Solomon the king had sung, had not been fairer than the Musk Grain. And he opened the Bible. He read:

> How beautiful are thy feet
> with shoes, O prince's
> daughter!
> The joints of thy thighs are
> like jewels,
> The work of the hands of a
> cunning workman. . . .

He laughed exultantly, and she looked up from her embroidery.

"Why do you laugh?"

"Because I have discovered the secret of living. Because I have found the perfect equation of life. Beauty—in my work. And beauty—in the woman I love."

These last were words that meant something to her.

"I am glad that you love me!" she exclaimed. "And I love you, too, O my soul!"

Then she picked up her pet monkey, called it "Flower in the turban of my heart!" And when the little beast clawed at her arm, she bit its ear and kicked it into a bush of damask roses—and Lowell was amused. These Arabs were right. They did not think when they felt, when they loved or hated.

He watched the Musk Grain fondly; turned as Mehmet came into the garden with home mail and newspapers.

"There are plenty other letters on your table, mister," said the Algerian. "You have not opened them for a long time."

"Oh," Lowell yawned, "I'll look at them sometime."

"Maybe there is money in them."

"All right, old greedy guts. Let's have the lot."

Some of the letters were months old. And one told that Cabot Peyton had died; another that Marie had remarried. John Minot was her new husband. . . .

He felt not even the faintest memory of a heartache. Again the Musk Grain asked:

"Why do you laugh?"

"Because of the might-have-been—a certain fate which, luckily, I escaped. . . ."

. . . . .

So the weeks passed. Summer was over. There were now chilly nights and great winds; and new strength came to Lowell. It seemed to him that he had been purged of his past, his too-complex New England past; and he was strangely grateful to the Musk Grain because of the very traits—rather, lack of traits—for which he had blamed her: her silences, her unwillingness or inability to speak of herself, to dissect her emotions.

Boston, his studio apartment on Chestnut Street, his stodgy respectable relatives and friends—he seldom thought of them. They represented yesterday.

This, here, was today. This was Tuggurt. This was the desert. This was the Musk Grain.

His happiness grew, became glorious and stainless and radiant, as winter, too, passed, and December brought the beginning of the Saharan spring.

Spring in the garden, where the palm trees were putting out their shining green spikes and plumes of white blossoms and where the birds laced the bushes with golden song. Spring in the desert where—going on all-day trips to sketch—his eyes marveled to behold the wasteland clothed in the pale pinks and mauves of innumerable tiny flowers. Spring in his heart when, with the sun dropping below the horizon, he spurred his stallion to a furious gallop to cover the last few miles, eager to see the Musk Grain, to kiss her red lips, to smell the warm sweet scent of her body.

And then, one day, he returned a couple of hours earlier than usual. He dismounted at the patio gate, smilingly waiting for the patter of her little bare feet across the marble mosaic. But he waited in vain. Hadn't she heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs?

He felt vaguely uneasy. He crossed the patio toward her bedroom. Then, suddenly, he stood quite still, as a voice drifted through the curtain that hid the arched doorway. Not Mehmet's squeaky falsetto, but rumbling, deep-throated accents—in Arabic—and Lowell had learned enough of the language to understand, to know that they were words of passion . . . and passion, too, in the other voice, the Musk Grain's, which chimed in a moment later:

“*Yah amri* [O my life]! *Yah aini* [O my soul]! . . .”

He took a step forward. His brain, hate-scabbed, telegraphed to his body. He rushed through the curtain. Saw the Musk Grain held close in the embrace of a young burnoosed Bedaw.

They gave a start; turned. He advanced—slowly. There was on a taboret a jeweled Turkish dagger. Instinctively he took it. He saw nothing. Heard nothing. Only the vibrations in his own heart. They surged up immensely, chokingly, echoing with a terrible rhythm:

“Kill! Kill! Kill!”

He lunged at the stranger—and “No, no!” cried the Musk Grain; and at the very last, just as the blade swished through the air, she picked up a heavy copper pot; she threw it at the American; it struck his temple; he felt a dull jar as he dropped on his knees and rolled over. . . .

WHEN he came to, he found himself in the patio on a rattan couch. He opened his eyes; saw Mehmet; asked dully:

“This man—who was he?”

“Her husband, elegant mister. Who else?”

“Eh?” Lowell jumped up. “Her husband! She is . . .”

“Married. Of course.” Mehmet spoke as if he were explaining something obvious, known to all the world. “It is the custom of the Ouled-Nayl. Their women come to Tuggurt each year as dancers—or . . .” He shrugged his shoulders; continued: “In spring, always, they return to their husbands. For a woman *is* a woman and spring *is* spring. But—ah—a woman remains a woman, and spring is soon over. Six weeks. Perhaps two months. The Musk Grain will return—with summer. . . .”

He smiled; added:

“Besides, there are other women in Tuggurt. I know many. So if you—during the Musk Grain's absence . . .”

Lowell went into the house, the bedroom.

He stared at the couch.

On that white pillow had lain her head, her dark darling head. The night before—oh, he had not realized it at the time!—he had seen that dark darling head for the last time. Had seen her smiling in her sleep; then awakening; holding out her arms to him. . . .

Last night!

Last night was no more. It was dead.

He dropped into a chair. With dry stony eyes he stared through the window. A rag of wind stirred the palm fronds. Dusk crept over Tuggurt with sad purple fingers. From a puddle, where a camel had wallowed, rose an evil odor. . . .

He sat there for hours, knitting his riven heart to hold the pain.

Happiness, he told himself, had been his. Eight months of happiness. Now he knew that these eight months had been a mirage, a lie—every day, every minute. And what was he going to do? How was he going to rebuild his shattered existence?

It was hours before there came to him the knowledge—rather an instinct, like that of a wounded dog dragging itself to its kennel—that he must go home, to Boston. For these eight months, these eight eternities, were wiped out. They were not. Never had been. But Boston was. New England was. It was a fact. A harsh fact which he must find again; must fit into again, as he had fitted in the past—before Marie Peyton . . .

He laughed then, harshly.

Marie was Boston-cold. Sure enough. But—she was Boston-clean. . . .

Marie had remarried. . . ?

Well, there were other Maries in Boston. . . .

So he called out:

“Mehmet!”

The latter came; and Lowell went on:

“Get me a railroad ticket to Algiers for this afternoon. And find out when the next ship leaves there.”

Mehmet bowed.

“I listen and obey, elegant mister. . . .”

IT was on his way back from the travel bureau that Mehmet stopped at the bazaar and had talk with Mordecai Ezra, the Moroccan Jew from whom Lowell had rented the house.

“The Musk Grain,” he said, “has returned to the desert. Therefore the *Amerikani* leaves for his own country—today.” A pause. He added: “And yet . . .”

“And yet?”

“What,” was the surprising question, “do you think of money, Jew?”

“Money,” bluntly, “is on the lips of the liar, Moslem!”

“Is it not also the key which opens the lock of trust?”

“Whose trust, O brother to the horse leech?”

“Mine in you. And yours in me.”

“Hm. . . .”

“The rent you charged for the house was . . .”

“Five hundred francs a month. You know it. Was not your commission ten per cent?”

“Suppose that, next year, I get you eight hundred a month for the house?”

“None but a fool would pay it.”

“Suppose I find such a fool?”

“The same commission to you. Ten per cent.”

“No. Twenty-five per cent.”

“Fifteen.”

“Nineteen.”

“Good!”

“Your hand on it, Jew?”

“Here, Moslem!” They clasped fingers. “Tell me who is this fool?”

“The *Amerikani*.”

“But you said . . .”

“That he is off to his own country. To be sure. On the other hand, is it not possible that he will be back here next year, when spring is over in the desert—and when, belike, a certain girl of the Ouled-Nayl will . . .” He interrupted himself; exclaimed hypocritically: “Allah alone knoweth!”

“Allah,” rejoined Mordecai Ezra, “and the seething passion in a man's soul!”

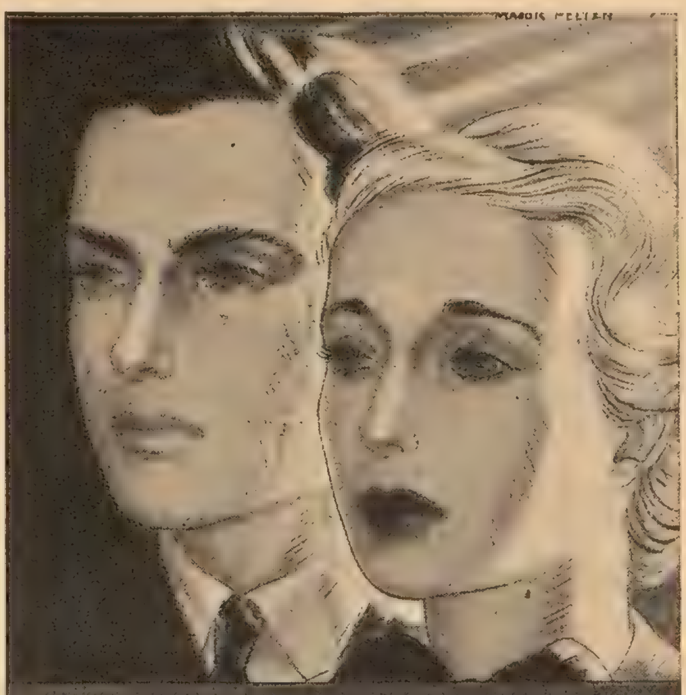
And he bent over his ledger, while Mehmet returned to the little house in the Arab quarter and began packing Lowell Riverton's trunk.

THE END

Crazy Education—

A Plea for American Youth

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



For liberals who think!
A noted educator offers
a startling arraignment

BY JOHN ERSKINE

YOUR children are getting ready for school or college, are they?

Let me ask you: Will their education make them more industrious? More dependable? More honorable? More sensitive to ideals which are unselfish, the pursuit of which will bring neither publicity nor profit? In a word, will the school or college train their character?

The school or college will probably do no such thing. Not the average American school or college. You as a parent will neither ask nor expect such a result. You will count yourself lucky if your children come out not much weaker morally than they went in. And so long as you, whose family bear the loss, are not worried about it, don't flatter yourself that the institutions will do much worrying. Where morality—that is, personal obligation and responsibility—is not taught from the home up, the educational system becomes first an expensive folly, then an organized racket.

Before I attempt to make good this charge, I must notice two exceptions. The military schools, particularly the academies at West Point and Annapolis, teach responsibility and train character. Preparation for war should not be the chief business of civilized society, but the soldier-making institutions are still the only schools which within their field develop measurably the character as well as the brain.

The schools which prepare for peace don't think, apparently, that the peaceful need courage, or endurance, or the spirit of devotion. That is, with the other exception which in justice should be named, the Roman Catholic schools. They, too, inculcate a system of personal ethics; they, too, educate their students in matters of character.

In the average school or college we have long neglected the training of the mind, but we used to say our aim was to build character. Now we do neither. The student can pass the course by mastering part of it. An incomplete knowledge of enough courses leads to a degree. To describe the inward result of this undigested nibbling we misuse the noble word "culture." This kind of culture is supposed to spring from prolonged idleness surrounded by architecture. There's the expensive folly for you.

But education is, among other things, a business. Business likes to expand. What little the students learn could be acquired in a short time; but we'd rather keep that secret to ourselves for the sake of the tuition fees. We spread the theory that the slower you are in getting your culture, the thicker it is and the longer it sticks. Why not be frank? Is this education, or is it a racket?

Whatever it is, we have had the grace to drop from it the teaching of morality or ethics. There are courses in ethics, but we make the subject elective, as though gravitation were optional. There are still chapel services, but they are unpopular, especially with the faculty; and if they survive, it is because they get the students out of bed all at the same time. No device has been arranged for putting them to bed again at the end of the day, but it is hoped that the fixed rising bell will automatically induce a uniform weariness.

How valuable school or college chapel services are, either for character building or for the cultivation of religious instincts, we may for the moment pass by. What concerns us is that they were instituted when the spiritual life of the student was important to education, and they are declining now that outward well-being comes first and inner states are ignored. We who have been teachers know that the life of what used to be called the soul still is present; that youth still is aware of a difference between the temporary and the timeless, and, still more, of the difference between right and wrong; that in varying degrees the young have a sense of duty, an obligation to something higher and more lasting than themselves; that for this reaching toward eternal ideals they crave expression.

If their craving is thwarted, they usually go one of two ways. They stop thinking of remote goals and permanent satisfactions; they settle down to the career of a trained animal—they are content with the hour, even cheerful. They are good-mannered, quiet, affectionate. But they won't change the world or solve its problems.

Or, if the craving of youth for ideal things cannot be stamped out but must survive, pent-up and suffocating, sooner or later the victim takes his trouble to a psychologist, a tactful person who talks about the "psyche" and never mentions the soul. What to religion was a problem for his personal will, to be solved by his personal choice, to psychology is an affliction or a disease, the cure of which rests with somebody else. No longer a moral being, he becomes a case.

As the colleges and schools ceased to depend on religion for character building, they put faith rather vaguely in sports. The training would teach self-denial, the teamwork would teach discipline, close competition or violent conflict would teach daring and endurance, excellent virtues all, and not one of them otherwise included in the curriculum. Furthermore, sports would be an education for the students who merely sat in the bleachers—they would exercise their emotion of loyalty.

I would be the last to scoff at any idealization of one's school. The loyalty of boys to Winchester, Eton, Rugby, Harrow has proved the driving force of many a noble career. The spell that Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst, all the fruitful colleges, have laid upon the most sensitive of their children is a kind of education beyond price.

But I doubt if athletics ever had anything to do with it. Anything wholesome, that is. Athletics is business, conducted by the college authorities. Victory in the games is more important than progress in the classroom. No professor is as necessary as the coach, and none is paid so much. The players may not be subsidized but they usually are, in one fashion or another.

No boy is happily prepared for life by watching such a system at close range, knowing that his alma mater lends herself willingly to a perversion which yields advertising and cash.

I have spoken of religious services and sports because the American college has relied on them as good influences for character and morals. But why hasn't the curriculum attended adequately to character training? Especially in modern times, when such subjects have become popular, as sociology, economics, politics, with attention to labor problems, working hours, living conditions? Why shouldn't such courses be the natural opportunities for training the young to feel and think ethically?

The striking and, as I think, the tragic fact is that we in our times have tried to make sciences out of economics and all other subjects which deal with man's relation to his fellows. The prestige of the natural sciences so impressed us that we wished to put in the same category the quite different subject of responsible behavior. We tried to make the relation of labor and capital into an inevitable system such as nature provided for us in geological phenomena—a succession of causes and effects which would operate independently of our will in a succession of events which could be predicted.

To reach even a semblance of this result we had to withdraw from our definition of these subjects all merely personal elements. We withdrew the consideration of differences in character; we learned to say little or nothing about ethical obligations, whether of the employer or of the employed.

Radical economists like Karl Marx have made it essential in their systems that the subject should be considered materialistically, and no other wise. To be a sound economist, they held that you must first get rid of all religion. You would, of course, continue to desire the well-being of your fellow man, except for those classes whom it was your duty to hate, but there the limits of your spiritual horizon were set. The family was to be abolished along with property. Churches were to be annihilated. All loyalties rooted in the past were to be forgotten.

OUR colleges frowned officially on such economists as Karl Marx. It is not quite clear why they don't frown on all other economists too, for even those who teach the subject from points of view which are considered respectable think they are teaching a science, and are rather careful while they are teaching it to soft-pedal all the personal ethical responsibilities which they are proud to feel when they go about their private business outside of class.

The net result is that the students learn very little of scientific value which will help them in business or in society, and they are taught to shut their eyes to the immensely personal moral problems which in business or in society cannot be escaped.

It may be, for example, that work executed with a given amount of skill and in a given length of time deserves, roughly speaking, a given wage; but what are your obligations if the man working for you develops tuberculosis, or if his child comes down with scarlet fever? We teach by the implication of our so-called science that such problems do not belong to business. Well, not to business as taught by the theoretical economists, but certainly to business as practiced in real life. If you are heartless, your fellow man won't like you. If he doesn't like you, he will never serve you well. In the end your money-making ability will be tied up with the amount of affection and loyalty you inspire in others. To succeed in the political or economic world you must have those two spiritual things which science can tell you nothing about—personality and character.

Where the economic theorist has had his way, as in the government of some modern states, and to some extent in the economic condition of almost every country, what he achieves at last is not scientific efficiency but a cutthroat state of nature. The attempt to make the social and economic sciences into exhibitions of exclusively material forces too often sets us back to a primitive use of fang and claw in the struggle to survive.

HAVING removed ethics, morality, and character training from the study of economics, it is illuminating to notice that the most startling experimenters in the economic field today are setting up new machinery for training in ethics, morality, and character. This doubling on their tracks would be amusing if it were not a serious phenomenon on a vast scale. Though the democratic countries continue to neglect character training, the nondemocratic see that if they are to survive they must force every character into the same mold, teach every individual to react to their doctrines with the same emotions, and—what is unspeakably dangerous—exclude from every individual whatever information or knowledge might engender in him independence of judgment. Fascism and Communism agree in this one respect—they employ the same system of character training, taking the children when they are young, submitting them to the desired influences, shielding them from the rest of the universe. So trained, youth will live for the cause and die for it, obeying without question.

This is not the kind of training which will produce leaders or supply successors to those who now lead. But, defective as the Fascist or the Communist training may be, it is still better than ours, since we have no training at all. The evidence accumulates upon us every day. The obligation to keep one's word in business or even private life grows weaker. Confidence in public men fades rapidly. Cynicism spreads like a pest. When a crusader temporarily drives out the racketeers, we ask what are his motives.

The fact that life goes on pleasantly should not mislead us. The boys in college do gather a certain moral system, chiefly from association with each other. Perhaps they pick up the rest of their education just as casually. The rich who are pilloried in the newspapers by the militant liberals turn out on personal acquaintance to be charming fellows. The wild-eyed radical, when you know him, is usually a fine chap and an enjoyable companion. In other words, we can, if we wish, lead an agreeable though somewhat animal existence, forgetting all moral issues and seeing the good points in each other, no matter what aspects of character show in our conduct.

But if we are serious about education, or indeed about anything else, we shall not estimate lightly the training upon which the Communists and the Fascists set so high a value. We shall ask for ourselves, however, a training which includes also the intelligence. We shall remind ourselves that the highest morality is a responsible choice made with the fullest possible knowledge. Without complete knowledge the choices of a strong character may be tragically wrong. Without a character that you can depend upon, intelligence must soon be discounted. Even the pure science of the purest scientist rests upon ethics. He must be scrupulously honest in his experiments and his reports, and he must have a reputation for that honesty before you will trust him.

If it seems an enormous task to revise our education so that character has a chance of being improved by a school or college course, we should remember that moral advance is the slowest kind of progress, the most arduous, the easiest to surrender. Meanwhile, if you can't expect for your children in the new school year any moral advance at all, why don't you keep them at home? Is their home bad for them? Or are they perfect already?

THE END

FOR VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP

The heroic, hitherto untold story of what three brave men did to Al Capone. Such courage deserves recognition!

BY FORMER U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

GEORGE E. Q. JOHNSON

WHO SENT CAPONE TO PRISON

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHETHER Al Capone is released in a little more than a year from Alcatraz, "the Rock," or not, I want to nominate for a Congressional Medal of Honor for Valor in Citizenship—even if the award has to be created—the three men whose "beyond-duty" patriotism made possible the smashing of the Capone gang and the imprisonment of the pioneer Public Enemy No. 1.

The full inside story of their heroism is here given in Liberty for the first time.

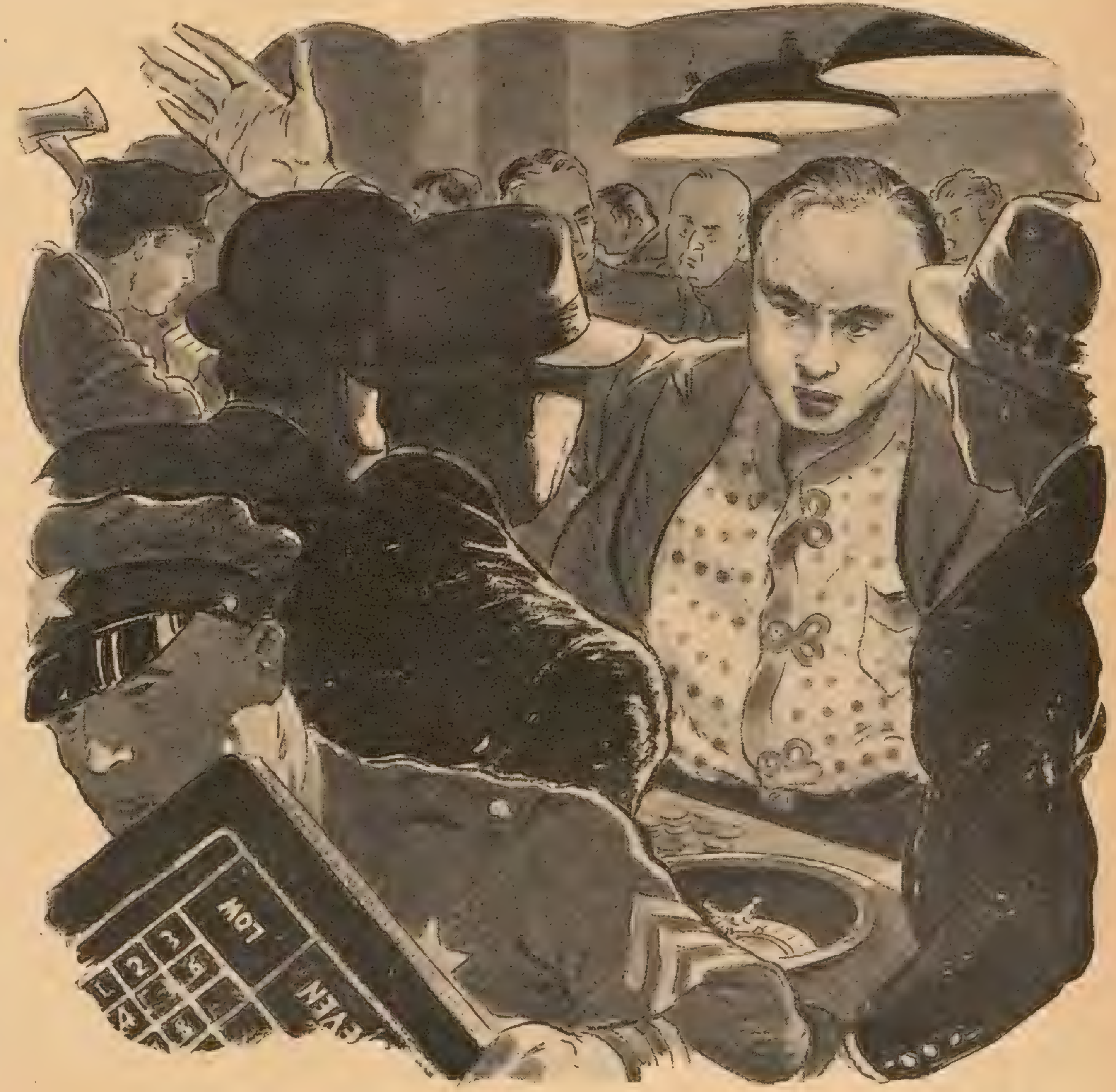
First, a word as to when Capone may return to Chicago. On January 19, 1939, he will be eligible for release from his ten-year penitentiary sentence for income-tax frauds, if he wins the legal time off for good behavior. If stains on his prison record keep him in the full decade, he will come out May 3, 1942. This provided he pays his $30,000 fine.

But his return to Chicago will not be restoration to his clan or its remnants. He faces a year in the Cook County jail and a fine of $20,000, additional penalty for another phase of his income-tax machinations. He can get three months off for being good, though, meaning freedom in October, 1939, or February, 1943.

As to the three Americans whose "citizenship of a century" made possible Capone's conviction, in all my thirty-five years in the law, in private practice, as a United States District Attorney, and as federal judge, they are the outstanding heroes of peacetime citizenship. They exemplified to me what a good citizen really is. This impressed itself indelibly in my mind, beginning on a bright October morning nearly six years ago. The day had arrived to open the government's case against the super-alias of the underworld—Albert Costa, Frank Ross, Frank Hart, Al Brown, Snorky, "Scarface"—Alphonse Capone.

As I entered the grimy United States Courthouse in Chicago, I noticed expectant crowds waiting to catch a glimpse of the Big Shot. Government agents scrutinized every person who entered the federal building. Known gunmen were turned back. For gangster murders had been committed in just about every kind of building in Chicago—sometimes in full view of dozens of spectators, not one of whom had dared name the slayer. In gangster killings witnesses feared for their lives. And witnesses were my problem that morning. For the cement that held the case against Capone together was the testimony of three citizens. Would they quail when on the stand?

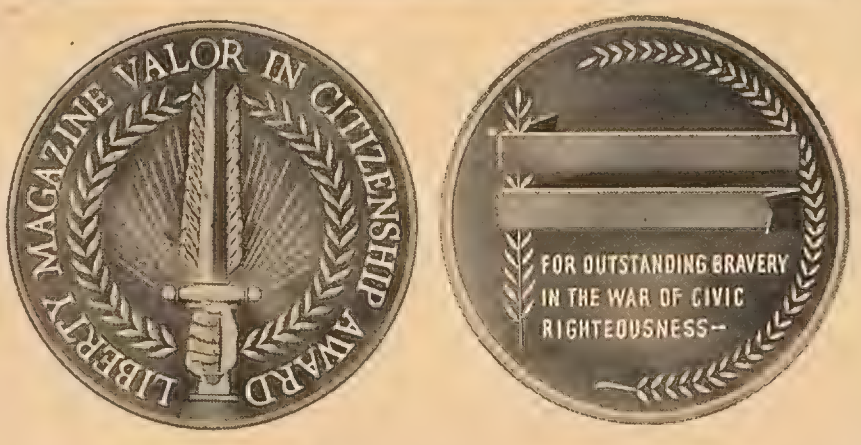
Those were anxious moments. I had only to recall a dismal case in Chicago Heights. The government indicted a bootlegger and operator of a still, Philip Piazza, along with nineteen defendants, in an effort to crack the ring responsible for sixty-two murders in five years in that Chicago suburb. Right after the Piazza indict-



The burly one's eyes turned deadly. He snarled, "I'm Al Capone. I own this joint."

ment, fourteen more murders piled up. Six of the Piazza defendants disposed to talk were taken for a ride—their bodies dumped along roadsides. More terrible, the underworld killed eight of their associates, prospective witnesses for the government. Hoodlums "bumped off" one in the kitchen of his home, one in a roadhouse, two in automobiles, three on the street; the eighth one police found strangled with a piece of wire. None of them talked. Nor did the citizenship speak.

Ordeals such as that demonstrated the lengths the underworld would go even against the federal government. And the federal government fought at a disadvantage because of jurisdictional limitations. Heartbreaking ones. I searched for another method of attack, and found it in the penalties for evasions of the income-tax laws. These laws promised a flank attack. And it worked. Every gangster against whom it was evoked during my six years' tenure of office went to prison. Capone's brother Ralph went for three years. Jack Guzik, financial brains and arch-corruptionist for Capone, and Frank Nitti, chief of the "Enforcement Squads," were others. But Al Capone himself carried on. His gunmen continued to enforce silence. His money corrupted law-enforcement agencies. Citizenship was numb.


LIBERTY MAGAZINE VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP AWARD
FOR OUTSTANDING BRAVERY IN THE WAR OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS—

Liberty agrees with Judge Johnson's admirable suggestion. Just as there is a Congressional Medal of Honor for valor on the field of battle, so there should also be national recognition for outstanding courage in citizenship.

We have always regarded the campaign against crime as actual civil war and the citizens who dare to do their duty in the face of intimidation from the underworld as heroes in that war. Liberty pledges itself to work for legislation looking to Congressional recognition of such heroism. But no one knows better than ourselves how long a time it may take to bring this legislation into law. Meanwhile, Liberty itself will undertake this task.

In line with Judge Johnson's proposal, Liberty herewith announces an annual award for Valor in Citizenship—a gold medal to be presented to the man or woman judged most worthy of this honor by a committee of three outstanding Americans.

Watch for the announcement of full details of the plan and the names of these judges in Liberty next week.

Send in your nomination for the winner of the 1937 medal *now.*

WHEN the government began to build up the income case against Ralph Capone, a lawyer representing the Capone syndicate came to see me. If I would lay off Ralph and Al, they would both leave the United States and never return! I suggested that the syndicate approach the Secretary of State in Washington and make known its proposal for a treaty with the United States.

The gathering of evidence went ahead. For three months preceding the indictment the Grand Jury sat taking testimony. Some of those before it were under a spell of terror. Close followers of Capone showed a childlike faith that he was immune. The underworld buzzed with the refrain, "They can't get Al!" Nevertheless, every man and woman in the United States who had ever had any dealings with Capone either directly or indirectly, so far as the government officers could determine, was brought before the Grand Jury.

Capone had come to almost absolute gang power through slaughter and corruption. After saloonkeeper Eddie Tancl's murder for buying beer from the "Klondike" O'Donnells, and the murder of Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin, the O'Donnells pulled out of Cicero and the fierce struggle for monopoly ended. Capone reigned supreme. Profits from the beer business ran into millions and Capone labored manfully to spend them. He could spare time and wealth because his beer business was so well organized. The making and selling of the beer was handled systematically to the last detail. Well organized also were the gambling enterprises in Cicero, the scores of labor rackets, and the vice business.

His stronghold in Cicero extended for a block on Twenty-second Street. In his hotel there, one evening, Capone sat at dinner in a restaurant fronting on the sidewalk. The Boss of Cicero was content. Not a thing to worry about! But his serenity was shattered by a police siren screaming a warning to everybody to clear off the street. A cavalcade of autos bristling with armament rolled along. The bellwether car came abreast of the first Capone properties. Bullets flew.

Six cars filled with machine guns and shotguns swept down the street, successively pouring steel bullets and lead into a barbershop, a store, a laundry, and the restaurant. Before Capone's hotel the last car stopped to permit a man to step down to the sidewalk. With a submachine gun he sprayed bullets into the hotel's entrance. A final barrage. The cavalcade of assassins sped off into the jungles of Chicago's near North Side. Capone crept from under a table, unhit by any of the thousands of shots fired by gangster Dion O'Banion's avengers.

Several million "citizens" in the Chicago area impassively read all about it in their newspapers next day.

Three citizens of Cicero had many times complained bitterly against the Capone strangle hold. One was a real-estate dealer, another a Congregational minister, the third an honest industrial employee. Their complaints unanswered, these three determined to do something on their own.

They decided to raid a Cicero gambling establishment. The Rev. Mr. H. C. Hoover, Chester Bragg, the real-estate dealer, and David Morgan procured a search warrant in a near-by suburb, and with the aid of trustworthy officers served the writ on the Hawthorne Smoke Shop on Twenty-second Street. When they entered the famous gambling place, those in charge thought it a joke. Finally conviction sank home—a real raid. And a fat haul it was. Thousands of dollars were piled on the gambling tables; there were roulette, blackjack, dice, chuck-a-luck, racing cards—all the paraphernalia. The three citizens went ahead dismantling equipment before the dismayed operators.

As they stacked up the gambling gear there came a push at the door. Citizen Bragg, on guard, opened it. Against the bright sunlight of the high noon was a burly individual, pants pulled over loud pajamas. A startling figure—with a flaming scar on his cheek.

"Who are you?" demanded Citizen Bragg.

A fateful moment—a pivotal moment. The burly one's eyes turned deadly. He snarled:

"I'm Al Capone. I own this joint."

A damning admission. At last the master mind of organized crime had slipped. His years of legal anonymity were ended. Surprised in his sleep, he had rushed to the gambling place and claimed his property.

IN admitting ownership he also admitted liability for nonpayment of taxes accrued on the income of that property. The income amounted to $600,000, according to the government's knowledge. This we determined through account books seized in a raid. The accounts, ingeniously kept in code for a period of two years, demonstrated to our satisfaction that Al Capone was the principal profit taker. However, satisfaction is a long way from being legal evidence. Capone admitted in the presence of three citizens the ownership of the place. So far, so good. Yet there were sacrifices to be made before we could indict.

Would the three citizens brave the terrorizing of Capone any longer? Would they testify in court? I had doubts. When, two years after the raid, we approached these men and asked them for the facts, we were not unprepared for disclaimers to all knowledge of that high noon in Cicero. All three had suffered cruelly for their bravery. Citizen Bragg, a small man, who eyed down Capone, left the Hawthorne Smoke Shop to face a crowd after that raid. He started to push to his car. Hoodlums quickly surrounded him. One swatted him with a blackjack. A thug struck him in the eye, another smashed his nose, they kicked him. Beaten black-and-blue, he was left to squirm as they melted into the crowd.

David Morgan followed Citizen Bragg out of the gambling place. He made a dash for it. A fist crashed into his face before he reached the car. A few days later he returned home at midnight, and was just putting his car up for the night when four men loomed into the blackness. No escape now. They overpowered him. A pistol butt missed his head and crashed on his collarbone. They dragged him struggling toward their car. He broke free, started running across the lawn. A blaze of pistol fire cut him down. They fled. Rushed to the hospital, he hovered between life and death for months.

A ONE-ARMED MECHANICAL GANGSTER

ANTHONY ABBOT
Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

My friend Judge Malcolm Hatfield, of the Probate and Juvenile Courts in St. Joseph, Michigan, writes as follows:

" Instead of purchasing a tube of tooth paste with the money his father had given him, a sixteen-year-old boy played a slot machine that stood in the store.

" To his dismay, the one-armed mechanical bandit devoured his money and he had nothing to show his father for the funds that had been entrusted to his care. Knowing what the consequences would be when he returned home empty-handed, he picked up a tube of tooth paste and hurried out of the store.

" When the merchant indignantly appeared in court to sign a petition for the boy's arrest, the judge said: ' You who put that slot machine on display are responsible for this boy's delinquency, and I regret that I do not have the authority to impose a fine on you.' "

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Tune in at home or on your car radio.

CAPONE tried to bribe Citizen Hoover. First he threatened: " This'll be the last raid you ever pull." Then he left, to return twenty minutes later, freshly shaved and dressed, and to sidle up to Citizen Hoover and ask, " Reverend, can't we get together? " Perhaps this was the first dealing Capone ever had with a true citizen. The answer was " No." Bribes failing, tough gangsters passed the young preacher's house repeatedly, threatening his wife and two small children. For many months his family lived in dread.

Small wonder, then, that I was uncertain about these men. They soon put me at ease. Citizen Hoover declared: " I am a naturalized citizen; I was born in England; and when I took the oath to support the Constitution of the United States I think that meant that when the government asks me to do something I should do it. And if I am needed as a witness I will come."

Citizen Bragg was equally forthright; the same for Citizen Morgan. With that to encourage us, the case against Capone moved implacably forward, despite obstacles at every step. The three citizens were on hand for the trial. Would they falter now?

The trial began promptly in Judge Wilkerson's court. For years, state and federal prosecutors in Chicago had been distracted by the difficulty of paneling frightened jurors. No wonder there was amazement when the veniremen faced with passing judgment on Capone himself responded with frankness and honesty. It was plain that many of them would have liked to evade their responsibility, but not one openly did so. *Jurymen* at last.

Just before the opening of the trial it became known to me that Capone had procured a list of the prospective jurors, a guarded secret. A huge bribe had changed hands. I suspected the culprit but could not fix the guilt. The names of the hundred prospective jurors were ladled out to the multifarious Capone underlings, with orders to get busy. This would-be coup failed. Early on the trial morning we acquainted the Court with the situation. The Court immediately exchanged the venire summoned for the Capone case with a venire of another judge.

The switch obviously disconcerted Capone and a man who sat directly behind him whom we assumed to be a member of his counselor staff. This was a small swarthy man with a black mustache. Like Capone, sitting opposite me, he was intensely alert and watchful.

As the trial swung along we learned that gangsters had attempted to bulldoze relatives of the closely guarded jurors. To establish the " nonexistence " of a taxable income, the witnesses' " commission men " swore that Capone lost many thousand dollars on the races; but they were unable to recall the date, the race, or a horse. They were all visibly scared. The glaring of the defendant was evident, and so was that of his companion, the " assistant counsel." During a court recess special agents collared the latter and found on him a .38-caliber Colt and an extra round of ammunition. This hoodlum was Philip D'Andrea, a bodyguard of Capone. He was punished in short order. In passing sentence of six months, Judge Wilkerson observed:

" It is perfectly clear that this band exercises a coercive influence over those with whom it comes in any contact, which is nothing less than insurrection against the laws of the United States."

The three citizens were the first government witnesses. Citizen Bragg took the stand. Remembering a broken nose and a brutal beating, he again had to look into the eyes of Capone, who alternately grinned and glared at him. Neither grins nor glares affected Citizen Bragg. Tersely he related the circumstances of that raid, then pointed to Capone and identified him as the man who had said, " I own this joint."

The defense attorneys launched a sharp cross-examination. Al Capone and Ralph looked somewhat alike. Ralph had been sentenced to prison for violation of the income-tax law. Was it not true that it was Ralph who had come in and admitted ownership?

Citizen Bragg stood pat. No! he answered. That scar on the defendant's swarthy cheek was unmistakable.

Citizen Morgan corroborated the testimony of Citizen Bragg in a straightforward story that could not be shaken. Citizen Hoover was waiting in a witness room, reading his Bible and taking notes for the next Sunday's sermon. Confident and unperturbed, he took the witness stand and put a triple seal on the admission of Capone. That evidence was in the record; the foundation for the introduction of the books and bank accounts was squarely laid. We smiled at last.

SCARCELY had Citizen Bragg arrived home that night when strangers approached him, asking, " How much money have you made in the last five years? "

Citizen Bragg, a successful real-estate dealer, said it was a considerable sum—but why?

" Well, we've arranged for you to take a vacation for five years with pay, and the money you will get will be equal to that you have made in the past five years."

" That's mighty nice," said Citizen Bragg; " but what am I to do for you? "

" It's a pipe. All you gotta do tomorrow morning is to take the witness stand and say that, after seeing Ralph Capone and looking over Al Capone, you think you made a mistake, and that it really was Ralph Capone who—"

" Good night," said the citizen. " I'm not interested."

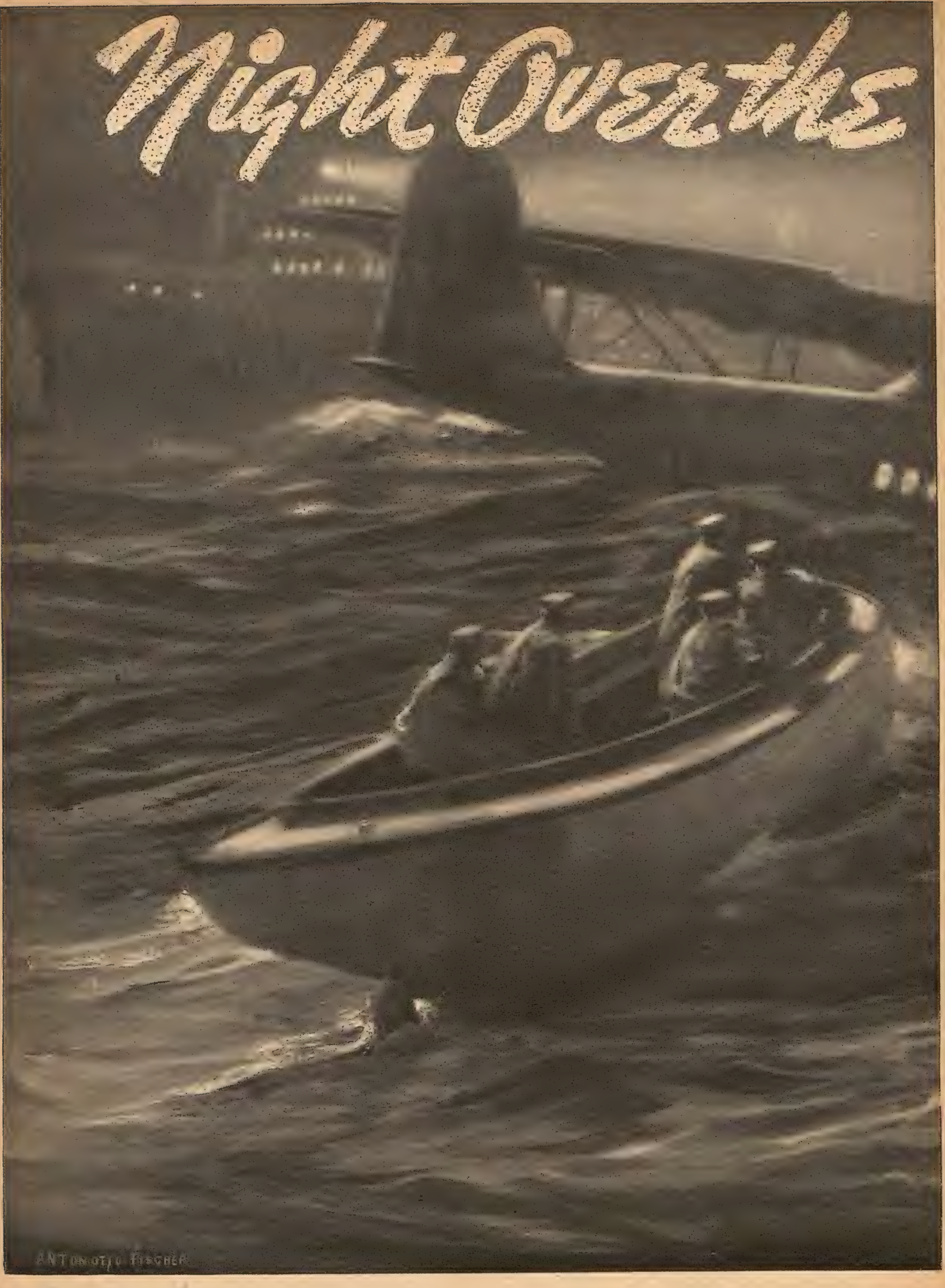
Violence and bribery had failed.

The testimony of three citizens supplied the warp for the prison shroud of eleven years for Al Capone. The woof was quickly woven. And their citizenship was unique in those days of nightmare and public apathy.

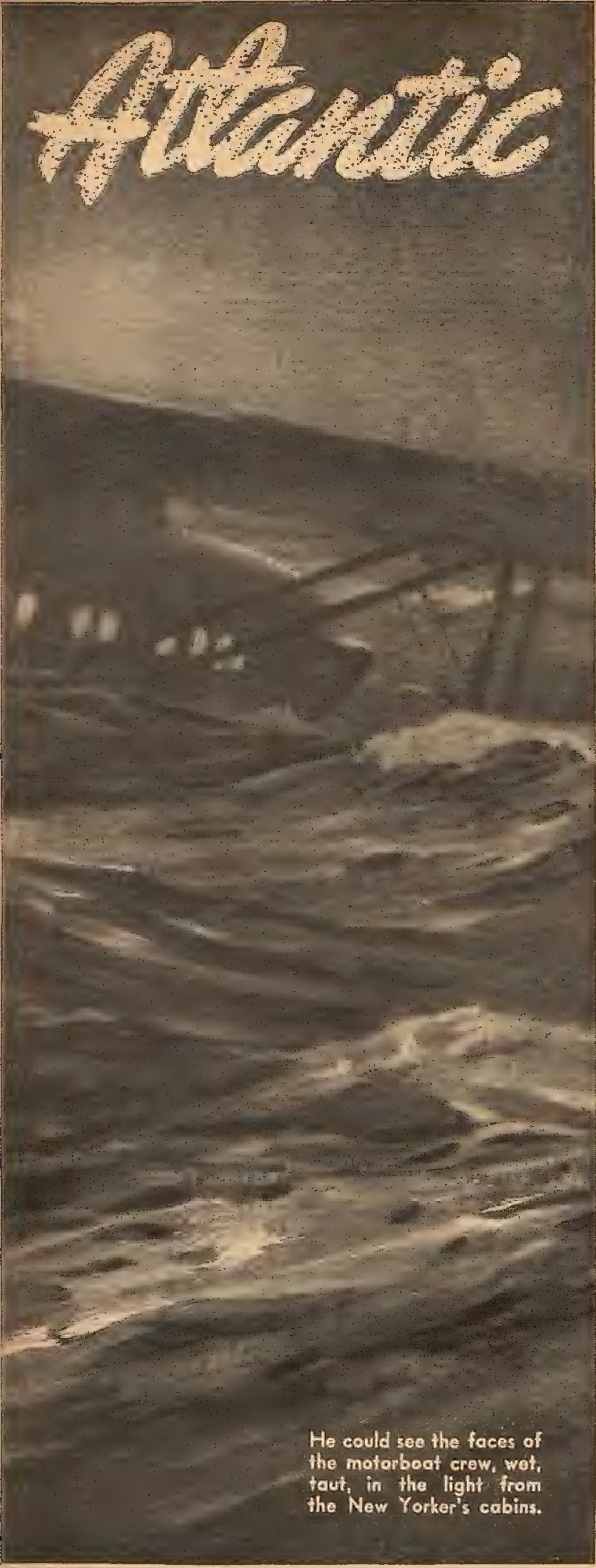
In war, bravery under fire, " above and beyond the call of duty," has been rewarded with the Congressional Medal of Honor. The bravery of Citizens Hoover, Bragg, and Morgan is the kind that deserves like recognition.

THE END

Night Over the


ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Atlantic



He could see the faces of the motorboat crew, wet, taut, in the light from the New Yorker's cabins.

Tense—gripping! An up-to-the-minute story of romance and danger on board the giant planes that span the ocean

BY PIERRE GENDRON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

KELLAND BREYMOUR'S expression changed none as he read the Air Ministry's forecast for weather over the Atlantic. It promised exceptionally unfavorable conditions for the return flight from England to America. But Kelland Breymour had one of those faces that seldom show what is going on behind them; one of those lean, strong faces men of the air acquire only after years of flying in open cockpits—often in ships which today would be considered little more than motored kites. His clear gray eyes had a steady, remote look.

He stood, his tall lank frame slouched carelessly in his trim dark-blue flying captain's uniform, on the float attached to the pier at Southampton. It had been loaned to Trans-Atlantic Air Lines, America, by the British government for this test flight. He was supervising the loading of last-minute provisions aboard the great high-winged, four-motored silver monoplane, the New Yorker.

The passengers were, at his orders, already aboard; for they were not paying passengers but aeronautical engineers, technicians, and such, sent by the new line to give one final check-up on the New Yorker before she, and others like her to follow, were put into regular commercial trans-Atlantic service. The trip over had been uneventful. The New Yorker was the last word in flying ships, with private cabins and real salons and a fine galley. She had made the eastward crossing in twenty hours, on schedule, without half trying. The weather had been clear, ideal.

Yet this storm over the Atlantic had been gathering when they had landed two days before. The Air Ministry now reported that it had broken in mid-ocean, and strongly advised postponement of the take-off until more favorable conditions prevailed. But Kelland Breymour had been picked by Sidney Whitefield, president and manager of operations of Trans-Atlantic Air Lines, America, to show the world that the New Yorker and her sister ships were absolutely reliable, punctual, and comfortable in any kind of weather. That was Kel's job. He had performed many less desirable.

Joe Loeffering, his first officer and copilot, came down the plank from the pier to the float and handed him a small envelope. "Here's a cable for you, skipper," he said carelessly. "It came awhile back, but I was winding up the routine paper stuff. Believe me, these English are sticklers for detail! But we're clear now—at least on paper." His jolly round face went toward the great flying boat and his brown eyes moved upward into the thickening gray haze. "How about it, skipper?" His tone was serious.

Kel glanced at his watch. "We take off in—four and a half minutes." Then he read the cable and his face showed anger mounting.

He handed Joe the cable.

Joe read it aloud, slowly:

"TAKE ABOARD FOR NEW YORK TWO SPECIAL PASSENGERS HERMAN PETREE OF CALIFORNIA AND HIS FRIEND LILLY SUTTON STOP EXTEND THEM MY COMPLIMENTS AND EVERY COURTESY STOF IF NECESSARY HOLD PLANE FOR THEM
SIDNEY WHITEFIELD"

Joe looked at Kel, puzzled. "I don't see what burns you up so about that, skipper. I can think of a lot worse things than having a load of Lilly Sutton to carry! She wins my vote as the tops in screen actresses any day."

Kel yanked the cablegram from him. "Did you get that about holding the ship?"

"I got it," said Joe. "But it's Sidney Whitefield's line. If he wants to—"

"If it's going to be that kind of line," Kel said, "Whitefield can have it. I don't want any part of it."

"What kind of line?" Joe asked, frowning.

Kel's look said, "You couldn't be so dumb!" His voice said: "Skip it. For a purely scientific trip, with nothing—but absolutely nothing—to interfere with schedules, I might suggest this as the top of tops in examples."

"It's no skin off your nose, skipper," said Joe placatingly. "If Sidney Whitefield gives out a lot of press publicity and pays for it, then doesn't live up to it, that's his headache."

Kel straightened and squinted at his watch. "The New Yorker takes off," he said with finality, "in exactly three minutes twenty-eight seconds. Anybody not aboard then gets left. Regardless of whose head aches."

Joe looked at Kel appealingly. Kel was the finest pilot he had ever flown with, and the finest fellow. It was a real break for Kel to skipper the New Yorker. It would make him the senior pilot of the line. It would give him a sort of prestige, the first commander of the first commercial trans-Atlantic line. But officially this was only a test flight. It wouldn't count as an appointment. And if Kel took a high hand, Sidney Whitefield would fire him. He would have to.

Joe looked at him with appeal. "Kel—"

"Be ready," Kel said flatly.

Joe said: "Yes, sir." . . .

Those on the pier, the press with cameras and others lucky enough to secure passes, were crowding, shifting for better positions. It was one minute to five. At five the New Yorker was scheduled to take off. The float was deserted now except for the lean broad-shouldered skipper. His handsome face told them nothing; but his pacing did. He was anxious to be off.

A motor horn honked on the pier behind the spectators. At first they paid no attention; then grudgingly they made way for a dark excited man and a red-haired young woman, followed by a chauffeur staggering under luggage.

It was the red-haired young woman coming down the plank to the float that Kel watched. He had not seen her in nearly three years—not since he had been stunt flying for motion pictures in Hollywood. She still looked slim, creamy-and-rose, lovely—and baffling.

The dark excited man was speaking to Kel in a jerky, breathless voice: "Broke all speed laws! I'm Herman Petree, of course. This is Miss Lilly Sutton."

KEL had not taken his eyes from her. Once, the last time he had seen her, she had said to him: "I could never be happy with a man who places no value on his neck. If I ever marry, it will be a man I can depend upon, one who can take care of me as well as his own life insurance."

Now she looked at him with steady, curious eyes. They were warm hazel eyes with an elusive twinkle behind them. They had changed none, apparently.

"Hello," she said.

He answered as evenly, "Hello."

Then he glanced at his watch. The ship's steward had taken their luggage. "If you'll go aboard now," Kel said abruptly, "we'll take off—on time."

Before Kel followed them through the low cabin door he took one more glance skyward. It looked plenty troublesome up there in the streaking grayness—plenty. Kel signaled "Go!" to Joe in the pilots' compartment; then he went aboard and closed the cabin door.

The New Yorker, her four motors throbbing vibrantly, moved away from the float and into the roughening water with sure grace, and maneuvered into position for the take-off. On the dot of five, with an acceleratored roar, she left a white gash and lifted. A cheer followed her from the pier, but died almost as quickly as the great ship vanished in the swirling mists over the Atlantic.

Ships of the air had taken off beautifully before under more favorable conditions and never been heard of.

. . . . .

The captain's table in the compact green-and-white dining salon presented a curious spectacle at dinner to those air engineers and technicians aboard the New Yorker. Kel's place was empty, and on the right of it was the lovely red-gold Lilly Sutton in a low black evening gown. On the left of the vacant chair sat the dark-haired man who produced Hollywood's best motion pictures. The two talked across the empty seat in taut undertones, and spoke to the air engineers at the table with animated interest, simulated. Herman Petree had a greenish pallor well known to men of the air.

Kel's empty chair was understandable. The New Yorker had run into dirty weather less than an hour out of Southampton. The weather had grown constantly worse. The great ship lifted and lunged unexpectedly. Herman Petree got up, gripping the table. He looked frightened. Lilly Sutton left the dining salon with him.

In the pilots' compartment everything was quiet. The instrument lights, visored low, illumined two men's chins, set. Kel was still at the controls; Joe was still waiting grimly. Outside was ferocious blackness, unguessable. Below, a turbulent Atlantic.

SOMEWHERE behind those two set chins was Barry Thorne, the navigator, who had blown up once from nerves because Kel seemed to be trying out the whole sky.

"I'm not asking you to do the impossible," Kel had said. "Only what we're all doing—our best."

The silence that had set in then was rigid, electric. Joe had tried to sit back in the copilot's seat, but couldn't. The weather around them was brutal, excusably nerve-racking, yet that didn't explain Kel's quickness at the controls. Kel had never overcontrolled before.

Joe looked at Kel once more, worried, and set the ship's clock back an hour, making it midnight again. Then he sat up recklessly. "Listen, skipper. I'm not after your glory. You can fight this"—he nodded toward the blackness above the instrument board that was lashing the big plane about viciously—"you can fight it all you want to; but you could fight it better on a cup of coffee and a stretch of your muscles."

Kel looked at Joe then, and seemed to come out of it. "O. K., Joe," he said. "O. K. Take over."

. . . . .

Kel started aft, stiffly, through the deserted forward midnight-blue salon and down the cabin companionway. The door to cabin number seven opened, and Lilly Sutton stopped in it, sharply. Her hands went to the doorframe and she stood there rigidly. She was in a coral negligee with a standing feathery collar. Her fine eyes on Kel were reproachful, her chin lifted. The last time he had seen her thus defiant, she had been on the defensive. It was when she had said to Kel: "I could never be happy with a man who places no value on his neck."

A movement beyond her in the cabin on the bed drew Kel's attention. It was Herman Petree in a wine-colored silk dressing robe. His knees were drawn up near his chest and he seemed to be writhing in agony.

Kel looked down at Lilly. His voice came, as from the past, with scorn: "Apparently you're happy now."

Her eyes remained on him steadily. "I was just about to send for you—for the third time. It's an appendicitis attack. He thinks he's dying."

Kel moved her arm and went in.

He stood over Herman Petree, bracing himself by a hand against the swaying wall. Somewhere behind him was Lilly. Kel said to the writhing figure on the bed: "What's the matter?"

Two terrified dark eyes looked up at him out of pallor, angered. "How many times must the captain of an air liner be sent for in extreme emergency? I've a good mind to have you fired."

Kel grinned down at him. "Why don't you?"

The whole body contorted; turned over. It might have been either pain or rage. "You don't think I can do it?"

Kel's grin broadened. "Does it matter?"

"Where's the Britannia?"

Kel started a little at that, curiously. "The Britannia happens to be relaying our wireless right now. Why?"

"My doctor is aboard her. Dr. Karl Hoffmann of Vienna. I consulted him in Europe. He knows my case. This attack"—Herman Petree cramped tightly—"may be—fatal. Wireless Hoffmann. Ask him what to do."

"What could he do?"

"Ask him, you fool! Ask him!" the gray lips shouted. "Wireless him—or I'll have Sidney Whitefield fire you!"

The cabin lifted slowly around them, quivered.

"Do," said Kel. He straightened decisively.

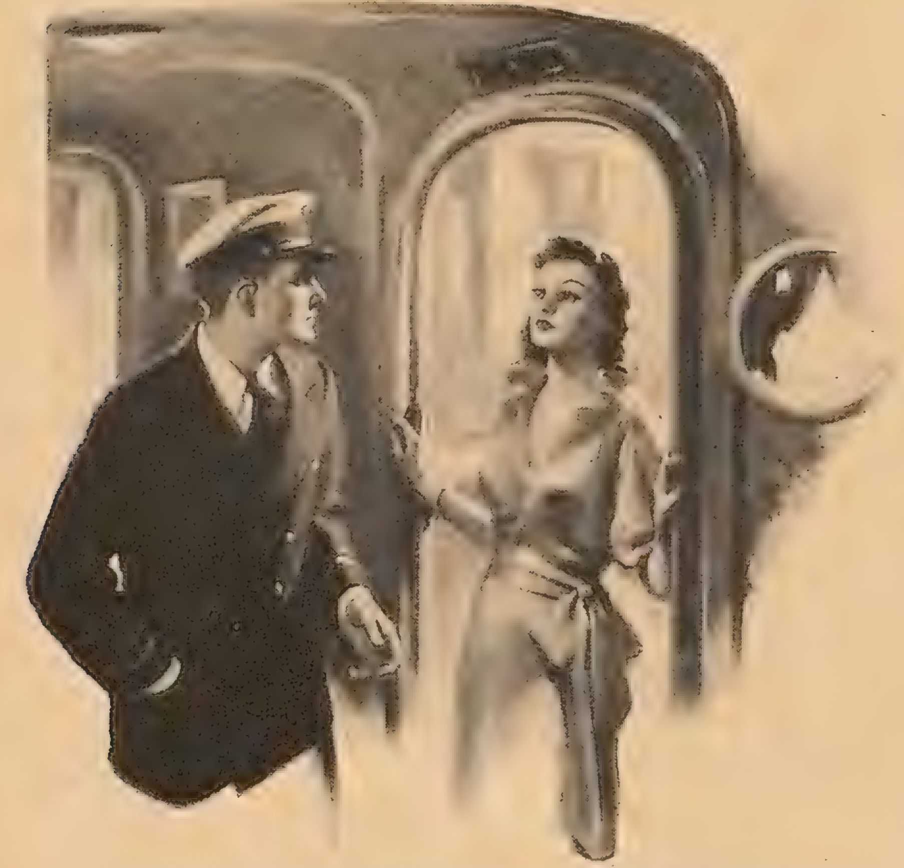
In the companionway Lilly stopped him. Kel had passed her in the cabin without a glance as he left. He had thought: At least she's still got her courage. He saw plainly now in her eyes she had more than that. Those eyes looked up at him squarely out of the past.

She said: "You might at least let me explain—"

"Why?" he cut her off shortly.

They faced each other in the dipping companionway, gripping the handrails. Kel stiffened sharply. "Sorry," he said in a crisp tone. "I've—work to do."

She let him go. The companionway tilted giddily. He tried to feel with his feet what the ship would do next. He did not want her to suspect his anxiety for the ship's safety in this hurricane. . . .


"Apparently you're happy now," he said with scorn.

The companionway was pitching even more heavily when Kel came back down it. It was deserted and the door to cabin seven closed. Kel knocked. Waiting for Lilly Sutton to open it, he shuffled the small slips of paper in his hand—wireless communications.

"You'd better go in," she said. "He's worse."

Kel turned. He looked at her as if she might not be real. Maybe it was that trick of his nerves again. Under strain he often saw her visually; saw her as she said, "I could never be happy with a man who places no value on his neck." The vision always made him mad; made him fight harder to save his neck. For what, he did not know. Yet, when the vision faded, it left him empty and with the feeling that he couldn't blame her.

"You seem to be everywhere," he said to her. Then he noticed the ice bag she had brought from the cabin opposite. He opened the door to cabin seven and went in.

Herman Petree was rolling on the bed, cramped and moaning. He did appear worse. Kel stood looking down at him. The agonized eyes, roving, found Kel, grew smaller.

"What took you so long?" he demanded vindictively. "That I'm not dead already is no credit to you. What did he say?"

Kel picked out one message. "Dr. Hoffmann says you ought to be operated upon immediately."

Herman Petree's eyes rounded in terror. "How could—" He sat up quickly. "What does that mean?"

"What Sidney Whitefield suggests—" Kel glanced at another wireless message. "That I transfer you to the Britannia, if it's humanly possible."

Herman Petree was trembling all over. "Is it?"

Kel shrugged. "I can only try." He glanced at another message. "But the Britannia's captain doesn't like to risk a boat crew—unless it's unavoidable."

"What's a boat crew's risk got to do with it when a human life is in danger?" snapped Herman Petree. "Of course it's unavoidable!"

Kel smiled. He turned to Lilly Sutton, braced against the opposite wall. "What do you say?"

"What has she to say?" bellowed Herman Petree before she could answer. "It's my life that's at stake! You've got your instructions! If you're any kind of captain you'll follow them! If you aren't, you'll be fired! I'll see to that!"

Kel kept looking at her. "What do you say?"

She gave him his look back steadily. "Use your own judgment, captain." . . .

Kel slammed the door to the pilots' compartment. "I'll take over, Joe," he said brittlely. Then, to Barry Thorne: "Spot the Britannia for me."

BARRY THORNE groaned and muttered something about a pointless end.

Kel took the controls and started the great ship downward.

Joe put a restraining hand on Kel's arm. "You're not really going to try it, skipper?" He got no response. "It's not that I can't take it—we all gotta wash out sometime—but there are others back there besides that yellowbelly. Some good men in the air business. They're sleeping. If the Britannia's captain refuses to risk his men, you can imagine what the water is like. So what chance have we got?"

"We'll see," said Kel cryptically.

"We'll crash surer than hell—or be smashed to bits if a sea breaks over us."

"My neck," said Kel coldly, "no matter who thinks to the contrary, is as valuable to me as anybody's aboard."

Joe sat silent after that, arms folded.

The great ship was in a sharp dive through blinding wet blackness that seemed to be cuffing at it.

Kel kept watching the altimeter and trying to feel out the blasts. At three thousand feet the gale whipped them about almost out of control; at two thousand it was worse. They battled down under a thousand feet. Suddenly the clouds were above them. They were in clarity, fierce black clarity, and below them, a few hundred feet, the wide dark treacherous Atlantic.

Kel switched on the nose lights. Mountains of water rushed up at them in the spread of those lights. Ahead, a quarter of a mile or so, a little to the left, a huge ocean liner lunged through the angry white-crested sea. Kel eased in closer and flew low as he passed the great motor ship. He couldn't see her name, but from her modern lines he knew she was the Britannia. He could see her passengers swarming to her glassed-in decks.

The searchlights of the Britannia had found the New Yorker, followed her, lost her again, as Kel dropped even lower into the trough between two great waves. Kel watched the rising slope of water coming at them, judged it. He gunned his throttle once, touched, and rode down the back of the swell. . . . A perfect landing.

From the crest of the next wave Kel caught a glimpse of the Britannia's boat headed for them. One of the Britannia's lights was following its floundering progress. The Britannia moved with just enough speed to keep her head. She rolled and pitched heavily.

"You go aft, Joe," Kel said. "I'll hang on to the controls. If one of these seas breaks—"

"We'll be canned fish food," Joe finished it for him.

Kel kept one hand on the throttles, one on the wheel. He kept jockeying the great ship into position against each coming swell, scanning every fresh crest anxiously. The New Yorker took the immense swells well, like a giant gull resting mid-sea. But it might take only one of those seas breaking over her to crush her utterly. She might survive it, but if she did she'd probably be badly crippled. Kel hoped she wouldn't be put to the test.

Kel saw the Britannia's motorboat slip down the rear of a wave aft and come alongside. The motorboat stayed off a little, cautiously. He could see the crew's wet taut faces in the light from the New Yorker's cabins. He knew that everybody aft was awake now, watching. He knew that Barry Thorne had gone aft of his own volition to help Joe.

Kel had to divide his attention fore and aft—mostly fore. The swells seemed to be getting heavier, higher. Kel couldn't understand what was taking so long back there. After all, it was only the transfer of two persons. The man might be sick, but he didn't weigh much. There were enough men aft to hand him down to the boat crew. She—was even lighter.

In one quick glance aft, Kel glimpsed a figure being caught in the arms of the boat crew. Something followed, smaller. But Kel's attention was drawn forward quickly by the sharp rise of the New Yorker's prow. When next he had a chance to look back, the Britannia's boat had pulled away and was speeding for the big liner, now a little ahead of them, coasting lumberingly.

Joe came into the pilots' compartment, followed by Barry Thorne. Joe was flushed and angry. "Let's go, skipper," he snorted disgustedly. "At the last minute, when he got a look at that sea, the yellowbelly tried to crawfish. We had to practically throw him into the boat."

Kel watched the Britannia's boat top a particularly high crest off to the left. "How was—she?"

"She?" There was admiration in Joe's tone. "Gee, skipper, that girl's there! Everything I expected her to be! She—" He looked forward. "Watch it!" he shouted in warning, pointing to the wave that was coming at them almost horizontally. "It's going to—break!"

Kel grabbed for the master throttle. He opened it faster than he wanted to. He opened it wide. The great ship lunged forward, plowed upward toward that mounting crest that was already curling above, ahead of them. Kel felt the ship lift sharply, then thud with a fierce impact. The ship shuddered all over. She seemed stopped momentarily; seemed to start down. Then they came through the spray that had doused them. They came through in the air just above the wave as the real crest reached for them, tumbled, with a mad rush and an angry whiteness, below and behind them.

Kel listened to the motors anxiously and tested the controls. The spray was still spilling off the wings, making the ship a little logy. The New Yorker had come through! She was in the air again, black tempestuous air, with plenty of hazards, but—her own element.

Kel settled back and said to Joe: "Now you go have your coffee."

The skies were clear over Manhattan, sunny, as the New Yorker approached land. Kel sent Joe aft to see that everything was ready aboard for the landing. Barry Thorne had passed out, exhausted, the moment his job was done, and now lay back in his seat, snoring. Kel still sat in the pilot's seat, but he was relaxed now; the robot control was flying the ship. The radio was still buzzing in Kel's earphones. He took them off. There had been hundreds of messages and instructions from Sidney Whitefield, mostly regarding the fanfare reception he was staging for the New Yorker's landing. Sidney Whitefield wanted no detail leading to publicity overlooked. In one of his messages he mentioned that Herman Petree had been operated on aboard the Britannia by Dr. Hoffmann and the operation had been successful. There had been no mention of Lilly Sutton.

The door to the pilots' compartment opened and closed again. Kel didn't look around. He was annoyed that Joe should be back so soon, spoiling his empty solitude. He had been thinking of a girl—a lovely red-haired girl who had once said, "I love you, too, Kel. But I could never be happy with a man who didn't value his neck." When that empty feeling set in, Kel wanted to be alone until it was over. Now he must pretend interest in the panorama of Manhattan growing larger under his bow.

He had been instructed to circle the metropolis once at high altitude, once at low. Already small specks in the sky converging suggested press ships with cameras. And there would be all that staged hullabaloo to go through when they got down. Well, it would keep his mind off—

IT'S a thrilling sight, isn't it?" he heard her almost breathless voice say over his shoulder.

He looked up, directly into the warm hazel eyes of Lilly Sutton. If he, instead of the robot, had been flying the ship, the New Yorker might have done strange things in the sky at that moment.

She said: "I know passengers aren't allowed in the pilots' compartment except by invitation. I got your copilot to invite me."

"I—I thought I'd transferred you," he said, trying to get hold of himself, "and Herman Petree—"

"I thought you thought that," she said. "It's a pity you've not outgrown that—suspiciousness. You've outgrown so much." Then her eyes left him and went to the continent of North America drifting below. "I've never liked acting. But even a woman must live. I met Herman Petree in London in the midst of this attack which decided him to fly over, if I'd come along as a sort of courage-builder-upper. That's all he asked."

Kel looked ahead steadily. "Seems to me you threw over a good bet. There was one guy valued his neck."

"Necks, I have learned," she said, "are to balance heads on. Good heads."

Kel said: "Even redheads? Even lovely redheads who make you do screwy things?"

"Maybe it's not a very good head."

"Let's see," he said, rising.

"Kel darling!" She tried to hold him off. "You've—work to do!" But the old twinkle was in her eyes.

"You bet I have!" he said, smiling down at her in his arms. "But robots fly ships, too, and they haven't any necks to worry about."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—She split the Nobel peace prize in '31 with Columbia's Dr. Butler. She authored Peace and Bread in Time of War. She became head resident of America's first, most famous social settlement. The early photo shows her some years back. Who?

2—In the Bible, what man wore a veil?

3—Which large boats are shaped the same at each end?

4—Who killed President Garfield?

5—According to the U. S. Supreme Court, is the tomato a fruit or a vegetable?

6—Who wrote Wee Willie Winkie?

7—Which American place is spelled incorrectly: Talahassee, Punxsutawney, Kissimmee?

8—The paper of your cigarette is probably made of what?

9—A penny's worth of which food provides 324 calories?

10—Who was the Swedish Nightingale?

11—A mint julep calls for which type of whisky?

12—Who founded the Methodist Church?

13—One should be a law-school graduate or a trained accountant to get what glamorous job?

14—During what fray did There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight gain popularity?

15—Which is the Dog Star?

16—Passing of a chain-store tax closed 200 stores in which Eastern state?

17—A Persian lime is ripe when it's what color?

18—Which New York City candidate for mayor held that office in Ann Arbor, Michigan?

19—The letter Z is usually called what in England?

20—Who wrote The Invisible Man?

(*Answers will be found on page 54*)

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

FORTY swell mink coats are running around on all fours, right now, at the farm conducted by Gertrude Elizabeth Fox near Garland, Maine. Forty mink coats equal about three thousand minks on the hoof, and that is the present population of Mrs. Fox's minkery. Yes, minkery *is* the correct word to use for it. I asked, so I know.

Gertrude Fox was the first woman to make a success of mink farming. She started in New York State, eight years ago, with eleven boy minks and twenty-four girl minks, all from Canada. Now she's an outstanding authority on mink furs and minks' habits.

The private affairs of individual minks are no less peculiar than those of some of our mink-coated ladies. Mrs. Fox told me the *strangest* stories! There are coquettish minks, and romantic minks, and minks that can be courted only by cave-man stuff. One gentleman mink, nicknamed Modesto, is so bashful he never will look at his mate until after dark. Actually! Another, nicknamed Mr. Wiseacre, always provokes the girl mink of his choice by shamming indifference—a wisdom he has communicated to every one of his sons. . . . Then there is Mrs. Fox's pet, Minkette, perhaps the only tame mink in the world. Although Minkette has never mated, each year in the bearing season she mothers a toy mouse made of rubber. Has done so every spring for five years.

Now for some practical advice from Gertrude Fox. She says:

Buy your mink from a reliable furrier, and get a written guaranty that the skins haven't been dyed or blended —the separate hairs touched up with a feather dipped in dye. The nap of the fur should be short; long-haired mink doesn't wear so well. Each hair should be fine and silky; an occasional white one, as in sable, will show the skin is undyed. . . . Put your mink in cold storage all summer to keep the fur lively. . . . If it gets wet, shake it thoroughly, then comb it and hang it up in a cool place to dry. Never dry mink near a radiator.

Married to a New York physician, Mrs. Fox is a busy lady. Besides raising mink by the thousands, she edits the Black Fox Magazine, a trade publication for fur farmers.

☆ To break up an undesirable flirtation, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a family I know was sent off on a summer cruise last month. On the boat she had a wonderful time deck-walking and dancing with all the young officers of the ship — except one. He was a grim youth, a professed girl-hater. Far away from her he stayed—apparently. But, a day or two before the cruise ended, what should she come down with but the measles! And, of all those young officers, which do you think was the only one who, on the return trip, *also* broke out with the measles?

The girl-hater, of course. Can't you imagine what a ribbing that young man received?

Gertrude Elizabeth Fox

☆ "My secretary told me she was leaving to get married, so I told her to wish for luck while she stood with one foot on the horn of plenty, and her other foot on the golden fish, symbol of enduring courage." . . . This is part of a letter from Andrew Lawrence of San Francisco, who has designed a good-luck rug for the Pabco line of floor coverings. Made of linoleum, the rug has horseshoes, bluebirds, four-leaf clovers, pine cones, tortoises, golden fish, and horns of plenty depicted on it. All the good-luck signs. Should be popular with superstitious ladies—as what lady isn't?

☆ Some of us must be eating more than our share of the nation's candy. Last year's candy sales averaged sixteen pounds for every person in the United States—which may seem like a lot at first, but really isn't when you stop to figure it out. It's only about five ounces a week, just a little more than a quarter of a pound. I am sure that most of the girls and women I know, myself included, eat more than a quarter of a pound of candy a week. So we *must* be getting more than our share. Goody!

☆ Martha Deane, radio star, will be glad to hear from any one who knows the Irish story of the enchanted cow. In Ireland, she tells me, there was an old gent who said, every time he met her, "Now I'm going to tell you the famous story of the enchanted cow" . . . but at that point he always branched off to talk about his relatives in Chicago, and Martha had to sail home to America before she could coax the famous story out of him. It has pestered and vexed her from that day to this. *Who* knows the Irish story of the enchanted cow?

☆ Although written for youngsters, Sidney Corbett's new book, The Cruise of the Gull-Flight, can be read with profit by grown-ups who want to know something about the fashionable sport of sail-boating. (Published by Longmans, Green & Co.)

☆ Sandwich ideas now come in handy again for school lunches and bridge-club affairs. Here are two new spreads you may like.

(1) Combine equal quantities ground walnuts and grated American cheese (the dry kind). Mix with fresh cream to make a stiff paste. Use between thin buttered slices of graham or whole-wheat bread.

(2) For a sweet sandwich, cream 2 tablespoons grated chocolate with 1 tablespoon butter. Add tablespoon preserved ginger, chopped fine. Whole-wheat or graham bread, no butter.

The Matanuska Muddle

READING TIME
9 MINUTES
50 SECONDS

A typical homestead in the Matanuska colony.

THE long days have come again to the valley of Matanuska. The third crop is growing swiftly. More and more acreage is being cleared of brush and moss and trees. Improvements of all kinds are being made.

And yet the Matanuska colonization project is, right now, in its most critical stage. It isn't the crops, nor the soil, nor the climate that is bothering the colonists. It is, "How am I going to pay off my debt, and how much do I owe?"

In 1935 the government transplanted 200 families from farms in Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota to Alaska. In the Matanuska valley it parceled out lands, built each family a home, dug each a well. It furnished provisions, tools, livestock.

Most of these 200 families were on relief. They hadn't been able to live off their farms. The majority of them would have died of illness, cold, or starvation had the government not aided them.

The government agents realized that they must not be overpaternal nor overprodigal. They had a liberal program: forty acres, a house, and all that was needed to rehabilitate each family; low interest rates, many years to pay. But they were a little impractical about many things. And, it seems, they still are.

The chosen families arrived before anything was ready for them. They lived for months in tents, and life was so miserable that a number went back "to the States." The government agents worked furiously, though, that first summer, and before winter set in they had every settler established on his own land and in his own house.

But it had cost Uncle Sam a huge amount of money. And Uncle Sam will have to get that money back from the colonists—or most of it.

Today, about half of the original 200 families are still in the mountain-rimmed valley, and intend to remain there. Added to these are sixty-nine "replacement" families from Alaska and from farms in the Middle West. The colony has developed a local pride that is amazing. Last year they had a fair, with exhibits of vegetables that made visitors gasp. At the end of the year there were few men in the valley who didn't feel that the government's experiment had succeeded nobly.

But that was last year.

About the first of this year Charles Ruddell, formerly of Saint Louis County, Minnesota, was told that he owed the government $14,700.

He didn't believe it. He couldn't owe that much, he said. And if he did, he could never pay it off. No matter what crops he grew, no matter how hard he worked, he couldn't pay off $14,700 in his lifetime.

Why had he left Minnesota? he wondered. "I was broke," he said. "I couldn't make a living in Minnesota. But I certainly didn't owe anybody $15,000."

The other colonists went to officials of the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Corporation and tried to find out how much they owed. But they learned nothing. They did receive statements showing what they owed for stock, farm equipment, commissary supplies, and feed. They added this to the amount Ruddell was charged for his house, barn, and land.

"If Ruddell owes $14,700," said a man from Wisconsin, "I figure I owe somewheres around $10,000. That's more than I can pay off from my forty acres. Even the agricultural experts admitted that to me."

"I reckon my debt's around $9,000," said another.

There are three or four of the original settlers who owe less than $6,000. The average debt seems to be in the neighborhood of $9,000.

"Nine thousand dollars is a heap of money," a former Michigan man said. "Don't know how I run up that big a bill. Don't know how I'm goin' to pay. I got five acres under the plow. If I had the whole forty acres working for me, things might be different. I could pay off, give me time enough. But thirty-five acres can't be cleared in a day. I'm clearing them now and I'm a working fool—but it don't go fast. Suppose I owe more than $9,000. Maybe I do. I can't find out, somehow. Nobody'll tell me. If I owe $10,000 or more, I got a mind to chuck everything and go back to Michigan."

The $9,000 figure can only be estimated, but government agents do not say it is wrong.

The colonists can stick it out and work off their debts—or they can sign a note for the value of the food and the clothes they've had from the commissary, and try their luck some other place.

Some of them will stay, no matter what happens. They love the land. They've had a grand time there. Matanuska is home, now, to them and their children.

But others will go.

Washington made an adjustment on Ruddell's bill, and this adjustment will be applied to every colonist family. Five hundred dollars was knocked off the cost of the building material that went into his home. His hospital bills, up to January 1, 1937, were written off; $50 was deducted from his commissary bill for each adult and child over twelve, and $35 for each younger child. The government figured it would have had to pay out these sums to keep the family on relief. Ruddell's bill was brought down to $12,400.

The reason for letting the colonists run up such big bills has never been explained. There are two viewpoints, that of the officials and that of the colonists; and each has its merits.

" Here were 200 poor families," one official says, " comprising about 1,000 people. They had been on relief. When they were given credit they went wild. They couldn't restrain themselves. The woman who rushed downtown with her first relief check and had expensive photographs of her six children taken is an example.

" One old fellow raised the dickens with us when we wouldn't honor a requisition for a fancy gun. He had three guns already—good guns. We'd let him have them. But there were only himself and his wife in his family, and he had no need for a fourth gun. He should have been satisfied with one.

" A lot of people wanted typewriters. For what? I don't know. One family ordered five tons of coal delivered to a tract where a truck couldn't even get in close. Women ordered cases of grapefruit juice, dozens of bottles of catsup and fancy pickles, strawberries at 30 cents a can, things like that.

" Now, I don't blame people for wanting luxuries, especially people who have never had them before. But I do maintain they should pay for them. A lot of the colonists have lived better than they ever did before, and they complain that their commissary bills are high."

How the dark specter of debt haunt the New Deal's Alaska pioneers

A Matanuska fair exhibit.

BY JACK ALLMAN

" Sure," a colonist answers. " That's the truth. We're living well. But we're paying for it—or we will. But here's something I don't understand. My wife bought a dress from the commissary the other day. It cost her $7.50. Now, that very same dress is only $4.49 in a mail-order catalogue.

" The government bought a lot of these dresses under the competitive bid system, through its purchasing bureau in Seattle, from that mail-order house. Why does it cost my wife nearly twice the catalogue price?

" You can buy gasoline in 50-gallon lots in Anchorage for 21½ cents a gallon. We buy it here by the case. You know what the government charges us? Half a buck a gallon! And gasoline for lamps is a big item.

" The government has ordered distillate-burning brooders for all of us who want to raise poultry. Distillate costs 25 cents a gallon. One brooder consumes five gallons a day. Why couldn't they furnish us coal burners? The best coal mines in Alaska are only 15 miles from us. The government owns them. It could deliver us all the coal we need for less than $6 a ton. That would save us a lot of money.

" Last week Frank Ring bought a cant-hook handle at the community trading post. It cost him $1.65. We looked up the price in two mail-order catalogues, and found it was 65 cents in each.

" A lot of things are like that. A set of harness listed at $70.72 in the commissary retails for around $50 in the catalogues. Horses that cost $125 in Oregon are billed to us at as high as $400. I know men who have had to pay $200 for a cow. We pay $65 a ton for hay—or we did last winter. Can you imagine that? Dairy rations for cows cost us $70 a ton. Whole corn for chickens and hogs costs $74, scratch feed $70, egg mash $66."

The government can't help the high prices—nor, it seems, can it explain them. Hay, for instance, sells at $18 a ton in Seattle. The freight is $21.60. It costs $3 a ton to have the hay double-compressed to 22 pounds to the cubic foot so it will take the lowest freight rate. That brings its cost to $42.60. Why should it cost the colonist $65? Nobody seems to know.

A member of the Rural Rehabilitation Corporation explained that all government purchases are made by the competitive bid system, and in huge quantities. The smaller outfits, he said, cannot supply the government's demands—which leaves Uncle Sam at the mercy of the larger jobbers. Therefore everything costs the government plenty—much more than it costs the individual buyer.

However, that explanation doesn't find much favor with the colonists. And there are other things that irk. It costs $40 a month to keep a cow on purchased feed. But will her milk bring $40 a month? It will not. The last survey showed there were 90 gallons of cream being produced weekly in the valley; but the creamery unit wasn't in operation, and milk and cream were being fed to the hogs. Some farmers sold milk to employees of the corporation for 15 cents a quart, which helped a little—but these were farmers close to town. There were many who couldn't have sold their milk for $1 a quart and made a profit. The same is true of eggs, which sell at 38 cents a dozen. One thing that shows a little profit is pork.

The government planned to spend only $600,000 on the Matanuska project. It is now spending its fifth million. Each colonist who came was told that his total debt would be about $3,000. Now he finds he owes about three times that sum, and he is not yet " in commercial production." No wonder he's complaining.

One thing has had a wholesome influence—the " no-work-no-eat " program established in February of this year. A colonist is paid cash for all constructive work he does on his tract. Cash—and no credit. Under this plan everybody's working; and I have yet to meet one who doesn't wholeheartedly endorse it, though all claim it was adopted too late—and will end too soon. Funds to finance it will have run out by September 1.

Had the system been in effect from the beginning, while there was enough money to get each farmer into production, it would have made a vast difference.

When the colonists were given credit and no cash for their work, many just sat around idle and grumbled. Now they are slashing timber day and night. For the first time in years they have money. They don't have to trade at the commissary. They can buy cheaply at private stores. And yet—

The more a man works, the more he pays himself, and the more he owes—for the money he receives is entered against him in the corporation's books.

His plight is this: he goes on increasing his debt. After September 1, as far as he knows, he is to receive no more money. He will have more acreage cleared, but not enough to help him materially, and he will not be able to increase his crop until next year. And if he has to make the payments and keep up the interest on his debt, he will be in serious financial difficulties.

To be sure, the figure given last winter as the amount of one colonist's debt was not final, and the adjustment that has been made is not necessarily a final one, either. There has been an intimation that further adjustment might be contemplated. But at this writing the situation is as described.

Unless the government can find some way to reduce the larger debts, the Matanuska experiment may turn out a disastrous failure.

THE END

THE WORLD GOES SMASH

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

A stirring novel that warns you of things that can happen in the U. S. A.

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HUGH FARRAGUT, working in New York as special prosecutor of rackets, has thrown himself headlong into the fight against the organized forces of crime and vice which threaten the very life of America. Powerful and prominent men are part of this monstrous racket. There is one, Z, who is the chief, and Farragut is working night and day to get proof of this man's guilt. His investigators have been beaten, their wives murdered, in an effort to halt the work. Farragut knows that he himself is in constant danger. But nothing will stop him. He is out to crush Z.

He tells this one evening to Dorrie James, the beautiful girl he wants to marry. Dorrie has been trying to get him to give up his crusade for a less hazardous job. But he finally persuades her that he can't, and, madly in love with him, although they have known each other for only a few weeks, she consents to marry him in spite of the risks.

During their conversation it comes out that Dr. Gilroy James, with whom Dorrie has been staying and who Farragut has supposed is her father, is her cousin and godfather.

"My father," says Dorrie, "is Harold James."

Farragut is stunned. "Happy Harold James of the Old Thirteenth" the father of Dorrie! She sees his startled, horrified look and asks him what is the matter.

"I might have known!" he says thickly. "Happy Harold James is Z!"

PART TWO—"Z" DECLARES WAR

WHEN the blur cleared from Dorothy James' brain she saw Hugh holding out her opera cloak.

"You want me to go?" she said dully. "Isn't your errand completed? Haven't you learned what you were sent here to find out?"

"Hugh! You can't think that of me."

"It all fits neatly into the pattern," he pointed out in quiet impersonal accents. "Your concealing from me who your father was; your leading me on to open up to you about what we are trying to do. I've told you enough tonight to ruin the plans that we've been building up for years. You see, I trusted you."

"You've got to keep on trusting me." She set both hands upon his shoulders, compelling him to meet the courageous challenge of her regard. "Look at me, Hugh. You *don't* believe I came here as a spy! Do you?"

The tensity of his features relaxed. "No. No; I don't believe that."

She gave a little half sigh. "You couldn't, Hugh."

"As to Happy James," he began, when she broke in:

"But, darling, you're so *wrong!*"

"I'm afraid not, Dorrie."

"You don't even know him. If you did, you'd see how impossible, how ridiculous all this is. You've been listening to his enemies. Why not go to his friends? They'll tell you he's the squarest shooter in politics. Why, Hugh, every one knows his goodness and kindness. Ask the charity people. Ask the church people."

"To whom he gives blood money," was the grim response.

She threw out her hands in despair. "How cruel you are! How unfair! Oh—oh—oh! Dad has always told me that reformers go crackbrained and think that any one who opposes them must be a crook at heart, when the crookedness is really in their own brains."

"I expect that is what he says of me."

"No, it isn't. He admires your courage and skill against the racketeers; but he thinks you are too much given to seeing a superracketeer in every politician, honest or dishonest."

"The old gag," said Hugh wearily. "And of course he hinted that I'm politically ambitious and success has gone to my head."

DISCOURAGED, she murmured: "How hard you are, Hugh! I'd better go now."

"Yes. We can pick up a taxi below."

There was silence between them in the elevator.

When they reached the street, a man stepped quietly, swiftly out of the shadow. He held an object which was lifted and pointed. With a choking cry, Dorrie threw her body across Hugh as the flash came. She was flung aside, catching at the awning stanchion for support as she watched him overtake the speeding figure, heard the shatter of glass, and saw the fugitive reel and collapse into the gutter. Hugh came back to her, nursing his right hand.

"That picture won't be worth much," he remarked tersely.

"Was it a camera? I thought—"

In the taxi she sat slumped back into her own corner. He heard her slow, difficult breathing. "What can we do? What can we *do?*"

"We can get married," said Hugh Farragut.

"How could we, when you believe that my father is the worst criminal in New York?"

He made an unexpected response: "You thought that chap on the sidewalk had a gun."

"Yes."

"And you put yourself between the muzzle and me."

"There wasn't time to think what I was doing."

"When you did that you gave yourself to me once and for all. Do you think I would ever let you go now? As for your father, one of us is right and one wrong. If I'm wrong I'll be only too ready and glad to admit it. If you're wrong—"

"I couldn't be. Not about dad!"

"We've got to talk this out when we're not so worked up over it. When am I to see you again?"

She pulled herself together. "Will you do something for me, Hugh? I want you to talk with dad before we see each other again."

"To tell him that I want to marry you?"

"Not yet. First tell him what you believe about him. Give him a chance to prove how wrong you are."

"Very well. If you think that's best, I will," he assented gravely. "Good night, Dorrie."

"Good night, my darling." She kissed him as if she could not bear to let him go. "And, oh, be careful!"

In the entry of the quiet old house on the once quiet old square, she stopped to press the lines of shock and distress from her face; for a light in the front room told her that Happy James, never a secure sleeper, was still up. But he was not alone. A strange voice with a stress of anger and threat in it said:

"I'll give you till tomorrow night."

Then her father's calm reply: "It'll be the same no as before."

"Then, by gad, I'll go to Farragut."

"Oh, I don't believe I'd go to Farragut, Niemer." The interruption sounded temperate, almost amused.

"That's what I'll do, just the same," blustered the visitor.

He strode out, brushing past the girl without seeing her. She went in. Happy James was standing at the window. She thought she saw him raise a hand. At sight of her his expression changed.

"Well, Miss Dolliver!" He had called her by that absurd and affectionate nickname since she was a motherless child of three. "Had a good time?"

"Of course, dad. Don't I always?"

"I expect so. Where have you been?"

"Theater. Supper." She was not ready yet to speak of Hugh.

Happy James trusted and respected his daughter too much ever to put intrusive questions. That was one of many reasons why there existed between them, in addition to the loyalty and affection of the blood tie, a rooted friendship. They were happy companions. Until she knew Hugh Farragut, no other man had ever come into her life whose company she found as amusing and stimulating as her father's. They argued, fought, derided each other's opinions, denounced each other's obstinacy, and laughed it all off, only to go at it again with equal vigor on the next occasion.

"Who was the man that just left, darling?"

"Oh, a sorehead. Chris Niemer. He's nothing. What would you say to chicken wings and chilled ale?"

"Grand!" said Happy James' daughter.

How preposterous it all seemed, what Hugh had dared to say, sitting there before the kindly twinkle of the blue eyes, listening to the quiet humor of his speech—that he could be even remotely connected with crime and grief, except to use his power in preventing the one and assuaging the other.

Dorrie went to bed with her faith in Happy James unimpaired. But she slept uneasily and late, and her first waking thought was the troubled problem of divided loyalties. How to bring together in friendship and understanding these two men whom she loved, who loved her?

With Happy James she anticipated little difficulty. His was a mind so open, so ready to make charitable allowances for the other viewpoint. But Hugh, she feared, would prove more obdurate. He was too little tempered by experience for the easier, kindlier tolerance. His was the uncharitableness of the young zealot. In any case, not Hugh Farragut nor another could persuade her that her father was anything but what he appeared to her loving heart.

It was after one o'clock when Hugh called up. Even over the wire she sensed a stress in his manner.

"Dorrie? . . . Is any one there who can overhear?"

"No. I'm in my own room."

"Was there a man with your father last night?"

"Yes."

"He was killed within an hour of leaving."

"Oh, Hugh! How dreadful! What happened?"

"His car ran off the Viaduct at 129th Street."

The constriction at her heart loosened. "It was an accident, then."

"Too many fatal accidents happen to men who interfere with powerful leaders like Happy James."

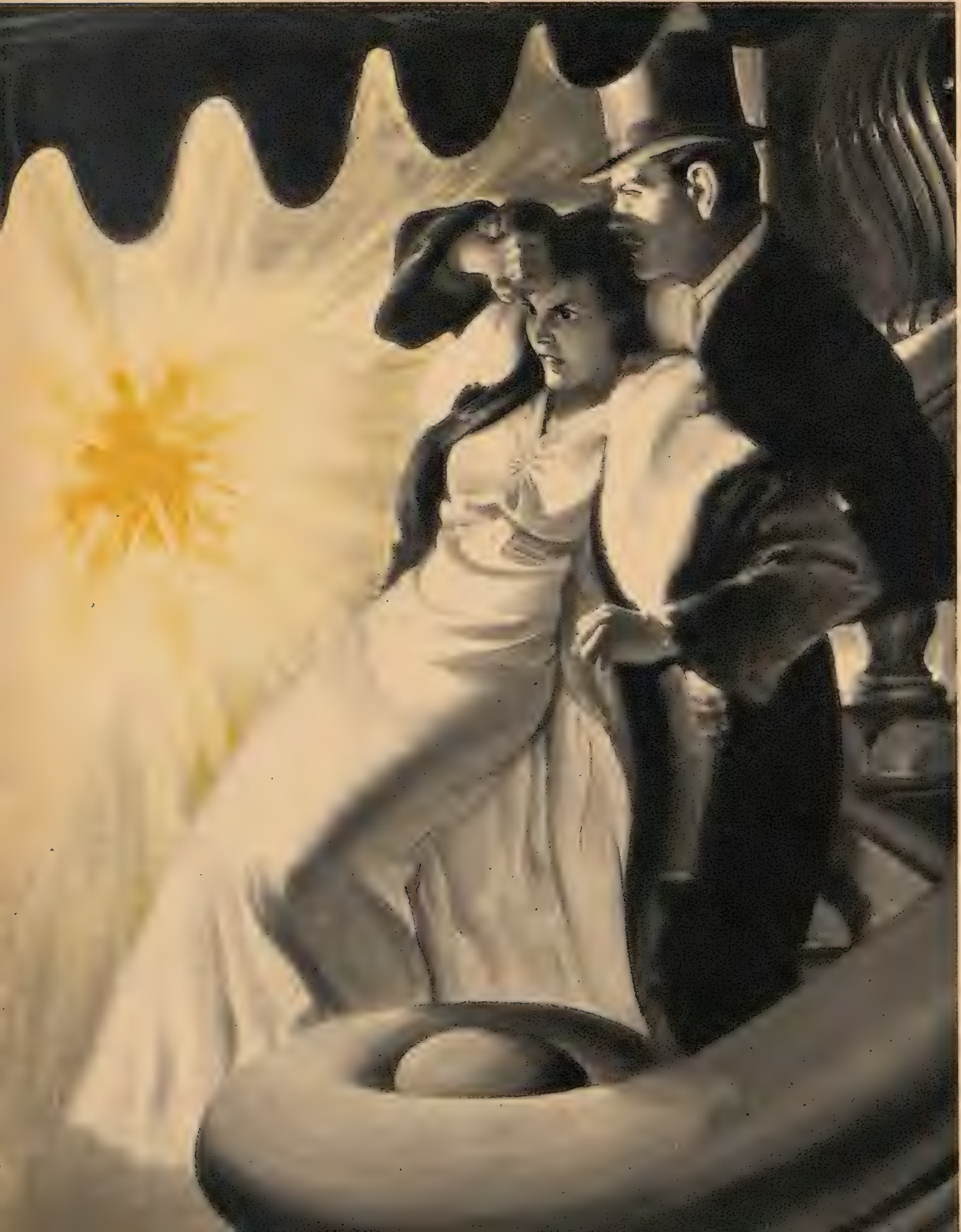
For the moment she was daunted. Then she recalled her father's dignity and restraint under Niemer's threats. A man who had anything to fear would never have met menace with such composure. There was a tinge of contempt in her indignation as she said:

"Even you could hardly be fanatic enough to hold dad responsible for a motor accident ten miles away."

"In any case, the meeting with your father is off."

"That's as you please." Dorothy's spirit was rising.

"I may have to summon



With a cry, Dorrie threw her body across Hugh as the flash came. She was flung aside.

him to my office. Officially. To explain his part in this—accident."

"When you get a fixed idea, Hugh, reason doesn't exist for you. It would be laughable if it weren't—"

"Laughable! You can't laugh off murder."

There was a click in her ear. She stared at the apparatus. He had cut off. And after daring to use that tone to her! This was the man who pretended to be so desperately in love with her. When he called up again, she would teach him that she was not to be treated in that cavalier way. Perhaps Happy James was right: all young reformers became obsessed with a conviction of infallibility.

That her father could explain the Niemer matter she had not a doubt. Explain? What was there to explain? Even to ask him about it would be an insulting reflection! Dressing, she went to his room. She found him packing two valises. For an instant the thought that he might be running away shocked her.

GET YOUR BREAKFAST-TABLE NEWS THE NIGHT BEFORE!

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WABC—New York . . ANDRE BARUCH

11 P.M., D.S.T., each weekday night, except Thursday

"Where are you going, dad?"

"Summons from a Senator," he answered jovially. "Address, Washington tonight and tomorrow. Then I have to go to Cleveland. May not be back for a week or ten days."

Dorothy was inwardly relieved to be able to put off the difficult discussion of Hugh's crime chart. How absurd that now seemed, in the light of the Senatorial invitation! "Any final instructions to your lieutenant, captain?"

His aspect sobered. "Yes. Not too pleasant. That poor devil Niemer, who was here last night, is dead."

"I heard he was."

He gave her a swift glance. "I can't be here for the funeral. Would you mind going to represent me? Send flowers, too."

"I'll look after it."

"And snoop around a little, will you? I'm afraid there isn't too much money. Niemer had been drinking for some time. Drugs too, I believe. If there's anything needed, see to it. I've left a signed check on my desk."

"I will, dad." Her heart swelled. If only Hugh could have been there to overhear the man whom he dared hint at as having been implicated in the politician's death!

"I ought not to have let him go," muttered Happy James. "He was acting pretty crazy. I did have one of the boys follow him, but he couldn't save him."

Dorrie gave him a small extra hug to go with her good-by kiss. "Darling, I think maybe-perhaps you're the best man in the world."

"I'll remind you of that next time you call me a prehistoric mollusk," he chuckled. "Oh, by the way. You'll find some memoranda in the usual place. Take your time about them."

Downtown Happy James maintained an obscure office with a single stenographer. But Dorothy regarded herself as his private agent and confidential secretary. Those special enterprises about which he liked to throw a veil of secrecy were in her hands. It was her pride that she often overruled her father's little projects and saved his slack and credulous generosity from impositions.

The dossier to which she turned as soon as he left was familiar material. There was the hospitalization of a crippled girl to be arranged; three impoverished widows to be interviewed; help to be extended to a brilliant young scholar working his way through Columbia; public contributions and private donations here, there, and everywhere. No wonder Happy James was the most popular leader in the organization. More than once she had speculated on the inexhaustible source of all this money which flowed so freely. But on this subject Happy James was reticent.

One document in the lot puzzled her, a sinister discord in this harmony of benevolence. Under the typed notation "L-D 420" were entries in terms of heavy-caliber munitions. At one point there stood a marginal note in her father's neat writing:

"Tear gas? Why not perfumery? This is going to be no carnival when it comes."

When what comes? Was the peaceable and humane Happy James envisaging war? Preparing plans for it? There was nothing to show from whom the memorandum came; the stationery was plain. Once before she had chanced upon similar data and asked her father about them. At first confused, he said that government officials sometimes consulted him on technical details. But there had been no departmental insignia on the earlier communication any more than on this recent one. She dropped it into a private drawer.

To her surprise and indignation, Hugh did not call up to apologize for his unmannerliness; nor the next day nor the two days following. But on the fourth evening she met him at a large dinner dance, and at sight of the haggard strain shown in his face she forgot her resentment.

"Why haven't you telephoned, Hugh?"

"I had to keep away from you while this Niemer thing threatened to break."

"Is it going to?"

"No. Every track is covered. Complete washout."

"You see!" she retorted triumphantly. "And you thought dad was mixed up in it."

"I still do. But, whatever happens, I'm not going to let you give me up."

"I couldn't." It was straight from the heart, that whisper.

"Can't we forget this wretched business and be just you and me?"

She considered. "We can't talk here. Take me to your place."

In the apartment she came to the point at once: "Let's talk about you, Hugh. What's your real ambition?"

"To get this job off my chest and take Mrs. Dorothy James Farragut to the South Pole to see the penguins."

"Noble thought," she approved. "But I was speaking of political ambitions."

"That's out. Politics to me means something I have to fight."

"You'll get into it, though. You can't keep out. What do you think is going to happen, Hugh?"

He outlined the national situation as he saw it. The Republicans, still under control of the Old Guard, had nominated Azar B. Chadwick, a steel magnate and a bitter-ender in the anti-union fight. Fear of the coercive measures which he advocated with frank courage had drawn together various warring elements so effectually that all of them had merged behind the Forward Party candidate, Frank J. Winters, who as the right-hand man of a powerful labor leader had won the reluctant respect of even hard-boiled industrialists by his uncompromising stand for justice and reason in the adjusting of disputes and the settling of strikes. The new party was formed of certain labor groups and certain reform groups, all serious-minded and none of them experienced enough politically to know the quality of some of their leaders. Hugh outlined Frank Winters to Dorothy as a slow-moving, calm-spirited, unbluffable man with a sound equipment of shrewdness, lacking any special appeal of personality, but honorable and wholly reliable. Despite his efforts, however, there were corrupt men in many key positions of the organization, maintaining their "inside ring" and awaiting orders from their secret leader. He did not tell her that this secret leader was Happy James.

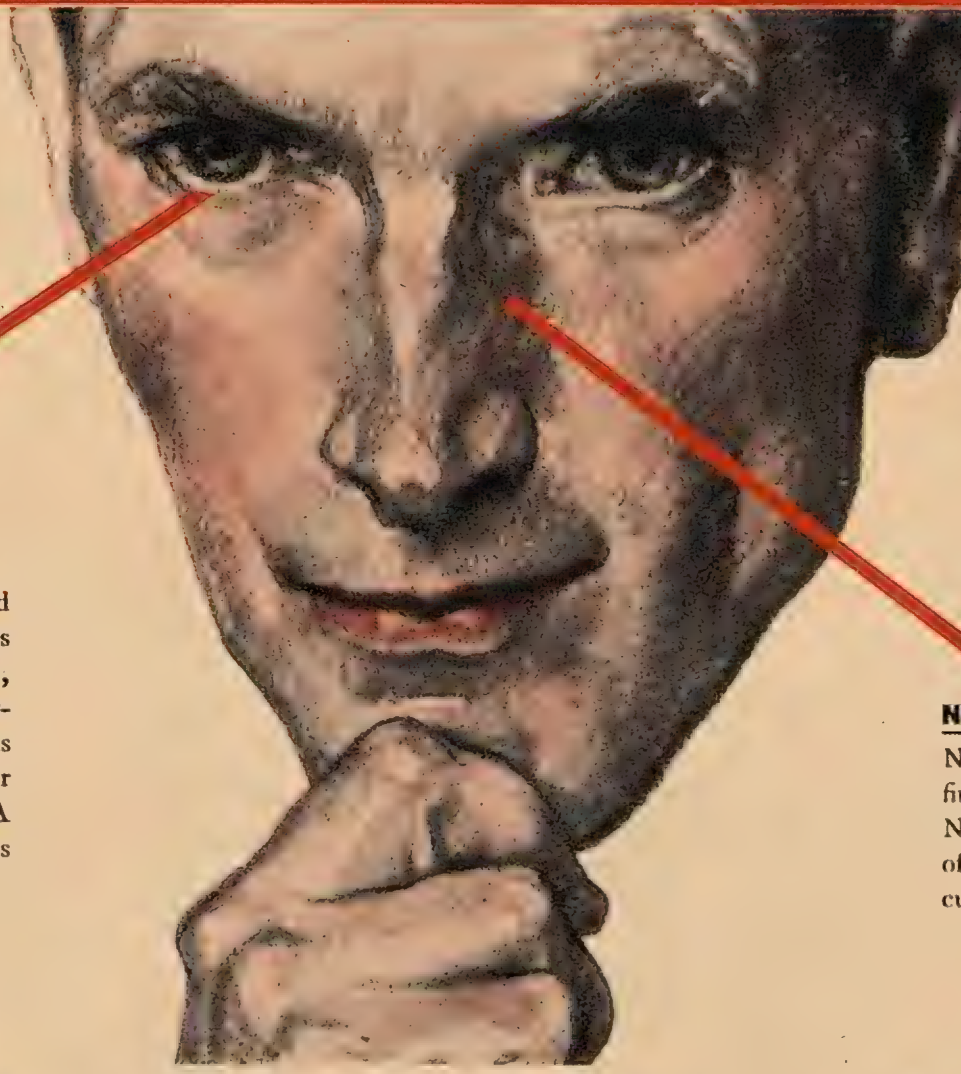
The probable winner, he believed, would be Senator Niles, Franklin D. Roosevelt's chosen heir and stanch advocate of the New Deal. True, the conservative Democrats, alienated by the Supreme Court issue and the impractical alphabetic idealism of some of the theories, had quit the party to unite with the Republicans, but not in sufficient numbers, he thought, to realize the forlorn hope that was Azar B. Chadwick. More likely, if the split went deep enough, it might elect Winters.

"Dad will be for Niles," said the girl thoughtfully. "He's always stood with his party."

"Openly, yes," he said.

(Continued on page 30)

Have you "the thinker's" eyes?



THE EYES OF A THINKER

Eyes large, clear, set deeply and wide apart beneath strong eyebrows and a square, massive forehead, which has an angular, knotty appearance. Ridge of eyebrows projects downward beyond the outer corner of the eye. The pupils are large. A single perpendicular furrow runs between the eyes.

NOSE THAT MEANS ACTION!

Nose aquiline, with a strongly defined bone ridge down the center. Nostrils long and narrow. The root of the nose is bony and broad, and curves in deeply.

If *you* are a type who thinks things out, you'll know what a treat is at hand when old Kentuckians make a "*double-rich*" straight Bourbon!

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Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit.* Made in the Bluegrass Country by master Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way.

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Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF

(Continued from page 28) “Are you trying to make me believe that he's a political double-crosser?” she demanded incredulously.

“I thought we'd agreed to leave him out of it this evening.”

“But this is politics. . . . I expect you're right, Hugh. Whom are you going to support?”

“No one, if I can help it. At least, I'll stay out as long as I can.” He looked at the clock. “I've got an appointment that I can't dodge.” Rising, he drew her to him. “Dorrie love, before we go, what about those penguins?”

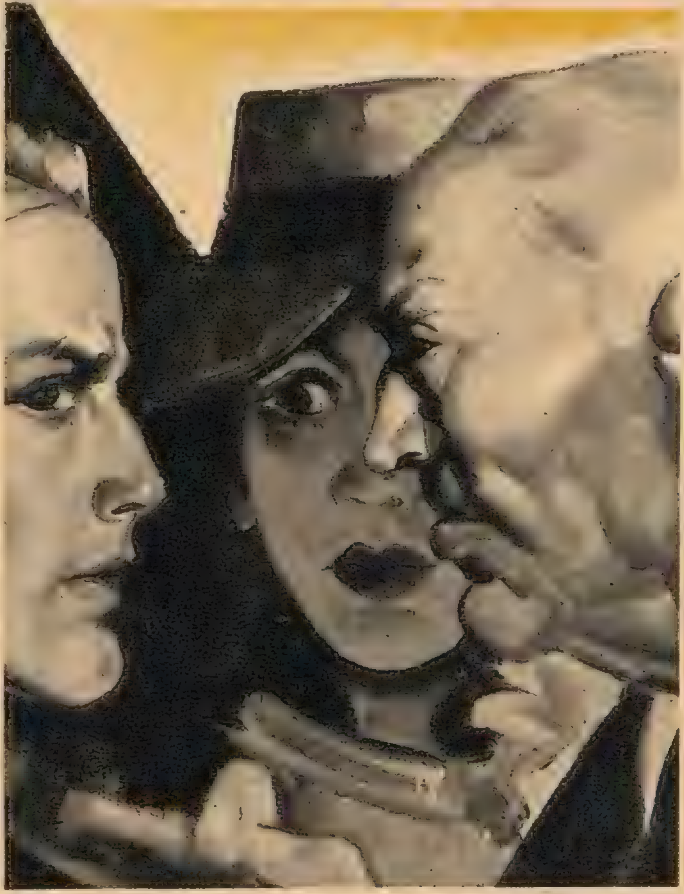
“They'll have to wait,” she sighed. “How can we be married with all this unsettled between us?”

“I can't argue against that,” he returned gently.

At the door he said in an undertone: “Watch that car parked across the street. If it follows you, don't go direct home.”

Giving a clear-voiced direction to the taxi driver, Dorothy returned to the dance.

. . . . .



"There is another woman in his life. Ask him."

Eyes bulging, young Harris Magill, a confidential secretary in the special prosecutor's office, dashed into his chief's room.

“There's a man on the phone who says he's Harold James—Happy James. He wants to talk to you.”

“Calm down, youngster. Why shouldn't he?”

“It might be some trick.”

The young assistant's official zeal was a source of never-failing amusement to his principal. But he also valued and was touched by it. Harris, who at twenty-five had exhausted the thrills of yacht racing, aeronautics, and polo, had found a final excitement in the antiracketeer campaign, and had astounded his friends by abandoning in its favor the frivolities of a hitherto totally useless millionaire existence. He and a clubmate, Carson Wilde, whom the prosecutor had extricated from a blackmailing entanglement, had constituted themselves a bodyguard for Hugh, at times more efficient than discreet, both having been famed football players and having resumed training in the ardor of their devotion to the cause and to its leader. They had confided to him a singular bet of which he was the subject and from which he had been unable to dissuade them.

If the telephone call was a trick, Hugh pointed out, there could not be much harm in it.

“Yes. This is Hugh Farragut.”

“Harold James speaking. Happy James. I think we have some matters to talk over, Mr. Farragut. Personal, not political. Not naming any names, I've had a letter while out of town containing matters of intimate interest to you, if you get me. I think we should talk. Will you come down here?”

“To your office?” (Violently dissuasive gestures from Harris Magill.) “Do you think it likely?”

“Shall I come up there, then?”

“If you did, the reporters would assume that it was under duress. Would you like that?”

“Now, that's very fair-minded of you, Mr. Farragut,” said Happy James admiringly. “I wouldn't wonder but what we shall get along very well together. Neutral ground, then, and”—he chuckled—“no mechanism in the walls. Do you know Father Dulany of St. Vincent's?”

“Every one knows Father Dulany.”

“Can you meet me at the parish house this afternoon?”

“Yes. At three.”

After a vehement argument with Magill, who almost wept at not being allowed to go along, Hugh departed for his appointment. He was welcomed by the old, fat, sad-visaged priest whose luminous eyes seemed to distill a benison wherever they rested, and was presented to Happy James. During the brief triple conversation which ensued, the lawyer made his observations of Happy James. What first struck him was the suavity and good humor of the handsome elderly face. The eyes, not as deep-hued as Dorothy's, were a lively blue. Yet back of them Hugh sensed a vacancy. He could guess that opponents, gazing into that void, might recoil as from the brink of a deadly abyss. The face was plump, rounded, and ruddy, but it was underlaid by a formidable structure of jaw and brow. Altogether a striking and attractive personality.

When the priest had withdrawn, James handed a cigar to his companion, lighted one himself.

“My Dorothy thinks she is in love with you.”

“I am in love with her.”

“So you have made her believe. Like Mr. Webster, I am a little hard to persuade. What's your price?”

“What's your objection?”

The political strategist studied the younger man for a moment before speaking. “Farragut, I know you're after me. You'll never get me. When you make love to my daughter in order to fish for evidence against me, you're playing a dirty game. I know your kind—too cold-blooded to be in love with any one but themselves. You're after her for what you can get on me.”

Hugh flushed sharply. “That's a lie.”

“It's no lie. Didn't you jockey her into talking about Chris Niemer?”

“I have used nothing of what she told me. And I shall not.”

“Until you're good and ready. Perhaps you consider my daughter engaged to you already.”

“I do. So does she.”

“She may change her mind when she hears certain things about your private life and nocturnal habits.”

Hugh scrutinized his antagonist. A sudden suspicion popped into his mind which would have amused if it had not dismayed him. “I think I'd go cautiously there if I were you.”

“I dare say,” retorted the father with lofty satisfaction. He stepped to the window. “There's her car now. She's always prompt to the minute.”

“Do you intend to give her details of my private life, as you call it?”

“I do—with proof.” He observed with relish the consternation on the visage before him.

Had Hugh intended to protest, there would have been no time, for a knock on the door was followed by James' summons:

“Come in, Miss Dolliver.”

She entered, went to Happy James, kissed him, and would have passed on to Hugh had not a grip on her hand detained her.

“Wait,” directed James with grave paternal protectiveness. “There is something you should know about Mr. Hugh Farragut's character.”

“It sounds like old stuff,” remarked Dorothy, unimpressed. “Just before the curtain in Scene II.”

“This is not play-acting,” said her father sternly. “There is another woman—perhaps other women—in his life. Three weeks ago and again last week he had a woman in his apartment until early morning. Ask him.”

Hugh was on difficult ground. The only woman, of course, who had visited him was Dorothy. He must cover her tracks. With the assumed bravado of one who does not expect credence, he said:

“That was one of my office staff, if you must know.”

"In evening dress? And going from you to the Waldorf?" jeered Happy.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy with a start. "I didn't know you were keeping tabs on Hugh, dad."

"I sometimes receive reports on side lines of political matters," was the dignified response.

"I see. Well, I'm afraid you're going to get a jar, dad. I was the woman with Hugh. I know it looks bad, but—"

The placidity of Happy James' face crumpled. "*Is* it bad?" he asked piteously.

"No."

It would never have occurred to him to doubt her word. But if Dorothy loved and trusted this man to the extent of risking her reputation for him, she would be immovable. Very well; she should have him. But on Happy James' own terms. He asked her to leave them.

His expression was unwontedly soft as he let his glance follow her. "One point on which we can get together," he murmured to Hugh. "Happiness for that girl."

Almost weakening, Hugh answered, "Yes."

JAMES lighted another cigar, let it go out, chewed on it reflectively, meditating his play. Hugh waited. That quality of still patience impressed the shrewd judge of men. He could use that sort of chap in his own activities. Not for the dirty work—there were plenty to handle that—but in the higher reaches of law and politics. He hitched his chair forward and spoke:

"You and I are practical men, Farragut. We want you with us—with the organization. You've made us a lot of trouble; you've got some of us worried. I don't deny that you could make a stink. So I'm ready to talk turkey. Drop this reform bunk and play in with us. You'll be a millionaire in five years. Do you want to go on the bench? We'll fix it. Political office? Anything you can ask. And Dorothy. She loves you, and I'm ready to believe that you love her if you'll prove it to me by looking to your future and hers." He dropped a warm hand on the younger man's knee. "Think it over, my boy."

(Months afterward, looking out over devastation, Hugh Farragut wretchedly reflected how much easier it would have been to give up his career, abandon his patriotism, and take Dorothy. How much better—and this was the bitterest thought—for a world which he had unwittingly plunged into catastrophe.)

Now he said amiably enough: "That's straight talk, at least. Will you listen to my proposition?"

"Certainly."

"Quit the rackets, take a year's voyage as evidence of good faith, and I'll stretch a point and drop my investigations of you. Heaven knows I don't want to send Dorothy's father to jail. I'd do anything to save her that shame, if it can be done."

Moderns know . . .

you need a laxative that combats GASTRIC ACIDITY, too

What a logy headache I waked up with on Janet's wedding day! Sickish, too—not the pep of a jellyfish! I could just picture the bridesmaid I'd make on the arm of the world's handsomest usher! But Janet's mother gave me some Sal Hepatica and . . .

Presto! Sal Hepatica's double action had started. First, Janet's mother explained, it cleanses your intestines. Second, it counteracts gastric acidity. Soon, I felt worlds better. In fact, my handsome usher commented later . . .

JUST MARRIED

What a picture of pep! I guess I did look my best, for my head had cleared, my pep had come back, my spirits—well, I felt up to all the thrills and excitement of the wedding and the send-off. Incidentally I caught the bride's bouquet and though I'm not superstitious, it does look as though I may play a new role in a wedding soon.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

The secret? While Sal Hepatica is getting rid of wastes in the intestines, it's also helping Nature combat acidity. That's why moderns find Sal Hepatica so helpful in cases of colds, upset stomach, over-indulgence. Get Sal Hepatica today.

Sal Hepatica

TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama and fun. Every Wednesday night—NBC—coast to coast.

"And I'd do anything to save her from having her heart broken and her life ruined by an obstinate young fool who hasn't the sense to see what he would be leading her into. The headlines have gone to your brain, my lad. That's what's wrong with you," he ended viciously. He recovered control of himself, went to the door and called.

Dorothy came in with the priest.

"He doesn't want to marry you, Miss Dolliver," said her father acidly. "He'd rather save the world."

"Only the grace of God can save the world," said Father Dulany solemnly.

In his soft melancholy voice he began telling them of conditions in his parish: school children corrupted by dope peddlers; young girls lured or even kidnaped into vice slavery; strange disappearances of those foolhardy enough to protest; murders unsolved; robberies untraced; decent citizens living under the threat of blackmail and paying tribute for the privilege of being unmolested; the police supine; the courts subservient; church and law powerless.

"That is the condition all over the nation," declared Hugh. "We are in the clutch of crime organized into innocent-appearing groups, operating by chains, and the chains are tightening until soon they will strangle all freedom and independence."

"Oratory," said Happy James with an indulgent smile. "People aren't as bad as that. They're not perfect, either. You have to make the best of them as they are."

"We have to make them better as we can," murmured the priest. "Law alone cannot achieve that. It must be brought about by the power of eternal righteousness."

"You hear Father Dulany, Hugh," said Dorothy appealingly. "You can't reform the world alone. Give it up. You have a right to your own life—and mine."

"Are you offering yourself to me as a bribe, Dorrie?" said he hoarsely. "Your father has already done that."

"And he nobly turned you down," retorted Happy James. "He'd rather give you up than this crank's dream of his."

"Gently, gently," warned the old priest. He moved over and set a hand on the young man's arm.

"Cranks' dreams have changed the course of history before now. Sincerity is one of the most terrible forces in the world. You, my son, believe in what you are trying to do. I have seen your kind work great good, and infinite harm. Martyrs are made of such stuff; and despots." He turned to James. "It is not for a humble priest to judge between your worldly creed and his. But this I do say." His tone deepened. "For man or woman to seek to divert him from this which he believes his duty is both foolish and sinful—and futile."

"Why did you bring me here, dad?" breathed the girl in profound depression.

"To show you how hopeless it is for you to keep on."

"Never that," she returned. "I'm going now."

THE father accompanied her to the door. At once the expression of the two antagonists hardened. Happy James said:

"My proposition stands. Come over to us and you can write your own ticket. Two weeks to decide."

"So does mine stand. Get out of the rackets and I'll do what I can."

"And the alternative?"

"Roughly, fifty years in Alcatraz. Until Election Day to give me your answer."

"I wonder whether you'll live until Election Day," speculated Happy James mildly.

. . . . . .

After Dorothy's final word there was nothing for Hugh to do but wait. Within a day the waiting was made worse by a telephone call.

"Hugh darling, I've had to make a promise to father."

"Not to see me?"

"Yes. For two weeks. I hated to do it."

She heard a sigh across the wire. Then, "What has your father made you believe about me?"

She hesitated before answering: "Nothing against you. I know you're honest and honorable, just as I know he is. But, darling, I do think you're impractical and visionary. Politics is a practical game. You can't change nature." She went on with the familiar philosophy of easy and tolerant cynicism which she had straight from Happy James' plausible tongue. "I know I can't stir you from your position," she concluded. "All I hope is that you will come to judge dad as kindly as he judges you. Good-by now. It's going to be a long two weeks, but I expect we'll have to live through it."

It was not a long two weeks but less than half that time when he got a call from her, urgent with distress: "Hugh? . . . Oh, I'm so glad I caught you! A horrible thing has happened."

"Are you in danger?" he asked quickly.

"No. It's you." Her voice was trembling. "Do you know a man named Cuprane?"

"What's that?" he returned sharply. "We can't talk about that over the phone. I'd better see you."

"My promise—" she began doubtfully, but he cut in:

"You've broken it already. And—you're frightened, my darling."

"Yes. Where could we meet? At Father Dulany's?"

"In half an hour."

SHE was the first to reach the parish house. When Hugh came, she clung to him trembling before she could control herself and tell her story. Going on one of her father's errands of mercy (and politics), she had encountered Cuprane, whom she knew as one of the leader's minor lieutenants. The young fellow seemed "queer," she said; not drunk, perfectly amiable and respectful, but excited and prone to loose mirth. Hugh nodded.

"Coke," he said. "He's one of them. What did he say?"

"I don't know how your name came up, but he began to giggle and said that you'd already been measured for a cement overcoat. Oh, Hugh! He said it was all fixed up, and it wouldn't be two weeks now."

"Typical hallucinative boastings of the addict," was the prosecutor's calm opinion.

"That isn't all. He said that nobody who went up against the Big Shot lasted long. He said, 'Look at Chris Niemer.' Oh, Hugh!" She faltered. "What did he mean? Does he believe that my father—" She could go no further.

Filled with pity, he tried to save her. "I told you, darling; nothing that a cocaine fiend says is entitled to the slightest credence. I've been up against them in case after case. Pay no attention to it."

Her relief was manifest. "He babbled about other things that I didn't understand. He seemed to assume that I knew a lot about the district from my father." She looked puzzled and unhappy again, then brightened. "Still, if you say that all cocaine users lie—"

"They all lie and they all talk too much. But if he talks in that vein *he* won't last two days, let alone two weeks. You haven't spoken of this to—any one else?"

"Oh, no!"

"I must go back now. I'll have the coke specialist check on our records and call you later this afternoon."

A voice unfamiliar to her called at five o'clock and said cautiously, "There are two men of that name on our records. Which one is it?"

Not so cautiously she answered, "Nick Cuprane."

A noise in the doorway drew her attention. Happy James stood there.

"Nick Cuprane," he repeated. "What about Nick Cuprane?"

"He was at the relief station when I called about the Arkey case."

"I'll have to have a talk with Nick Cuprane."

Something in his face as he took the telephone from her flaccid hand recalled to her Hugh's words: "Not two days, let alone two weeks."

Shivering, she left the room.

Has Happy James really marked Hugh Farragut for death? Will Dorrie's hopes of happiness be crushed in the bitter battle between her ruthless father and her lover? Don't miss the startling and sinister developments in next week's installment of this vivid, exciting serial.

Less
than 1¢ a day
buys the world's
finest blades

Why should she **KISS** *you?*

MAYBE "she" isn't the girl in this picture, but somewhere, someone thinks you're wonderful—and likes to kiss you. But if you show up with a "spotty" shave, or stubble, you don't deserve to be kissed. Girls want men to be *clean* shaven! That's important to them—and it should be to *you!*

Your "Millionaire" Shave

Even a young fellow trying to get ahead can afford the best shave in the world. Gillette Blades cost *less than 1¢ a day*—and a millionaire can't buy greater shaving comfort. Misfit blades that result in uneven edge exposure in your razor, often nick, scratch and scrape. Shave with an *always uniform* Gillette and your face will be clean, smooth, relaxed, refreshed.

Gillette Blades are Best!

Gillette has spent more for precision equipment, devoted more years to research—produced more blades than all other manufacturers combined! Gillette Blades are made of the finest diamond-tested Swedish steel. They're honed and stropped to the world's keenest edges by Gillette-designed machines.

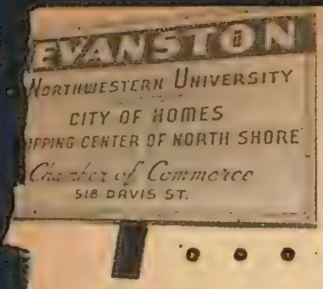
When the best blade costs so little and a good, clean shave means so much—can you *afford* to use misfits? Get a pack of Gillette Blades. They'll give you *more shaving comfort for your money—always!*

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Gillette
BLUE
BLADES
TRADE MARK
King C. Gillette
Gillette
Gillette
BLUE BLADES

Gillette *Blades*

MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY



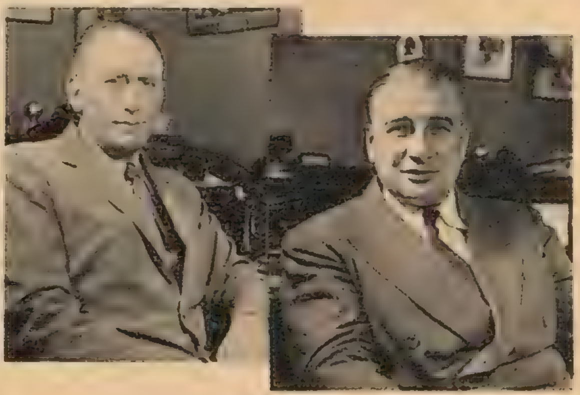
EVANSTON

. . . Cradle of Living and Learning

TWELVE miles northward from Chicago's "Loop," as the Lake Shore Drive swings into famed Sheridan Road, city buildings turn to broad lawns and fine homes—to Evanston. Here is the Cradle—which Hollywood has made famous by adopting its babies; and Northwestern University—center of culture, both mental and physical. Here live the business, social, and civic leaders who have made Evanston another community typical of "worthwhile America" . . .

Evanston is far more than suburb to the Metropolis of the Midwest—it is a city of 66,000 with a well-rounded life of its own. Evanston began the first organized drive to cut down automobile accidents; is now called "America's Safest City" . . . Liberty introduces some of its well-known readers in this well-known community.

Across from Marshall Field's is Huerbinger's Pharmacy, one of the finest in Evanston. "Liberty readers," says Proprietor Joseph Huerbinger, "are good customers. They buy the quality drug products. I never miss an issue of Liberty, myself."



Kenneth L. Wilson ("Tug" Wilson on the sports page) is Director of Athletics at Northwestern. A regular reader, he feels that Liberty's vigorous approach accounts for its popularity among younger people.

Lynn Waldorf, famous football coach of Northwestern, says, "Liberty's All-Players, All-American team is in my opinion one of the fairest and most logical methods of choosing an All-American."

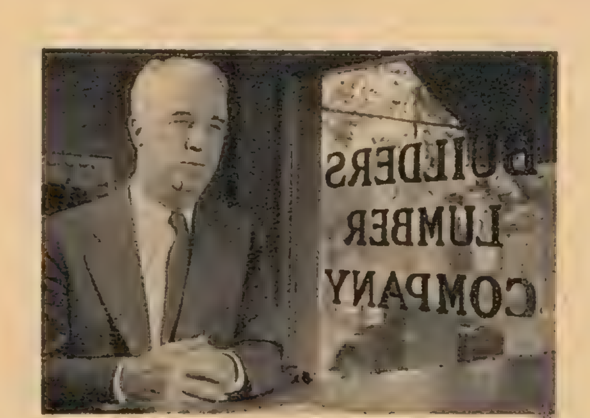
ALL PHOTOS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

Miss Ann Peck is Cosmetic Buyer for Marshall Field. "I read nearly everything in every issue. I like Princess Kropotkin's *To The Ladies* best of all," says Miss Peck.

President A. H. Meyer of the Evanston Trust & Savings Bank, a longtime Liberty reader, likes best the editorials, "the challenging articles on national affairs." Mr. Meyer is also President of the Evanston Clearing House Association.

Thousands of Evanston residents commute over the Chicago & Northwestern. Its President, Fred W. Sargent says, "I enjoy especially the editorial pages. It seems to me your writers are exceptionally courageous and to the point."

Raymond A. Carey has lived in Evanston for 25 years, where he manages the Illinois Bell Telephone Co. "Liberty gives me a lively, comprehensive picture of what's going on in the world today," says Mr. Carey. A past president of the Rotary Club, his present civic duties include directorships in the Safety Council, the Chamber of Commerce, the Boy Scouts.



President of the Builders Lumber Company is Aubrey Prosser. He handles Celotex, Sheet Rock, Johns-Manville and U. S. Gypsum products. He is treasurer of the Evanston Masonic Order, always enjoys Liberty. "A great family magazine," he observes, "every member of my household reads it regularly."

MUNICIPAL
TESTING STATION

Evanston is called "The City of Homes." Its wide streets, lake frontage, and convenient location make it an ideal place to live. Here's a residential row with well-kept lawns and spacious homes, typical of the older sections.

The $1,000,000 Deering Library is one of the sights of Northwestern. This leading Mid-western University boasts a beautiful campus, a famous football team; accommodates over 10,000 students who come from all over the country.

Evanston is known as "America's Safest City," but its low accident rate is no accident. Every car must pass through the Municipal Testing Station; and politics fixes no "tickets" for reckless driving. Honest enforcement boosted convictions, cut auto deaths and accidents in half.

"Fountain Square" is the heart of Evanston's business district, near which are found such outstanding shops as Marshall Field's, Lord's Department Store, Weiboldt's and Huerbinger's Pharmacy. It's the center of a convenient trading area for 200,000 people.

GIVES YOU MORE
OR YOUR MONEY

Meet Dwight K. Vogeding, one of the biggest automobile dealers in the country. His four companies, handling Nash and Chevrolet in Evanston, Winnetka and Chicago, retail $1,500,000 worth of cars annually. "Managing four businesses and traveling a hundred thousand miles a year makes Liberty the perfect magazine for me."

Justice Triumphs: W. J. Justice, president of North Shore Refrigeration, services thousands of Frigidaires, sells carloads of new "boxes" to old customers. A Liberty reader, he likes its hard-hitting, thought-provoking articles.

For years, Charles N. Stevens has been an important figure in Mid-West banking. He is Chairman of the First National Bank & Trust Co. Mr. Stevens reads Liberty. "I appreciate a good story as well as a stimulating article."

Dr. D. D. Waitley, President of Kiwanis as well as practicing physician, says, "Busy as I am, I read Liberty—keep it in my waiting room, too." Incidentally, the Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions, and Optimists memberships averaged 32% readership of Liberty.

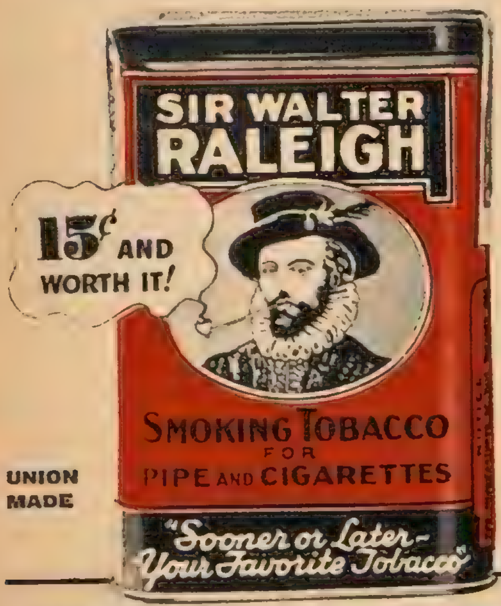
"Liberty makes important things interesting to me," says W. J. Schmitt, Vice-president of Dampman-Schmitt Company, Dodge and Plymouth dealers, "I can understand why the factory talks about Dodge advertising in Liberty."

Evanston's progressive Mayor, Henry D. Penfield, is an enthusiastic reader. "Liberty's forward-looking editorial content gives me a political viewpoint presented by no other periodical."

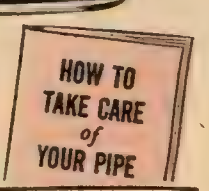
Liberty

"THIRTY DAYS SOLITARY REFINEMENT!"
. . . then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

THE charge: "Guilty of disturbin' the peace and violatin' the nostrils of decent people." The sentence: "Clean the gook out of that briar and switch to a fragrant, law-abidin' tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh." The moral: Another good man goes *right* with mild Sir Walter! Only 15¢ a tin, and heavy gold foil keeps those two full ounces of Kentucky Burley fresh and sweet from the first to the last pipe-load. Well worth trying, wouldn't you say?


SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢ AND WORTH IT!
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later— Your Favorite Tobacco"
UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L-79.

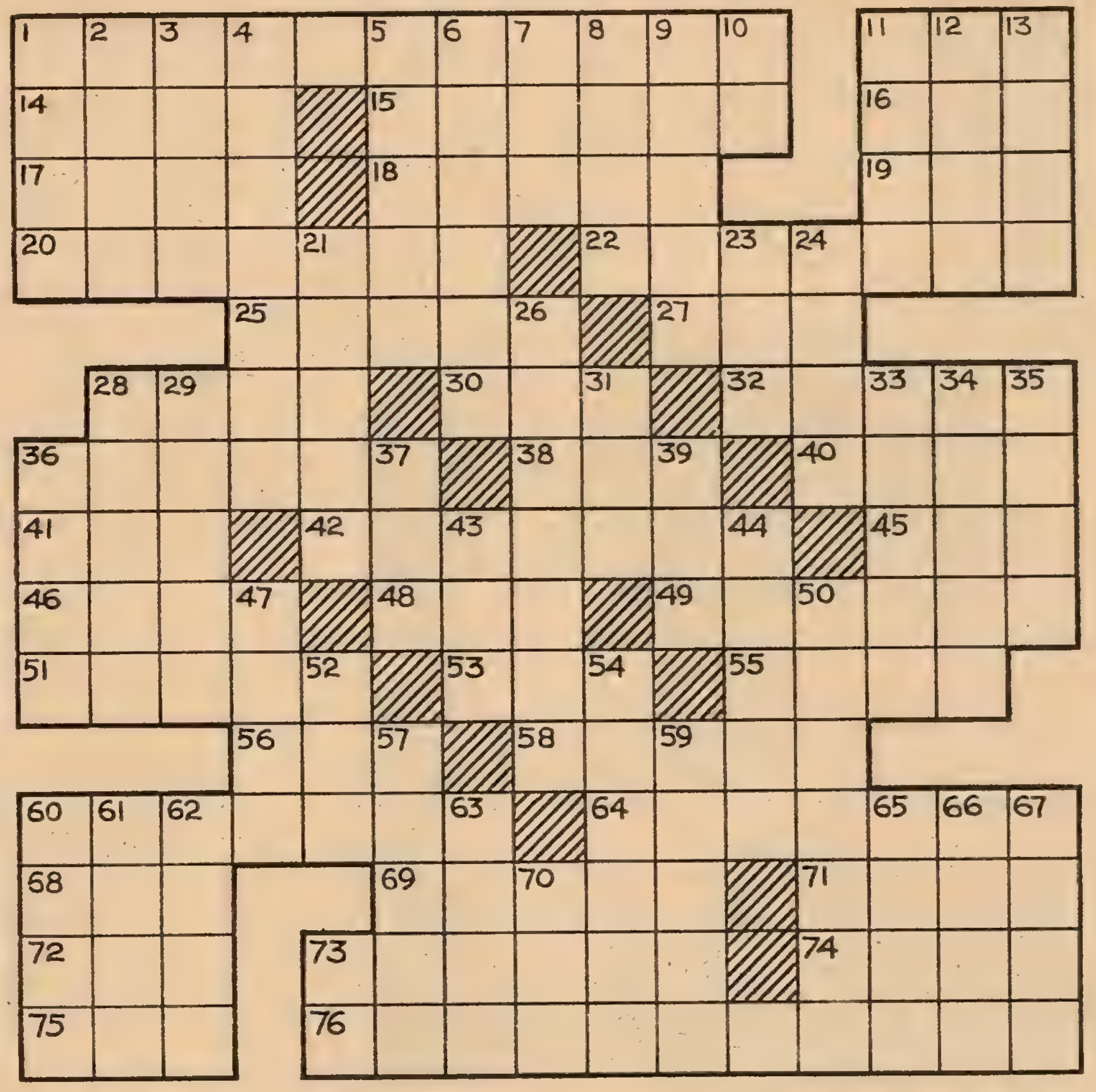

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra NBC Blue Network, every Friday 10.00 P. M., E. S. T.

Puzzle #77 9/25/37

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

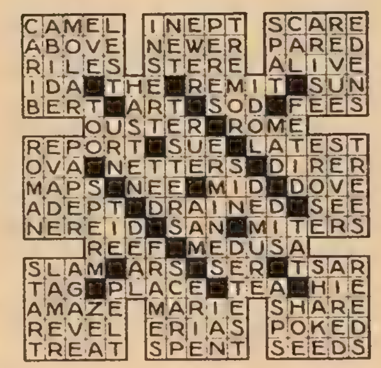


HORIZONTAL

1 Indoor aviator (two words)
11 When she calls every married man answers—or else (abbr.)
14 Part of a Caesarian operation
15 Only thing nudists don't do to other nudists
16 Rockefeller made millions but he couldn't make this
17 All we'd like to get at the race track
18 3-legged black with 88 teeth
19 Danger—Detour here
20 Pulled a dirty trick at the bridge
22 Restaurant beginnings
25 Slap the back
27 Cockney present
28 Candy and flower service
30 When full inside, display this (abbr.)
32 The smaller the dog, the bigger the these
36 Gets moron more smart
38 What undertakers do for a living
40 Air-cooled pants
41 A Scotchman can always spare one for his horse
42 Is a red-skinned hitchhiker an Indian this? (Go ahead—Sioux me!)
45 What little boys consider holy
46 Went up in the world
48 How the man in the street yesses
49 Stovepipe (two words)
51 These sound like volcanic misses
53 Another version of 48
55 They're always down in the mouth at the Grand National
56 This always has an edge on
58 This has a great pick-up
60 Wrong-number headquarters
64 On all pennies
68 Australia's gift to crosswords
69 Edna Ferber wrote it (two words)
71 Hitler's war cry (double talk)
72 Illuminated by alcohol
73 The essence of soft soap
74 An ass if there ever was one
75 Captain yessers (abbr.)
76 They bop Englishmen in the head, making them uncommonly sirly but pleased

VERTICAL

1 What you're supposed to take a wife for
2 Gen. Franco's motto: —— but don't let ——!
3 Paradise for two
4 What sourpusses get pickled with
5 Crow's nest
6 Per these girls bleach
7 Victor's initials
8 A dirty dig for a union man
9 Be sorry in a big way
10 Sou'wester's destination
11 This is sticky stuff
12 Toothless old rake
13 Railbirds
21 An oink
23 Kind of out that lands you in the big leagues
24 What the Chicago stockyards do 24 hrs. a day
26 Trombone cut off in its youth
28 What House of David footballers use for the hidden-ball trick
29 Missionaries think it's better to have than to have been this
31 Peeper
33 Kind of housekeeping along the coast of Maine
34 Commonest bar requests
35 Warning to printers: Don't touch this!
36 The old parlor sofa at the Bijou
37 Something Dizzy Dean isn't
39 Old-fashioned rat trap
43 This is you in reverse
44 Composer of the Spring Song
47 Handy thing about a country boy
50 An oboe with anemia
52 What she said when he made a forward pass
54 Brightest race in Europe
57 He's plastered from morning to night
59 The day in mourning
60 Strongbox for gangsters
61 Looking backward at Time
62 You can eat, grow, or go these
63 French author
65 A single among three goose eggs
66 Kind of clothes made of crash
67 What a louse this turned out to be! (pl.)
70 What leftists are always left holding
73 Puppy Kisses (abbr.)



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Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

WHEN N.Y. CITY HAD 19 "AUTOS"

MOBILOIL WAS THE ONLY OIL... AND IT'S THE WORLD'S FAVORITE OIL TODAY!

SEE THAT LONESOME little "auto"...among all those hansom cabs? In those days, New York didn't have many cars...but probably all of them used Mobiloil!

Today, Mobiloil is the world's largest-selling oil! 71 years of refining experience makes it the finest oil you can buy. Use Mobiloil...and save money!

EASTER PARADE, FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C. WHEN CARS (See Circle) WERE SCARCE!

MOBILOIL AND MOBILGAS

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Mobilgas

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

CALL ME JIM

The private life of James A. Farley: New, surprising facts concerning the jovial wheel horse of the New Deal

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

A POPULAR notion that Jim Farley, like Al Smith, hails from New York City's lower East Side was dispelled by Mr. Collins last week. The fact is, Jim was born, on Memorial Day of 1888, in Grassy Point, Stony Point Township, Rockland County, New York—miles north of the big city, and on the Hudson's west bank. When he was eleven his father's death left his mother with five young sons to provide for. She opened a grocery store, and Jim ran errands and made deliveries. Later on he was the local high school's star first baseman, so good that he might have had a career as a pro ballplayer. But his bent for politics appeared early. "Contacting" folks became his specialty. Result: At twenty-three—"an Irishman in a Dutch town, a Catholic in a Protestant town, a wet in a dry town, a Democrat in a Republican town"—he was elected Stony Point's Town Clerk! His wetness was solely a matter of principle; to this day his one vice is chewing gum.

Out of high school, he had gone on the road selling gypsum—always "contacting" right and left, and following up his contacts with genial letters written with green ink. He now met a young Mr. Roosevelt of Hyde Park, across the river and upstream a little, who congratulated Mr. Farley on his successes and was straightway embraced and bidden: "Frank, don't call me Mr. Farley. Call me Jim!"

In 1918 the future President-maker told Al Smith, then president of New York City's board of aldermen, that sentiment upstate favored Al for governor. Al solemnly referred him to Tammany Boss Charles F. Murphy. It happened that the taciturn Murphy had long had it in mind to run Al Smith for governor; but he didn't say as much to the big lad from Rockland County. He merely told Jim to call again.

PART TWO—A POLITICIAN GROWS UP

HE learned many things from those two Manhattan home-breds, Murphy and Smith, did James Aloysius "Call-Me-Jim" Farley of Grassy Point. One was how to open the mouth without saying anything. He has since become skilled in the art. The late Arthur Brisbane observed the trait.

"Occasionally," he said, "Jim Farley looks as though he were about to say something, then changes his mind."

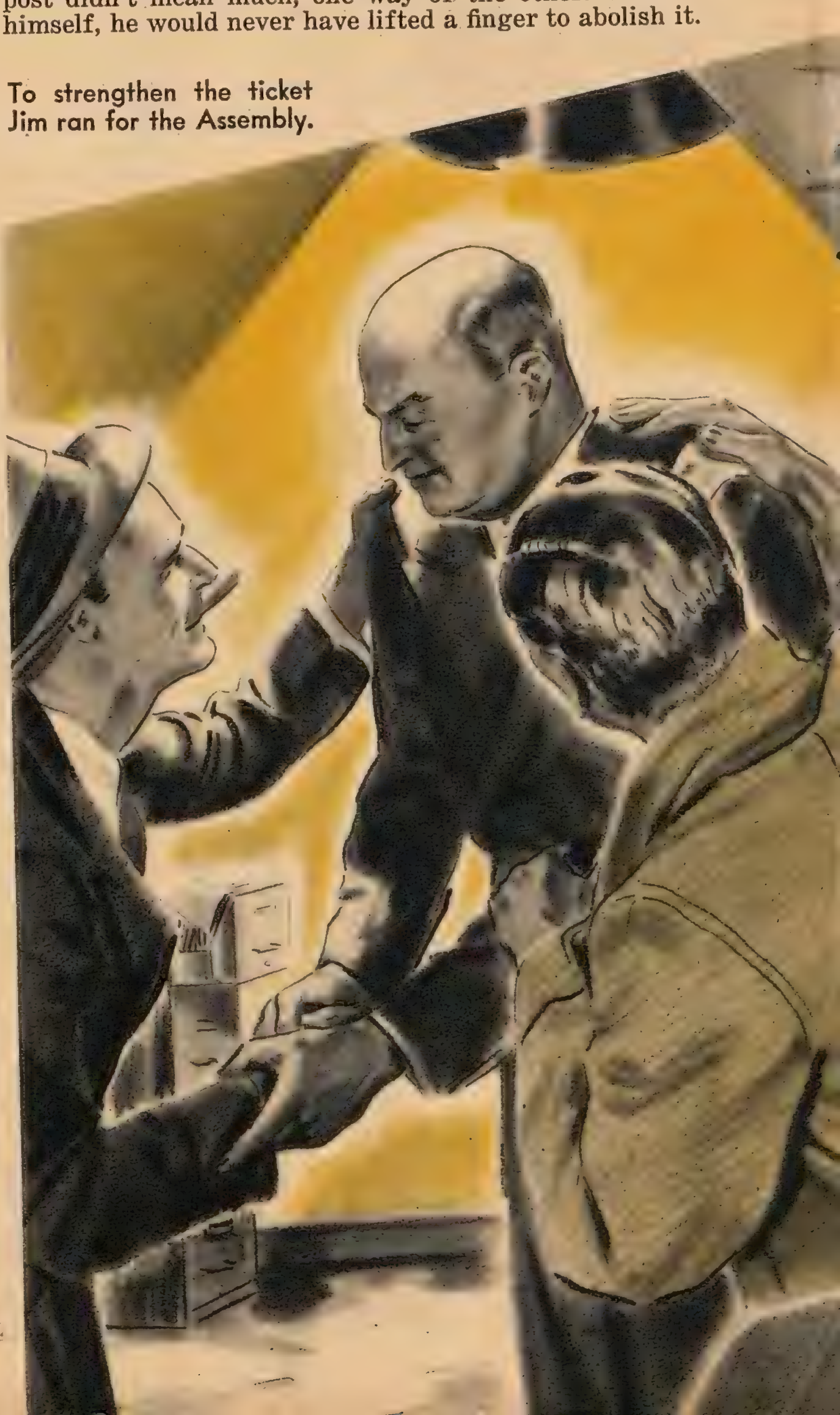
As Silent Jim, the Grassy Point boy went back home and waited. Murphy did nominate Al Smith; and Al, showing remarkable strength upstate—just as Farley had said he would—went into the Executive Mansion at Albany. Al didn't give Jim the credit for his nomination, and Jim didn't deserve it; but Al didn't forget the big boy who had gone to the front for him with the Boss, and who had made a good showing for the ticket in Rockland County. He made him Port Warden of New York.

The job paid $5,000 a year and involved almost no work. It fitted ideally into the Farley scheme of things because it didn't interfere with the gypsum business, which was now getting hot. Salesman Farley had become General Sales Manager Farley, with offices in Manhattan.

It simply wasn't within Jim's conception of things to go to the Governor and say, "Al"—it was Al and Jim by now—"this job is a phony. It ought to be abolished." But when the Governor came to him and said, "Jim, I begin to suspect there isn't any real use for a Port Warden, and I want you to tell me truthfully if the job should be kept up," the Farley personal conscience reacted as it always does—straight. He told the truth and lost his job.

There, if you will, is the contrasting picture of two eminent New Yorkers—each, according to his lights, an honest man. To Jim Farley, the post of Port Warden was a legitimate piece of party patronage, which could be used to strengthen the party machine. The fact that he himself happened at the moment to be occupying that post didn't mean much, one way or the other. Left to himself, he would never have lifted a finger to abolish it.

To strengthen the ticket Jim ran for the Assembly.



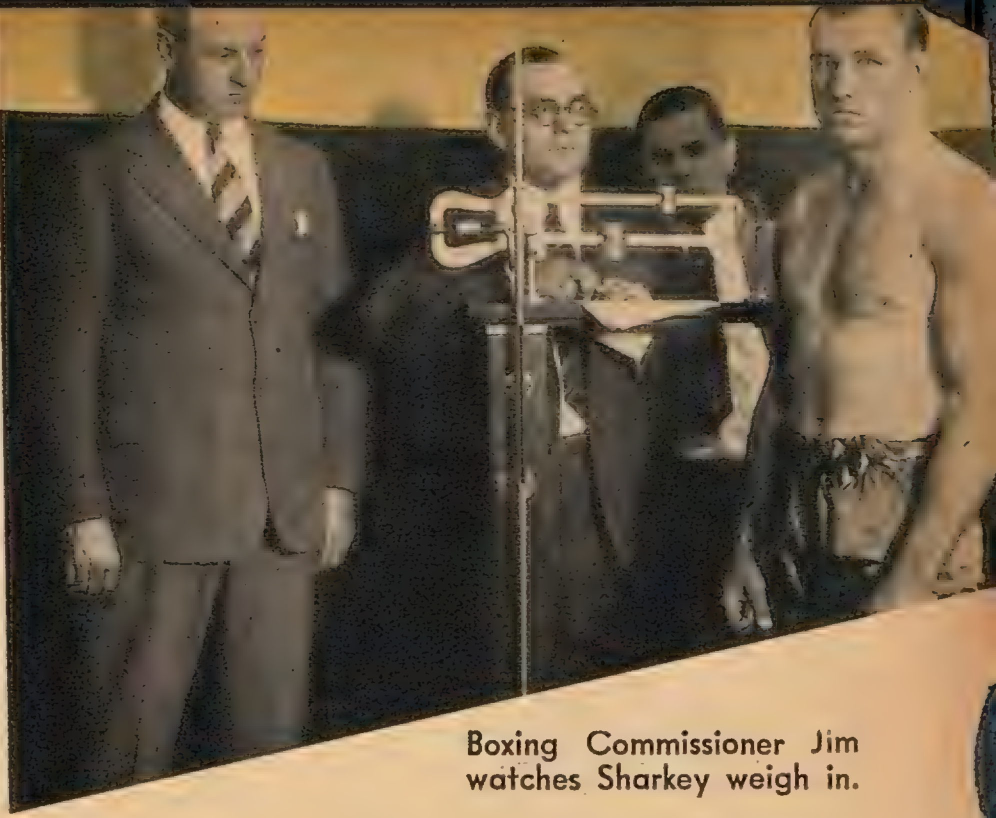
Al Smith, once he was convinced that the office was a useless drain on the public treasury, would go all the way to hell-and-gone to kick it into the discard—let the political chips fall where they might.

Who shall say which is the wiser attitude for a politician to take? Not Jim, for he is not given to philosophical queryings. And surely not Al, since he finds himself, for his pains, in the political doghouse.

But it cannot be made too clear that in taking this salary from the state, for which he gave no appreciable return, it never occurred to Jim Farley that he might personally be putting something over on the taxpayer. If it had, he wouldn't have taken it; for no one—not even the members of the boxing fraternity, over whose dubious activities he was later to be czar—ever cast an aspersion on the big fellow's personal honesty.

" He's as pigheaded as they come, once he gets his mind set on something," a fight manager once said of him, " but there ain't no doubt that he's as honest as any man in the state—or in the world, for that matter."

Anyway, Jim didn't hold it against the Governor that he took his five grand away from him. His Irish eyes weren't crying. He simply sold that much more gypsum. If the customer he sold it to happened to have a contract with the State of New York, that was all right with Jim, too. He would have seen what a more literary fellow would call poetic justice in such a coincidence.



Boxing Commissioner Jim watches Sharkey weigh in.

lect OUR JIM FA

In 1920, soon after his election as chairman of the Rockland County Democratic Committee, Jim took time out to get married to the " wild Irish rose of Haverstraw," Elizabeth A. " Call-Me-Bessie " Finnegan.

The Farleys set up housekeeping in a cozy little house in Haverstraw. Then, as Jim's work (gypsum) and his pleasure (politics) took him more and more to the big city, they added another establishment, which they still maintain, at 3 East Eighty-fourth Street, Manhattan. Still later they took on home number three, a suite in Washington's de luxe Mayflower Hotel. Mrs. Farley commutes between these various establishments.

Washington, if you must know, bores Bessie terribly. She enjoys the reflected sunlight in which she basks as the wife of the man who is, according to Senator Byrd, " the second most powerful man in the United States, and that means the second most powerful man in the world." But she likes to enjoy her sunshine with her own kind—her pals, her neighbors, her kids.

Formal receptions and dinners she loathes. She wriggles out of them whenever it is politically possible. In fact, her " Regretfully, Bessie " is becoming almost as famous as her husband's " Sincerely, Jim." The three young Farleys—Betty, fourteen; Ann, eleven; Jimmy, nine—are not only her greatest joy (excepting Jim) but they are her readiest excuse. There are schools in Washington, of course, and very good ones; but Bessie Farley keeps her children in school in New York City, and is always running up to see them—especially if Mrs. John W. Soup-to-Nuts is giving one of her " affairs."

Bessie's closest woman friend is Mrs. Salvatore Cotillo, wife of the New York State Supreme Court Justice. Jolly Mrs. Cotillo makes Bessie look positively slim. The two of them did Europe together not so long ago. When they returned, Jim and the kids were at the boat—young Jimmy with a two-star report card from school, old Jimmy with a newspaper clipping he had been carrying around with him, describing his wife as " the best dressed woman seen this season on the Riviera."

" Well, what do you know about that? " exclaimed Bessie. " I can't imagine anybody saying that about me." Then, showing her long training as a politician's wife: " Why, every stitch I've got on I bought right here in New York."

The high point of the Farley-Cotillo grand tour was the visit to Rome.

" Did we see Mussolini? "—Mrs. Farley has a way of asking herself questions and then showing that she knows all the answers. " Say, we saw everything. Yes, Mussolini, of course. A most charming man. He jumped up when we were ushered into his suite, rushed over and took our hands. The first thing he said was, ' Where are your husbands? Are you girls traveling alone? ' "

Although one of the few blondes in history to make the Cabinet grade, Bessie Farley, like her husband, remains unawed. Even the Roosevelts, with all their social and official prestige—

BUT we are getting ahead of our story. In 1920, as we were saying, Jim Farley got married. But he didn't sacrifice either gypsum or politics on the altar of connubiality. The big boy had already had his eyes on the building situation in New York City. Why should the contractors get a profit on all these big government contracts, while Jim Farley made a profit only on gypsum? He would have to do something about that.

Meanwhile, by 1922 the Hearst-Smith feud had achieved a new high, and even Murphy doubted the advisability of Al's making the run again for governor. Farley of Rockland, however, now a recognized leader in state affairs, stood stanchly behind the demand for Al's candidacy. Smith himself was loath to leave his lucrative trucking business for a dubious whirl at political rejuvenation. When finally he did consent, and the cautious Murphy shook his old head, Al told him:

" I had to do it to get rid of Jim Farley. He was down in Oliver Street waiting for me when I left the house. He was at the trucking-company office at lunchtime. He would call me up in the middle of the afternoon. He haunted me."

In the train, going up to the State Convention at Syracuse, Jim stuck closer than the candidate's own brown derby. In Albany that night he never left the hotel lobby.

YOU BE THE UMPIRE——

Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE QUART
KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
You make

THE DECISION

You'll decide in Glenmore's FAVOR—a favor to your palate and your purse

Glenmore now comes in both 100 proof (Gold Label) and 90 proof (Silver Label)

Glenmore's
Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

All night long he "contacted." Urged by his friends to get some sleep, he replied, "I'm going to stick right here to make sure they don't put anything over on Al."

Up to now, Boss Farley had refused to run for any but strictly local offices. He held the Town Clerkship for seven years—long after his real field of operations had become statewide—and then became one of the County Supervisors. But now, to strengthen the ticket among his friends and neighbors, he consented to run for the Assembly, and was triumphantly elected.

Almost immediately Jim found that he had run head-on into a political noose. Governor Smith had decided that it was time to do something about prohibition. By his insistence on the repeal of the Mullan-Gage state enforcement law, a sort of little Volstead Act, he forced the first real legislative showdown.

The new assemblyman was on a spot. Drys outnumbered wets in Rockland County something like two to one. Thus far, his known personal teetotalism had offset his known political wetness. But if he voted with Al now, and according to his own convictions, his career as a legislator would end at the next election.

The issue was hard-fought. The result was in doubt right up to the actual roll call. The vote of the gentleman from Rockland County might decide—did, as it turned out, decide—for the decision hung by one vote.

Jim did not hesitate. Once more he met the call of his chief and conscience. Once more he did what he thought was right. And once more he lost his job.

Most of the wise boys now said that Jim Farley as a political figure was through. Back to gypsum! But again Jim had other ideas. He went back to Haverstraw instead, and straightway began rebuilding his political fences. It was an easier task than most people expected. Even his dry neighbors didn't hold any grudge against Sunny Jim. Few have, very long. After a few weeks of "contacting" he was more firmly entrenched than ever as the Democratic boss of a Republican county.

MEANWHILE the big fellow's sacrificial vote in the Assembly had helped to send Al Smith, as the white hope of repeal, skyrocketing into national prominence. By the same token, it had helped precipitate the long-drawn-out fight in the Madison Square convention of 1924 between the Smith wets and the McAdoo drys, which nearly wrecked the Democratic Party but was the making of Farley as a potential factor in national politics.

The seemingly endless days and nights of bickering and waiting gave Big Jim just the opportunity he needed. He was sober throughout the long struggle; something that could be said with truth of very few delegates, wet or dry. His sobriety recommended him to the sincere and influential leaders of the dry cause, and made him an ideal ambassador of good will from the wet camp. And—he was Jim Farley.

Already it was being said that Jim knew more voters in the State of New York than any other man except Al Smith. At the end of that 1924 political brawl it could have been said—although few realized it at the time—that he knew more influential Democrats in every state of the Union than any other man alive.

He has been writing letters to those influential Democrats ever since—letters telling the latest stories, letters asking about the missus and the kiddies, letters invariably signed in green ink, "Sincerely, Jim."

At Houston in 1928 he renewed his contacts with these men of might. At Chicago in 1932 these men—governors, senators, state and national committeemen—ran his errands and did his bidding.

BUT, without going into the motives and morals of the Great Switch from the Happy Warrior to the man who called him that, it should be said that there is honest doubt in the minds both of Jim's friends and Al's as to whether the latter ever really appraised the former's qualities at their true value.

That he was grateful for his services, there can be no doubt. He gave him the post of Port Warden, even if he did take it away from him. From time to time, he offered him other state positions, which Jim chose to turn down. And finally, in 1924, he insisted on his becoming a member of the State Athletic Commission.

"Al sentenced me to the Boxing Commission," was the way Jim put it.

As a matter of fact there were a good many friends of Farley who felt that the Governor had shown about as much solicitude for Jim in rewarding his labors with this obscure, salaryless, and presumably opportunityless portfolio as Tom Platt had shown, some years before, in maneuvering Teddy Roosevelt into the Vice-Presidency.

They may have been right, at that. It is quite possible that Al felt that he had enough machine politicians around him from his own Tammany camp without burdening himself with another from Rockland County. But if either he or the big fellow's own worried well-wishers thought that Sunny Jim was going to hide his smile under a boxing bushel, they were as wrong as Platt and Hanna had been about T. R. and Fate.

The Boxing Commission proved the biggest political opportunity that had yet come to James A. Farley.

Jimmy Walker, then at his frolicsome best as leader of the State Senate, had written a May-December lyric which he called the Walker Boxing Act. It was, according to one commentator, "one prolonged wisecrack." Better indeed, thought Al, to leave it to the tender mercies of those good friends of Jimmy's and his, Brower, Muldoon, and Farley—the members of the Athletic Commission, who straightway acquired the sobriquet of "the Three Dumb Dukes."

One of the Dukes was not so dumb. When the Commission first began toying with the Walker Act, George Brower was chairman. Then one day George forgot to attend a meeting. Next morning he read in the papers that Jim Farley was chairman. Rushing down to the Commission offices, he found Big Jim pouring green ink into the well on the chairman's desk.

"How come?" said Brower.

"We're rotating the chairmanship," said Farley.

A year later, when it was Muldoon's turn to be chairman, Farley was elected again.

"We're not rotating the chairmanship any more," explained Jim.

The board promptly became, like most boards Jim joins, a one-man affair and, as such, an instrument for political manipulation.

First, there was the colored vote. Farley annexed it, every last shadow of it, by insisting that Jack Dempsey defend his title against the colored challenger, Harry Wills. Dempsey preferred Tunney, even if he had to go to Philadelphia to get licked by him. Jim let him go—and by doing so brought down on his own now entirely unprotected head the threat of political annihilation from an all-powerful New York newspaper publisher.

"We'll start a campaign against you, Farley," threatened this man.

"All right," answered Jim. "Be sure you spell my name right!"

What cared he for a little newspaper sniping?

That fall, and every fall since 1925, Jim Farley could have been elected mayor of Harlem even if Bill Robinson had been running against him—which Bill wouldn't.

WHEN Tunney justified all Jim had said of him by marrying into the Social Register and reading a book, something had to be done about finding a new champion.

Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling, neither of whom had ever shown any signs of being fit to tie Gene Tunney's shoelaces or kiss the hem of Jack Dempsey's bathrobe, were about to put on a boxing match in New York for the benefit of the Milk Fund. Here was an opportunity dear to Jim Farley's heart. Simply by announcing that this Class B sparring match was to be the heavyweight championship of the world, he could put rubber nipples in the mouths of a lot of hungry babies and—Sharkey being what he was—almost certainly win the gratitude of 13,000,000 present or prospective German voters.

You remember the result. Sharkey spoiled whatever chance he had by committing a palpable foul—and Schmeling, lying on his back in the center of the ring, was duly proclaimed the world's heavyweight champion.

It was a travesty on the sport of John L. Sullivan and Gentleman Jim

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way!
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5. *Every tin contains 2 full ounces.*

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Corbett and Ruby Rob Fitzsimmons and Jack the Giant Killer, but it was a great victory for Jim Farley and the Democratic Party.

(Incidentally, after this exhibition, Jim ruled that hereafter "fouls don't count"—thus arbitrarily substituting for the Marquis of Queensberry rules the personal dicta of the Marquis of Haverstraw!)

Having chained the Teutons and the Senegambians to his political chariot, Julius "Call-Me-Jim" Caesar Farley now started his march on Rome.

Somewhere out on the backwoods fight circuit, a great lumbering mastodon of a man named Primo Carnera was lunging around, pushing over pugilistic unknowns. The idea of building up this circus side-show giant into a champion of the world gave everybody a laugh. But Jim Farley didn't care, so long as he pleased the Italian electorate.

Of course, something had to be done also for the Jews and the Irish. And since Max Baer had not yet clowned his way to the Broadway white lights, and Jim Braddock had given no sign of his brief upward surge, Jim Farley decided to attend to the matter himself.

Jim didn't actually put on the gloves. He could have. He was still in pretty good condition. Gum-chewing doesn't take it out of you like some other vices. But, what with chocolate pie and ice cream and other dainties, the tall cedar of Stony Point had grown into a sturdy oak. In spite of his continued insistence on the absence of "an ounce of fat," the pants "Stretch" Farley had worn in high-school days would never protect his honor now. So he turned to that other major activity of the prize ring—complimentary tickets.

As King of the Cauliflower Court, Jim was entitled to demand a few passes for his friends. He rapidly increased his demands, until the number of tickets he showered on his friends, and those whom he wished to make his friends, took on the proportions of what somebody has called a "pasteboard blizzard."

On one notable occasion, when Jim had passed out free tickets said to be worth, at speculators' figures, a neat $30,000, the late Tex Rickard was moved to say to him:

"Jim, you give me back the 'Annie Oakleys' and I'll give you the fight."

By these simple methods Past Exalted Ruler James A. Farley of Haverstraw Lodge 877 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and president of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of the Southeast New York District earned a city-wide, state-wide, and even nation-wide reputation as "everybody's friend."

Naturally, the new titular leader of the New York State Democracy, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, was now fully conscious that Jim had arrived. He made him chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee, a post which Jim still tenaciously holds.

MORE than ever was James A. Farley convinced that there was "magic in the name of Roosevelt," and after his new chief's triumphant re-election in 1930 he was sure of it. Forthwith he decided to try out that magic on the big-time circuit.

"Governor," he said one night, as the two were dining in the Roosevelt home on East Sixty-fifth Street, "I'm going to take a little trip."

"There's an Elks' convention in Seattle, isn't there?" countered the Governor, as if casually.

"Yeah, there is," said Jim.

He went from Sixty-fifth Street to the Grand Central Station. In the next twenty days he "contacted" deserving Democrats in nineteen states and laid the foundation for the most successful preconvention campaign in modern political history.

"Just an Elk on tour!" he told the press.

Exactly what did "Sincerely, Jim" undertake and accomplish at that Elks' convention and after it? In other words, exactly how did he get the Presidential nomination "in the bag" for Good Neighbor Frank Roosevelt? There's a story! It will be told to you—the true story, distinct from all the long-current hearsay versions—by Mr. Collins in Liberty next week.

READ WHAT CLEM McCARTHY SPORTS ANNOUNCER AND NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST SAYS:

BANG! A BLOW-OUT— AND THEY NOSED OUT DEATH BY INCHES...

TIME was precious and Earl Hering of York, Pennsylvania, had to step on the gas and avoid congested traffic in order to catch the first race at Havre de Grace. Then, just as he was swinging into the Park, BANG! Down went the right front tire. The car pitched off the road. Hering wrestled with the steering wheel and jammed down the brakes in an effort to bring it to a safe stop. Luckily, the blow-out had not occurred a few minutes sooner or Hering and his two friends might have been seriously injured.

Thousands are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control. Many of these blow-outs are due to the terrific heat generated inside of tires by today's high-speed driving. Play safe. Ride on Goodrich Silvertowns, the only tires with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This Goodrich invention resists heat —protects you against these dangerous high-speed blow-outs.

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

The Only Tire With Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

LIGHT and SHADOW in MANHATTAN

Hollywood gives you a study in metropolitan contrasts—an opulent parade of clothes and color and a vigorous melodrama of the slums

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ VOGUES OF 1938

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Joan Bennett, Helen Vinson, Mischa Auer, Alan Mowbray, Jerome Cowan, Alma Kruger, Marjorie Gateson, Dorothy McNulty, Polly Rowles, Marla Shelton, Hedda Hopper, Roman Bohnen. Original screen play by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by Irving Cummings. Produced by Walter Wanger for United Artists. Running time, 117 minutes.*

A LUSH and liberal fashion revue and a highly interesting adventure into technicolor.

The story is slender. A handsome Fifth Avenue couturier has a shallow wife who wants to go on the stage. She heckles the man of modes until he backs a show—and almost goes broke. But there is a lovely society girl who loves him for himself and who works as a model in his establishment. You will have to see the revue to observe how happily the authors solve their problem.

Not much of a story, but it serves as a frame for a panorama in color of feminine fashions. Furs and frocks are in magic profusion and Producer Wanger, working with a divining rod in Hollywood last spring, seems to have forecast accurately the styles for the new season.

The film, too, takes its observers upon a tour of Manhattan. There is a steaming sepia revue at the Cotton Club; a visit to El Morocco, another night spot; an opulent fashion show.

Miss Bennett, as the society girl gone model, and Warner Baxter, as the couturier, head the cast. Mischa Auer is a florid Russian clothes designer—but it isn't his best role. After all, this isn't a film of personalities. It is a parade of clothes and colors.

VITAL STATISTICS: Pic cost this side of a million, color and several thousand dollars' worth of clothes and all. Those half million dollars' worth of ermines, sables, and superskunks were borrowed from a swell furrier; an imitation-silk company gave $100,000 worth of its product so's to have its name mentioned on the screen. . . . Clothes largely designed by Omar (Alexander) Kiam. He's large, softie, able, a hard worker, a Texan. . . . To get masculine attention, Warner Baxter's wardrobe in pic is 34 suits, 11 overcoats, 14 prs. shoes, slippers, and booties, 4 doz. shoits, 30 neckties, 9 lounging robes, and 18 hats—or just about what the coal miner will not wear this year! . . . Rather than include one of those 1,000 strong, warnerian standard girl choruses, Wanger took the 10 most photographed commercial models out of the magazine ads and put them on the screen. Of them, Ruth Martin's 20, a globe trotter, product of schools of two continents, a needlepointer, unmarried but awful much wanted. Frances Joyce is star of technicolor ads, a toe dancer, and authrix of a nonspooked book on her experiences as a model. Phyllis Gilman, though a Philly gal, has globe-flown most of the world, being that nuts about aviation. Noreen Carr's the athletic type, once posed hanging upside down from a house, so's she could be photographed as falling out of a window. According to artists, Katherine Aldridge has the perfect oval face. Ida Vollmar of Brooklyn has helped support a large family, since she was 16. Socially registered brunette Olive Cawley's but 18, a genuine deb from Caldwell, New Jersey. Watercolorer and ace hat shower, Dorothy Day was married at 16, has a little boy and good prospects for stardom. Tennessee's Mary Oakes is an illustrator; Betty Douglas is of New York, has modeled $15,000,000 worth of furs; Martha Heverin escaped the hazards of teaching for this; Libby Harben gave up society for her career. . . . Pic was shot behind locked sets, no candid cameras, pencils and pads allowed on set. Great fear was that dressmakers would photograph or sketch new designs and swipe them. . . . Marjorie Gateson's a Brooklyn gal, was outstanding in Street Scene.

Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett in Vogues of 1938, a parade of feminine fashions in technicolor.

★ ★ ★ DEAD END

THE PLAYERS: Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart, Wendy Barrie, Claire Trevor, Allen Jenkins, Marjorie Main, Billy Halop, Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Leo Gorcey, Gabriel Dell, Bernard Punsly, Charles Peck, Minor Watson, James Burke, Ward Bond, Elizabeth Risdon, Esther Dale, George Humbert, Marcelle Corday. Screen play by Lillian Hellman based on the play by Sidney Kingsley. Directed by William Wyler. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn for United Artists. Running time, 90 minutes.

OVER on the edge of East River, where dirty tenement and ornate apartment house rub elbows, figuratively speaking, Sidney Kingsley laid the scene of his melodrama, Dead End. Here, at the end of Fifty-second Street, where squalor and swank stand toe to toe, the action unfolds slowly.

" Babyface " Martin, wanted by the police but with a face remade by crooked plastic surgeons, is back after fifteen years, hoping to see his mother. But she will have none of him, and he comes in conflict with a lad who once was his school pal but who now is trying desperately to make an honest place for himself in a ruthless world. Eventually these two shoot it out—and the dead Babyface brings enough reward for the other to start in life with the girl he cares for.

As a play, Dead End ran two seasons in New York. The film version makes some shifts in the original play but these seem wise and effective ones. The result is a vigorous melodrama with one flaw—its movement is too slow and studied. There is too much attention to detail and atmosphere.

Joel McCrea is the honest lad of the slums, Sylvia Sidney is the girl, and Humphrey Bogart is Babyface.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dead End tough kids are the same ones of original New York cast, not in the least softened by Hollywood. Dippy is Huntz Hall, 14, born on the lower East Side, New York, still lives there. T. B. is Gabriel Dell, 15, born in Brooklyn, never before on stage, ambitious to be a good actor or a doctor, like his father, who's a doctor in Italy. Billy Halop's Tommy, 15, a product of Astoria, where his paw's a lawyer. Though he sounds tough he has a private tutor. Bernard Punsley plays Milty. He's 14, a Lower East Sider. Leo Gorcey plays Spit, is 15, his father Bernard Gorcey was the original Abie in Abie's Irish Rose, playing it for 5 years. Bobby Jordan's Angel, 13, of Harrison, New York, played Penrod at 8 in a series of shorts, a bit in Street Scene at 7, attends Professional Children's School. Harried by these toughies, the mannerly Philip is played by Charles Peck, California product of the Western radio. The Dead End kids didn't like Hollywood, criticized it freely and with gusto. . . . Marjorie Main's stepped from a Chautauqua show to being mother of Babyface Martin in the staged Dead End. She's of the Indiana farmlands, was an orator at the U. of Kentucky. . . . Joel McCrea got to be an actor because he used to wear a trench coat which made him look like one. Hung round studio stages near an actor friend, and a director mistook him for one. . . . A football suit got Ward Bond a movie job—used to be a U. S. C. pigskin hero. . . . James Burke started as a vodvil dialect song singer, but Hollywood spotted him for a cop, and a cop he has been for years at a stretch. . . . Humphrey Bogart has a houseboy who, if Bogart's notices are good, refuses to let any one come near his master; but if bad, lets anybody get to him, including insurance peddlers. Bogart uses him as a barometer.

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* Recommended for children.

★ ★ ★ VICTORIA THE GREAT

THE PLAYERS: Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook, Walter Rilla, Mary Morris, H. B. Warner, Greta Wagener, C. V. France, James Dale, Charles Carson, Hubert Harben, Felix Aylmer, Arthur Young, Derrick de Marney, Hugh Miller, Paul Leyssac, Percy Parsons, Lewis Casson, Frank Birch, William Dewhurst, Henry Hallatt, Ivor Barnard, Gordon McLeod, Marie Wright, Wyndham Goldie. Scenario by Miles Malleson and Charles de Grandcourt. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Produced by Mr. Wilcox for RKO-Radio. Running time, 115 minutes.*

THIS English-made panorama of the reign of Victoria, princess of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who ruled her vast empire from 1837 to 1901 with a firm hand, a sensible judgment, and a formidable dignity, has unusual interest. It naturally invites comparison with the Broadway stage success, Victoria Regina, in which Helen Hayes made such an effective Victoria.

The film does its best to project the personality of the queen who grew old and lonely in the service of her country, but it mostly concerns itself with her undying love for her husband, her first cousin, Prince Albert. The film paints him as he was—well educated, a keen student of politics, a humanitarian, a wise counselor.

Anton Walbrook, who was Michael Strogoff a few months ago, walks away with the film as the kindly, understanding, self-effacing Albert. His is a rich and rounded performance, one of the best of the screen year. We like Anna Neagle better as the young imperious Victoria than as the queen grown tired of holding a scepter in a bitter, loveless, shifty world. In her last moments she is a study in make-up rather than acting.

Victoria the Great is not for the average film fan. It is more for the student of history. But it is done with taste, intelligence, and liberality.

VITAL STATISTICS: Producer-megger Herbert Wilcox is 43, England's most colossal filmagnate. Victoria germinated in his mind 10 years ago. Public prejudice against peering into Victoria's life for entertainment or film was too strong; Wilcox had to postpone picture till ban was lifted by the Lord Chamberlain (a royal censor) a few months before the Duke of Windsor's abdication. Production started last November, lasted 13 weeks despite enormous cast and extensive backgrounds, cost only $700,000. . . . Miss Anna Neagle's out of musical comedy. Danced for three years as Marjorie Robertson in the chorus of three Noel Coward shows, came to America in Wake Up and Dream. Learned tap dancing, returned to England to boldly demand and get leading lady part in Jack Buchanan's Stand Up and Sing. Her tap dancing cinched the job, English gals not being too good at it. Wilcox saw show, put her and Buchanan on the screen, in time stopped her dancing, started her emotions going. . . . Born Anton Wohlbrueck, he became Walbrook at Hollywood suggestion. While he was there making Michael Strogoff, otherwise the Soldier & the Lady. Born in Vienna, his paw was a circus clown, unbeknownst, of a theater and artistic family 300 years old. Anton broke with the circus after six years, got a scholarship from Reinhardt, studied himself into Shakespeare hero roles, then Continental stage fame. His break came playing "the foolish actor" in The Royal Family at Dresden; he screen debutted in Berlin in a circus picture; he did Masquerade, which became Escapade over here. His work in Mike Strogoff brought him to America, to which he may return. Likes pingpong, skiing, swimming, riding, privacy, classical music, playing high-brow stuff on the guitar, piano, concertina. . . . There are 73 speaking parts; 5,000 extras were used.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon.

★★★½—Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy.

★★★—Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.

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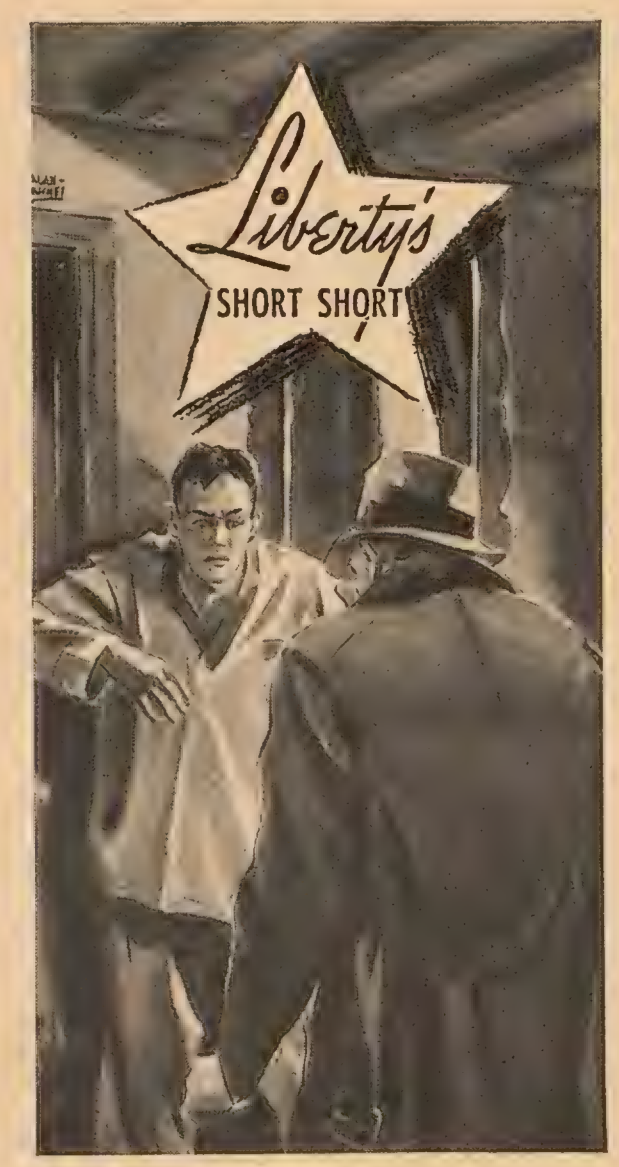
* Recommended for children.

BAD BREATH? THEM'S FIGHTIN' WORDS, PARDNER!
NO OFFENSE, JOE. JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY THE LADIES WAS SO SHY ABOUT DANCIN' WITH YOU LAST NIGHT
WHAT?!
THAT'S THE STRAIGHT OF IT, JOE. LADIES ARE KINDA FUSSY ABOUT BAD BREATH AND SUCH. WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO DOC SUMMERS?
IT'S THIS WAY, JOE. TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE..
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
AT THE NEXT SHINDIG—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LOOKS LIKE YOU SURE HAVE THE LADIES GENTLED, JOE!
WELL, IT WAS YOUR TIP GAVE ME THE HANG OF IT, PARDNER!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

The Other Man · BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



NED," came the whisper from the twin bed beside him, "are you awake?"

The inquiry startled him. For an hour or more she had lain motionless. "Yes," he gruffly replied. "What is it now?"

"I haven't been able to sleep." Then she said: "Ned, I'm afraid."

In the darkness he stretched forth a reluctant arm, touched a rounded warm shoulder with his hand.

"Afraid of what?"

She reached for his hand, held it tightly in her own. "I don't know—I can't say. I keep thinking that some one— Absurd of me. It's—it's terribly quiet, isn't it?"

It was indeed a strangely still dark-blue night. A velvety breeze came in through the open window without making a sound. The lazy roll of the Pacific, the fluted song of a mockingbird merely accentuated the illimitable silence.

Ned Mariner had been dwelling on many things: his unfinished novel, his growing boredom these last two years. Chiefly, however, he had been thinking of the other man, Jerome Farrowlee.

Once Mariner had been jealous of him. That, definitely, was a thing of the past. At this distance, Elsie's infatuation for the man seemed all too brief. Mariner never should have interfered. True, she still possessed her infectious low laughter, her smoky gray eyes, her incomparable body. These attractions as a steady diet, without diversion, for two long sequestered years, had palled. In town, surrounded by their friends, he hadn't noticed her vacuous mind.

There was, of course, a reason why the image of Jerome Farrowlee persisted; although since leaving New York she hadn't once mentioned his name. She had put behind her forever, she said, the stupid impulses she had been wont to follow. Rich in Ned's companionship, she preferred solitude.

I THINK I know why I'm afraid," she murmured, still clinging to his hand. "Today, for example. That gorgeous swim we had—and lying side by side on the dunes with only the gulls to see us. I want it to last forever."

In the dark he winced. "Sometimes I'm afraid, too," he contrived diplomatically. "I feel it's unfair of me to hide you, as it were, from your theater, the gaiety and public adoration you so enjoyed—"

"No, no; it's been too heavenly. Ned, until we came here, I think both of us went around in a daze. Darling, don't you see I'm a different person? I've learned to appreciate so many things I never knew existed until you rescued me from the senseless life I led in New York. I can never thank you enough for that—and for your love."

He didn't reply. Yes, he had thought it better to bring her here, better for both of them. Two years of it had proved that judgment maddeningly false. Lately he had pondered, desperately, how he could decently be rid of her.

That damned mockingbird! Why didn't it confine its cursed squawking to the daytime? Mariner wanted to turn on his side, but her handclasp kept him tied—a pressure of fingers that suddenly constricted.

"Ned," she again whispered, "I'm convinced of it now. There's some one in the house!"

Things of this nature infuriated him. "There's that good-for-nothing Filipino boy of yours—and God help him if he doesn't serve breakfast on time."

"No. Some one," she persisted, "in the front room."

Unwillingly he sought to comfort her. "No one can take a step in this house without being heard. Now go to sleep, Elsie, and don't be childish."

Out of the drying well of his onetime gallantry he fetched a drop of attentiveness. With his free hand he tucked the eiderdown more snugly about the bare shoulder nearer the open window. Slowly her fingers relaxed, and for one more night he was free of her. He placed her limp arm under the covers, turned his face from her, and tried to pick up his analysis of a wretched situation.

But now his every instinct concentrated on the front room. Had he locked the porch door? He couldn't recall.

The absurdity of it could be settled in a jiffy. All he had to do was rise, turn on a light. Ridiculous, of course. He'd wake her again; be forced to give her further attention.

No; he simply wouldn't surrender to a crass imagination, a growing conviction that, the more he dwelt on it, began to ring in his ears.

Some one in the front room? There *was* some one there! Mariner could positively feel a presence, a stationary, graven presence!

HE steeled himself until her regular breathing told of sleep. Then, very quietly, he swung his long legs to the floor, and on bare feet stole out of the bedroom, slowly groping his way through the library.

In the door to the drawing room he stopped, stricken with fear of the unknown. It was too dark to see anything, all the window shades drawn.

He moved a step or two to the left, and without sound slid his hand along the wall to the electric-light button. Again he hesitated, was mechanically stopped, gripped by some unholy dread. A long moment, a faint click, and the room was alight.

Inside the closed door stood a man in a gray fedora and polo coat. Ned Mariner had good cause to recognize him. All he did, however, was stare at him in a blinding bewilderment, as though he were an utter stranger.

There was no smile on the man's face. No expression of any kind. It was the face of a statue in stone. Diabolically, however, the lips moved.

"Hello, Mariner."

Mariner's whole body had galvanized. His index finger remained electrically welded to the pressed button. Twice he tried to speak. Not a sound came from his throat. Finally his tongue formed unintelligible words:

"Hello—Farrowlee—"

There was a silken sound from the bedroom. Mariner knew this was Elsie. But he didn't turn his head. He couldn't.

Even his eyes were transfixed as they watched a right hand slowly emerge from an overcoat pocket.

And then the blinding light of the room was detonatingly extinguished. And Ned Mariner was so instantaneously dead that he didn't hear the piercing scream of Elsie Farrowlee behind him.

THE END

BRIGHT DANGER

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

Riddles answer riddles, weird trails lead to weirder ends in a thrilling mystery-romance . .

BY MAX BRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

HIRED by John Merriam, a playboy, to be his bodyguard, young Bob Hamilton, up against it in New York, goes to his employer's exotic hideaway on Third Avenue to begin his duties. An antique expert, Charles Dutton, nicknamed "Bombi," owns the weird place and the curio shop below.

The following night, Merriam staggers into the apartment with his throat cut. Vainly he tries to tell his horrified bodyguard what happened, but dies in the effort, with his arms on either side of an Oriental jewel box on a chest of drawers. Scared, Bob Hamilton starts to flee from the nightmare, but comes back to go through with it. A ghostly sort of voice warns him over the telephone that he's wanted for the electric chair!

As if on cue, Detective Macklin and his men rush into the death room. They put Hamilton on the spot. He imparts all that he knows. Macklin doubts him and sends for the murdered man's nearest relatives and friends. These are his Uncle Henry Pittfield, his cousin Beatrice Shaw, a Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barnes, and the imperturbable Bombi.

Cross-examination frees all of them from suspicion, but Bombi's assistant, a Hindu-Irishman named Sassan Vashtu McGuire, appears guilty. But he is exonerated, and tells Macklin of the visit of an unknown woman to the place.

The jewel cabinet over which Merriam died is opened. It contains queer objects—an old kitchen account book, a lump of clay, a feather, a bit of thread, and a thorny twig. Why the collection? Has it any meaning?

Beatrice Shaw is engaged to her cousin, Tom Pittfield, but Bob Hamilton falls head over heels in love with her. Bombi invites Bob to an artists' sidewalk exhibit where the engaged cousins are to be. Beatrice buys a canvas from one Cecilly Hampton. Then Detective Macklin drops round, eying Hamilton. Beatrice invites the latter to drive uptown with her in a cab, which he does joyfully.

PART FOUR—A KEY AND A GUNSHOT

TRAFFIC was thickening as they turned north; the cab went by fits and starts and cursings. Hamilton held the painting safely, and watched Beatrice snatch up a tabloid newspaper from the floor of the car.

"I wouldn't read that . . ." he began, but she was already staring at the front page which showed a picture of John Merriam surrounded by photographs of herself, Thomas and Henry Pittfield, and Grace and Richard Barnes. At the foot of the page appeared the face of Robert Hamilton. At the top of the page ran in huge letters: "WHO DID IT?"

Hamilton saw her eyes drop quickly to the caption beneath his picture:

"And last of all, but perhaps not least, here is ROBERT HAMILTON, mystery man from nowhere, who says that John Merriam picked him up off the street to be companion, confidant, and bodyguard."

The girl dropped the paper and turned a white face toward Hamilton. Then she slipped back against the seat and closed her eyes.

"Up Riverside, driver," she said.

"But, lady, that's not the—" began the taxi driver.

"Up Riverside," Hamilton told him.

How had the papers got his picture? The police must have snapped him in Merriam's apartment.

Beatrice said softly, "I don't know why I should have this dreadful pain of loss in my heart. I wasn't very fond of Johnny . . . and I thought if I had you close to me for a little while . . . . Everything about you is like a friend with a good strong hand on my shoulder and a voice saying: 'It's all right, Beatrice.'"

"Do you know where your words go?" asked Hamilton.

She opened her eyes. For a moment she looked into his face until a frown of weariness gathered.

"Is it going to be that way?" she said, and pushed herself up on the seat.

"It'll be only the way you want it. . . . Go on and relax. I won't say anything."

"I really want you to talk about you and me, and everything will have meaning, until we get out of this cab. And after that it won't. . . . Is that simply rotten of me?"

"You mean that no matter what I could do or be, it would never turn you off the street you're on?"

"I'm going to marry Tom Pittfield. I never can be turned from it. . . . If I gave him up, my honor wouldn't be worth a penny."

"Damn the honor! What about the love?" said Hamilton.

"Oh, that thing?" she asked, sighing. "That's the apéritif. That's the cocktail. It isn't the real food of life. . . . Maybe love used to be different, but there's too much jazz music in it today, and too much Hollywood, and rottenness. And it doesn't last. . . . I never talked like this before."

"It's Tom Pittfield or death," he said, "or Uncle Henry will be displeased. I'd like to tie you on the back of a horse and take you away."

"I wonder if I'm falling in love?" she was asking herself. "This thrill, as though I were taking a corner too fast . . ."

"Of course it's love," said Hamilton. "What you find in me— No, I won't say that, either. The fact is that every man is such a rotten egotist that he's not profoundly surprised if *any* girl falls in love with him. He takes one breath, and then reaches for her. The way I'd like to reach for you now."

The car was turning into the Drive.

"I can feel the silly smile that's coming over my face," she said. "And what we're saying . . . I don't suppose it would seem very rare and special—on a stage, for instance. But—"

She held out her hand to him, and he covered it.

"I'd like to go on out and away—into the country," she said. Her eyes began to dream. "You'd sit on one log and I'd sit on another," she said, "and there'd be the smell of the ground and the wind making a whish-whish in the grass."

"Better than Riverside Drive. But it's no good," said Hamilton. "We'd soon be sitting on one log, and in five minutes I'd be telling you how I love you. That's something you don't know a damn thing about. Maybe a hundred boys have held your hand and chattered, but it never meant anything."

She took her hand away from him, looked at it, moved the fingers, gave the hand back to him.

"You're being rather annoying," remarked Hamilton.

"I know it," she answered. "I suppose it's the only moment in my life when I can relax and be at ease and not give a rap. There's been all my life up to this day. And then there'll be all my life after it. But this is different. . . . All the rest were boys. . . . You're right. But tell me, please."

"About what?"

"About why you think that I know nothing of love."

"I think we'll ride on out into the country," said Hamilton.

"No!" she said firmly. "I want you to say good-by to me."

"Forever and ever, and all that?"

"Forever and ever, and all that," she answered.

"If you like me as well as that, I'll never leave your trail," said Hamilton.

"It wouldn't be any good. I'm going on with the planned life. If you were around, I'd simply be miserable. That's all. When you say good-by, will you kiss me?"

"No," said Hamilton.

He gave her address to the driver. The cab turned.

"Why won't you?" she insisted.

"If I did, I'd be telling you in the same breath that I love you and that I'll love you forever; I'd have life and death and love all jumbled in a heap," he answered.

She drew herself closer and held up her face.

"Sit over on your own side and don't be an idiot," said Hamilton.

"I hope all my friends are standing on each side of the Drive," she said. "I hope Uncle Henry has a grandstand seat. I hope the police arrest us and put our pictures together in the paper. I hope—"

Hamilton put an arm beneath her head and looked into her eyes for a moment.

"They're not blue, after all. They're green," he said.

"Yes. Like a cat's eyes," she answered, laughing a little. And before her lips had quite closed again he kissed her. She held him close afterward.

"It's either you or no one for me," said Hamilton. "I love you. Beatrice! Forever. I love you."

"Don't stop," said the girl. "Say it all over again. Don't stop, my dear, my dear!"

"Good-by, darling," said Hamilton.

HAMILTON went back to Bombi's apartment and found there an old Oriental woman with a big head and a wonderfully scrawny stick of a neck to hold it up. She was cleaning the place, and came with a very low bow to Hamilton. Her master, Bombi, wanted her to tell Mr. Hamilton that he was waiting for him in his shop. So Hamilton went there.

As he entered the shop, from somewhere appeared Sassan Vashtu McGuire.

"Ah—lord!" said McGuire, and almost kneeled.

"I'm glad you're out of it," said Hamilton, blinking.

"Except for my lord, they would have shot me down as I ran," said Sassan McGuire. "Except for you, they would have . . . and my hand and my knife against you . . ."

He covered his eyes with his hands as he straightened his body slowly. Stepping sidewise, with both hands he showed Hamilton to Bombi's office. The room was thronged with all manner of objects of art and curiosity. Bombi, in a silken robe like a billowing red sail, sat at a table across from a gaunt erect fellow with gray hair and a grin of grim pleasure on his starved face. He was probing a massive lock, which at that moment gave way.

"And so," he said, "we enter the strong room and get at the goods."

"Ah, very good, Lefty," said Bombi. "Now let me try it. . . . Come in, Bob, and meet Mr. Chandler. . . . Sit down, Lefty, and give me that lock."

The huge hands of Bombi received the lock and with it a piece of thin steel. He worked through a silence that lasted minutes. Mr. Lefty Chandler leaned back in his chair, lighted a cigarette, and veiled a secret smile of knowledge with the smoke. The click of the springing lock brought him right on to his feet. Bombi held out the lock on the flat of his enormous palm. He said, "You didn't tell me the whole story, Lefty, eh? But I found the missing chapter. . . . But you're a good teacher, old fellow. If I get into a pinch, I think I can open a lot of doors."

"I thought nobody could ever—" Lefty began.

"I'll see you tomorrow. Same time," said Dutton.

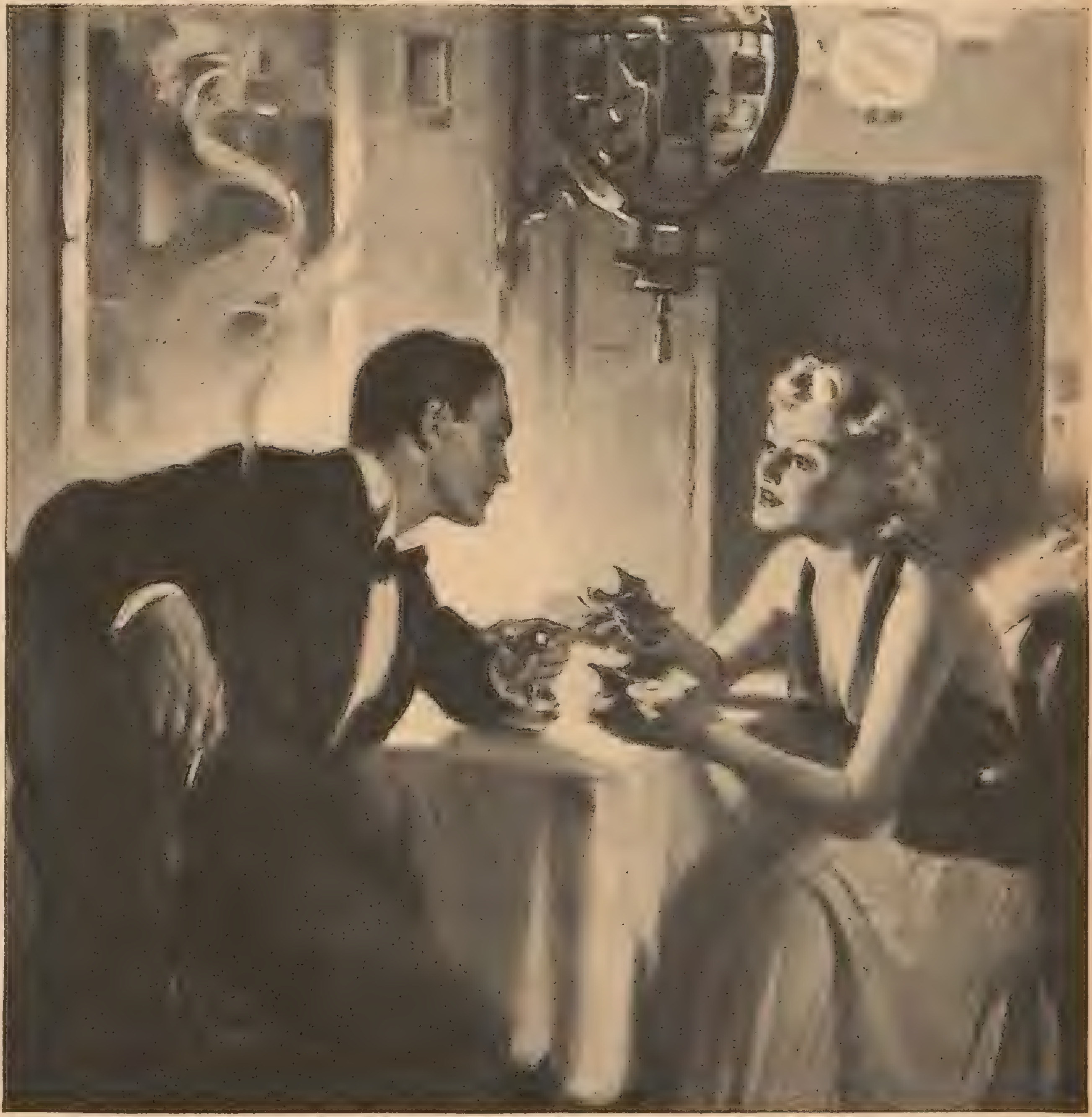
Mr. Chandler left at once with a single word of astonishment.

"I'm trying to learn the mind of the steel machine," said Bombi to Hamilton. "What about Macklin?"

"It's plain he suspects me," said Hamilton. "I have to get out and go back to my own part of the country, but then he's sure to think I'm on the run."

"You're not leaving," said Bombi. "You're staying with me. You don't forget our bargain, do you?"

"I don't forget it," agreed Hamilton. "It makes a beggar of me, but I'll stay on as long as you need me."



She jerked open her bag and took a whole ragged batch of greenbacks in her hand

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"Macklin wants you for the electric chair," said Bombi, and folded his fat hands in contemplation of the thought. "He has to have a victim. The two Barnes people have been turned loose, though their stories don't fit together. Sassan is free, as you know. It's known, now, that Henry Pittfield has been in a wild rage about Johnny for days. A servant in his house overheard old Pittfield wish that Merriam were dead. . . . And there's still the unidentified woman that Sassan Vashtu saw at the door of the apartment that night."

"How does Sassan get clean hands?"

"Taxi drivers and various people had glimpses of the door to the apartment. Sassan was never seen outside it. He had no key, and anyhow he would have had to unlock the door to the shop from the hall side, stand there and wait, stab Merriam as he entered, and then, while Merriam staggered up the stairs, he would have had to turn, lock the door to the shop again, get out into the street unseen, re-enter the shop, get rid of the key, wash the blood from his hands and from the knife, and settle himself at his desk. The wound given to Merriam was made by a wider blade than the knife Sassan pulled on you when he was in hysteria. . . . So the police turned him loose. Tell me about yourself and Beatrice."

"We've said good-by," said Hamilton.

"Forever and ever?"

"Yes."

The huge man smiled. He pushed a bright new key on to the table toward Hamilton, then a small map, sketched roughly in ink on yellow paper, with a bright bit of a pebble on top of it and a scraggy bit of a thorn-set twig.

I'VE spotted the place where that bit of clay was picked up and used for the key mold," said Dutton. "I spotted it through the bit of pebble that was embedded in it. There's only one district near New York where that sort of a stratum runs. South of Yonkers. . . . But here's a map of the district fresh from the Natural History Museum. And here's the key I've had made according to the mold. And this twig is from a wild blackberry bush. Get yourself out there. Stay at this little backwoods tavern I've marked with an X. Hire a horse from the livery stable down the road. Get yourself some riding trousers, and then start in combing the whole countryside inside these limits. Whenever you get a chance, try this key on a lock. Try every locked house and shed and barn that you can . . . and keep riding."

"And if I find a house with a lock this key fits?"

"It may mean nothing; it may mean everything; it may tell us what Merriam was choking to say when he died. . . . Here's some money. . . . And good-by!"

That was why Hamilton spent three days in the country, riding through autumn sunshine on a patient brown mare. It was a rolling country, split into little farms with white houses resting asleep.

September is a melancholy and a sleepy month. The apple and pear leaves are crisping at the edges and falling. The grass has gone to seed, and though the wasps and bees drone and drowse in the middle of the day, at night the first ghost of winter appears with a sharp edge of cold. For Hamilton those unhappy symbols joined with the thought of Beatrice which followed him up and down among the lanes of the countryside.

He wore a gathered frown as he rode, late on the fourth afternoon, through a half marshy lowland, with the mare wincing from the thorned bushes. On the slope beyond rose a large barn with stone ends and half-stone sides. It had been partially revamped to make a dwelling, but no one was living there now.

HAMILTON dismounted. He reached the key toward the lock, when a hammer stroke fell from nothingness upon the wall before him. In his ear was a humming, whistling sound. Then he saw powdered mortar dribbling from a hole in the concrete doorframe. It was a neat round hole, and he knew that some one from behind had fired for his head.

Hamilton jumped behind the mare and peered over her withers right and left until he heard a stealthy scraping of feet on rocks, a withdrawing sound down the side of the hollow. He swung into the saddle and went at a gallop over a rocky edge and down a slope, scattering pebbles and shale.

He drew up, dismounted, and searched the slope with keen, careful eyes. He could find no trace of a footprint.

As he walked back to the barn, leading the mare, he noted a dead tip of a thorn twig sticking to the cuff of his coat. With a leap of the heart he picked it off. It was almost exactly like the twig of thorns which he had in the twist of paper inside his pocket now. He had, in fact, knocked against the tip of some high-reaching blackberry bush when he was crossing the marsh. And now he saw that the ground on which he was walking was, where the rocks were covered, a stiff reddish-brown clay exactly like that which had been used to make the key mold.

He did not even put the key into the lock of the door as soon as he reached it, he was so sure that it would fit, but paused first to dig with his pocketknife until he had pried loose a lump of lead inside the bullet hole. Then, almost casually, he tried the key. It did not match! He made a round of the barn and tried two other house doors. The key did not fit either.

Through the broken pane of a lower window, when he was in front of the building again, he peered into a shadowy hallway from which a stairway rose. Reaching inside, he turned the lock, pushed up the window, and slipped over the sill into the hallway.

Plainly, the place never had been lived in. The great living room, which was to have filled most of the space of the old haymow, had been only partly walled and finished, and, as he entered, a sudden rushing poured out over his head, a whirring confusion of sound that made him leap back against the wall. A crowded flight of pigeons swept out through a broken section of the old barn door. A downy feather settled on Hamilton's shoulder.

He forced his unwilling feet up the stairs; passed through rooms showing no sign of having been occupied. There was a chill in the small of his back when he got out into the sunshine again and rejoined the mare. Again he scanned the little valley and watched the sun burning in many little fires on the windows of the opposite house. But that was the only moving thing, the only touch of life. And then, very suddenly, he mounted the brown mare in haste and put her into a brisk gallop.

. . . . .

It was ten that night when he reached the shining white of Bombi's apartment and told his story.

Hamilton said: "I need a gun to go on searching the countryside out there. Somebody and his rifle doesn't like me. So I thought we might arrange in town for the license and all that."

"Did you find out about the place?" asked Bombi.

"Owned by the Merrill family. They started rebuilding it in '30, and lost their money in '31. It's been standing idle ever since. . . . Why should I be kept out of it?"

"If you wanted to kill a man, you wouldn't kill him on your own doorstep, would you?" asked Bombi. "If the man you fear is coming up your street, you'd try to drop him before he reached your address?"

I'M a fool," growled Hamilton. "I should have gone straight on to look over the neighboring houses. I want to keep a grip on this case until we've worked it out . . . and before the police get their hands on me. How are they feeling about me now?"

"I've talked to Inspector Jeff Rodman," said Bombi. "I gave you a good character, but they're worried because you disappeared from the town. So give Macklin a ring and report that you're ready for observation again. His number's written on the telephone pad."

Hamilton's call took several minutes.

"It was no good," he said, coming back into the flawless white kitchen. "Macklin doesn't want me to play good boy to his big man."

"We'll try to soften him by degrees. . . . I've promised to produce you in twenty-four hours any time you're wanted. That's why you're free to come and go. Have some of this salad."

"No. I've eaten. I want to work

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on this case, if I can. You understand, Bombi. Merriam hired me to guard him. And yet he was killed almost under my eyes. I'm a dog if I rest till the business is cleared up."

"I know," said Bombi, nodding his huge head slowly. "Well, go down Seventh Avenue to one of those stores that stay open till nearly midnight. Buy a dinner jacket and the fixings that go with it. Then go to the Green Dragon. That's the newest foolishness in night clubs. Half Chinese and half damned nonsense. They have an Oriental dancer so good that the whole town is crowding in to see her. Even Henry Pittfield is going to take Beatrice there some evening, he says. But what you'll find there tonight will be Grace Barnes. She's with a young spender called Jimmy Malloy. Crash their party. Make her talk to you. Learn if she's holding out anything about the Merriam affair."

"Is that all?" asked Hamilton. "I'm no good with the females. Not smooth enough. Give somebody else that job."

"You do what I say, and make her talk," said Bombi. "Jeff Rodman tells me that the police are sure of only one thing: That she knows something. Find out what it is."

. . .

Thunder came over Manhattan while Hamilton was passing down through the city; but the sky had cleared and the stars were looking down with bright newly washed faces when he turned uptown again. He had forty dollars left in his pocket and went into the Green Dragon with a secret hope that Grace Barnes might not be there. But immediately after entering the place he spotted her in a corner.

Hamilton went by her slowly enough to be noticed, and she waved a hand at him with a flash of jewels at the wrist. He turned to her table with a smile. She really was incredibly beautiful.

HELLO, Mr. Hamilton," she said. "Pull up that chair and sit down with us, will you? This is Jimmy Malloy . . . Bob Hamilton. Mr. Robert Hamilton to you, Jim. If you want to be the man of my dreams, look over Bob Hamilton and try to copy him, Jimmy. . . . What are you doing in a dive like this?"

"I was looking for you everywhere," said Hamilton.

She laughed.

"That's rather sweet. Do you hear that, Jimmy? Besides all the rest, he can talk and everything. I wish you'd listen and learn."

Jimmy scanned Hamilton without meeting his eyes.

"Don't be so damn sour, Grace," he said. "Let's have another drink."

The waiter was pouring the champagne, with a third glass added for Hamilton.

"Here's to everything," said Jimmy Malloy. . . . "Do you want me to leave you for a while, Grace? I can see you ruling me out already."

"Why don't you go home and get that sleep you've been needing so badly?" said the girl. "We'll pay the bill . . . and I've been needing Bob Hamilton for a long, long time."

"You're a bit thick tonight, aren't you?" asked Malloy, looking at her with lips that twitched with anger. "But have it your own way."

He stood up suddenly, and nodded briefly at Hamilton as he rose in turn.

"Call me up on one of the lonely evenings," said Grace Barnes, smiling too perfectly to have any meaning in her look. "You've been simply sweet to me, Jimmy."

"Damn the sweetness," said Jimmy Malloy, and left.

"I'm sorry about that," said Hamilton, frowning.

DON'T be sorry," she said. "Jimmy would suffer a lot more than that for the sake of a good story, and what a story he'll make out of this! You'll turn into a casual stranger off the street that I saw and couldn't do without before Jimmy has put his tongue twice to the yarn. Are you happy, Bob? Are you relaxing? I always like to see a man relax. They work so hard all day, the poor darlings."

He looked fixedly at her and then smiled a little. He was wondering about the size of the bill.

"Shall I stop chattering, or do you want me to go on?" asked Grace Barnes. "The male brain is such a big machine that it takes a lot of priming and cranking, as a rule. I've never known a real man who was a self-starter. But after I've rattled a little, they begin to talk. Of course it's simply wonderful when they begin to speak. . . ."

"Why not dance?" asked Hamilton. "Won't that make you feel a lot better?"

"I feel so well now that if I felt any better it would hurt," said Grace Barnes. "But you don't mean to say that you dance, too? You don't mean to say that I've met the perfect man at last?"

She stood up and they passed on to the floor.

"He *can* dance! He *is* perfect!" said the girl. "And besides, we fit, Bob, don't we? . . . Do you like those silly green dragons on the silver? And the Chinese waiters and all that? Have you seen Arcana do her stuff? They tell me Newark is as close to China as she ever has been."

"I can't talk when I'm dancing," said Hamilton.

"You don't need to talk," she said. "Your feet say plenty. . . . You never need to talk, Bob, but just be your strong, silent, Western self."

"Darling, will you shut up?" asked Hamilton.

"Do you know me as well as all that?"

"I'm going to know you better if I can afford it," said Hamilton.

"You sweet lamb," said Grace Barnes. "Do you think I'm a gold digger? I rarely let the boys go in debt on account of me. As a matter of fact I pretend to like gardenias as well as orchids. Don't you think that's terribly reasonable?"

"I see," said Hamilton, "that you're a regular little helpmate."

"I am," she said. "I'm still almost married, and that's why I keep thinking about the first of the month."

"Are you and Barnes drifting apart?" he asked.

"We're not drifting. We're under full steam in different directions, but he's such a manly man that he'll keep on being jealous until I reach Reno. . . . And why shouldn't he divorce me? A girl who runs all over town with other men? What's marriage for, anyway? Isn't it a partnership? Shouldn't there be children, and socks to darn? And how the hell much is a man supposed to put up with, anyway?"

"I see how it is," said Hamilton. "Do you want to dance any more of this?"

"Why not?"

"I'm a little dizzy."

"With the green dragons on the wall?"

"Yes. Too many dragons," said Hamilton, looking at her eyes.

She started back for the table.

"You're sort of sweet," she said. "Are you really this way or are you a mean devil?"

"Just now I don't know what I am," he told her.

"You're going to be dangerous in another moment," she said.

He asked for the bill.

"We're not leaving, are we?" said the girl.

"I want to see how far my money will go. . . . It's thirty-five and I have only forty. I can just pay the check and give the tip, and there we are."

He pushed the money under the check. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not ready to go," she declared, shaking her head. "Not away from you, Bob. Wait a minute. . . . I've just thought of something. If I go to the telephone, will you stay right here till I come back?"

"Of course," he promised, rising with her.

AND keep thinking with that great big four-motor brain all the time?" she wanted to know. Then she went off, smiling back at him over her shoulder.

She returned shortly with her smile a bit frosted.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she asked.

"You've been dry-icing something or other," said Hamilton. "Are you going to turn on the warmth again?"

"Of course I am," said she, laughing. "I've fixed everything. We can stay here forever, if we want to. . . . I wish you'd tell me why you picked me out this evening. There isn't something in the back of your brain, is there? Not something nasty, I hope. . . . But tell me about you and Beatrice Shaw. She *is* a lovely thing, isn't she?"

"I've seen her only two or three times," said Hamilton.

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New York	WEAF	9:30 PM EDT
Boston	WNAC	9:30 PM EDT
Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EDT
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EDT
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EDT
Portland, Me.	WCSH	9:30 PM EDT
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EDT
Baltimore	WFBR	8:30 PM EST
Washington	WRC	8:30 PM EST
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EDT
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EDT
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EDT
Cleveland	WTAM	9:30 PM EDT
Detroit	WWJ	9:30 PM EDT
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM CDT
Minn.-St. Paul	KSTP	7:30 PM CST
St. Louis	KSD	7:30 PM CST
Des Moines	WHO	7:30 PM CST
Omaha	WOW	7:30 PM CST
Kansas City	WDAF	7:30 PM CST
Denver	KOA	8:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City	KDYL	8:30 PM MST
San Francisco	KPO	7:30 PM PST
Los Angeles	KFI	7:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore.	KGW	7:30 PM PST
Seattle	KOMO	7:30 PM PST
Spokane	KHQ	7:30 PM PST
* Cincinnati	WLW	5:30 PM EST

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"Not really!" she exclaimed. "I still can see her waking up on that bed and looking at heaven and Bob Hamilton. If you can pry her away from that frostbitten saint of a Tom Pittfield, think of having all of Beatrice, to say nothing of her cash deposits."

"Is Pittfield one of the saints?" he asked.

"He takes a little Scotch in his soda now and then," she explained, "and of course he wouldn't look twice at a girl like me. . . . I wish you'd tell me why I look like the other side of the fence and *verboten* to all the mamas and papas and their good little boys. What's the matter? What is there about me, Bob?"

"There's just too much sweetness and light about you, I suppose," said Hamilton. "But some people think that everything after midnight is wrong."

"You're an ironical devil, aren't you, Bob? Don't be ironical. It reminds me of Johnny Merriam."

"Was he ironical?" asked Hamilton.

"A lot of men are," she said. "They always think they're superior to their fate, so to speak. And even when they're getting boiled, they show their superior brains by being nasty. They hit the floor with a sneer."

"I thought Merriam was a pretty good fellow, except that he stirred himself up with whisky a bit too much."

"He was all right," said the girl. "Competition was a little too hard on him, though. He wanted to beat out Tom Pittfield for the big cut in the Pittfield millions, but old Henry was the finishing wire of the race, and Tom kept beating Johnny to it. That's what broke Merriam's spirit. He hated Tom so much that it drove him to drink. But let's not waste any more time on Johnny. Let's put it in on Bob. Bob, tell me about yourself."

"I was born a long time ago," he said, "and I was an unusual boy: I wanted to be rich, conquer the world, marry a beautiful woman, and stay twenty-five forever. And here's everything I want—the world, and the girl . . . and you make me feel even younger than twenty-five."

"So now I know all about you?"

"Everything," said Hamilton.

She put back her head and looked at the ceiling.

"There's something about you that I like," she murmured. "I wonder what would happen if you let go of

---

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆

GOLDEN HELMET

DELANDE was a Frenchman, a multimillionaire whose mere whim on the Paris Stock Exchange could make people or break them. But he never abused this power: he was just.

Being a man of the world, he was never fooled about his mistress—Suzette. *Casque d'Or*, or Golden Helmet, she was called because of the aureate whorl that topped her impudent little face. He knew that she was a mercenary adventuress who had come up from the gutter and would doubtless end there. But he loved her.

He was jealous of all other men and most jealous of Auzanet the broker, who had preceded him in Suzette's life. He could have ruined him easily; felt often tempted; but his sense of justice told him that there must be cause for revenge; and what had happened in the past was no cause.

If only his chance would come! And it did come when, crossing the lobby of the Stock Exchange one afternoon, he overheard Auzanet speaking about Suzette. Facts the man spoke. Terrible facts that cut Delande to the heart. Still—they *were* facts. He had no right to object—until, presently, Auzanet said:

"You know, her hair was not always golden. When I met her first, it was black as a raven's wing." . . .

Delande was conscious of a feeling of triumph. Here was a lie—his justification for revenge.

Therefore, on that day's Stock Exchange session, a certain stock which Auzanet had sold short to the tune of five hundred thousand shares rose ninety points. Therefore the evening papers announced that the broker, financially ruined, had killed himself. Therefore, finally, Suzette, who had always been rather fond of him, wept. After a while she stopped weeping. Tears meant swollen eyes.

"Marie," she said to her maid, "I've a headache. A little eau de cologne, please."

With skilled fingers Marie rubbed the throbbing temples; exclaimed suddenly: "Oh! Madame had better make an engagement with Antoine tomorrow. Madame's hair is again growing out black at the roots."

Suzette frowned.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she sighed. "Such a bother!"—*Achmed Abdullah.*

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yourself. . . . Let's have some more wine."

"I'm flat broke," said he.

She opened her bag, took out the purse, and showed a five-dollar bill between two fingers. "Ah, but that will be all right a little later. This five dollars is going to grow. Waiter, another bottle. . . . Bob, just tell me when it's twelve thirty, will you?"

"That's only five minutes away," he answered. "But I can't let you pay my bill, you know."

"Oh, be a New Yorker!" she replied. "Even the good boys borrow a little money toward the end of the evening and then forget about paying back. . . . But let this be my party from now on. Please!"

"I'm sorry," said Hamilton.

"Don't talk that way!" pleaded the girl. "Be nice, Bob. I know Beatrice is all shine and dazzle and heartache to you, but why don't you try to be interested in me and forget her for a while? She belongs to Tom Pittfield. You'll never have her."

"I'll try to dig up some more money and then we'll have a party another time," said Hamilton.

"Don't say that!" she cried. "There won't be another time. I know what you're thinking and I guess what you are. You don't waste your time on girls that are twice-told tales. . . . Only, really, I'm not so twice-told. I've been a big fool now and then, but I haven't been so bad. . . . Now I'm getting serious, and that *will* send you home!"

"I'll do whatever you say," said Hamilton. "I don't think you're a twice-told tale. You're all bright new shine so far as I'm concerned."

"You don't mean that," she insisted.

"I *do* mean it. . . . Shall we dance again?"

"Damn the dancing," said the girl, looking gloomily into the rising fountain of bubbles that kept shining and breaking in her glass of champagne. "Now I've made a fool of myself. A girl always ought to have the light touch. What the devil's the matter with me tonight? Who *are* you anyway?"

"A friend," said Hamilton, taking her hand.

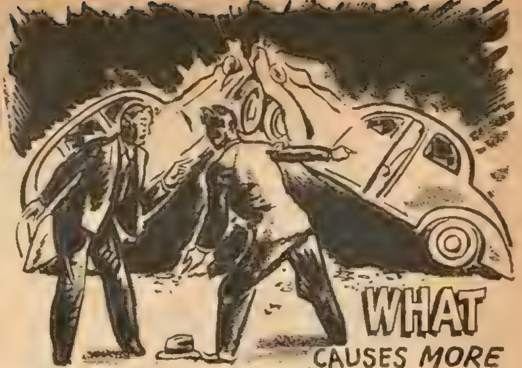
SHE took it away from him, pulled off the rings with a jerk, and gave back the hand again.

"Do you like it better that way?" she asked. "It's twelve thirty, and I've got to leave you for another moment."

Afterward he wondered about the significance of that stripping away of the rings; and he wondered, also, just how much champagne she had drunk. She was passing toward the cloakroom when he found himself irresistibly drawn to follow her. He went quickly from the table, across the side of the room, and then in the entrance hall he saw the metal flash of her dress as she went out into the street uncloaked.

When he reached the pavement the dress glimmered on the farther side

DO YOU KNOW?



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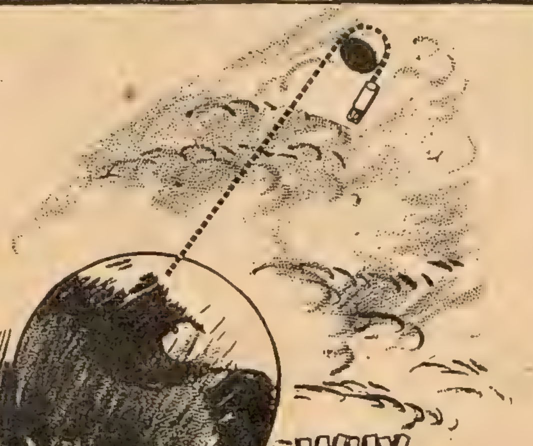

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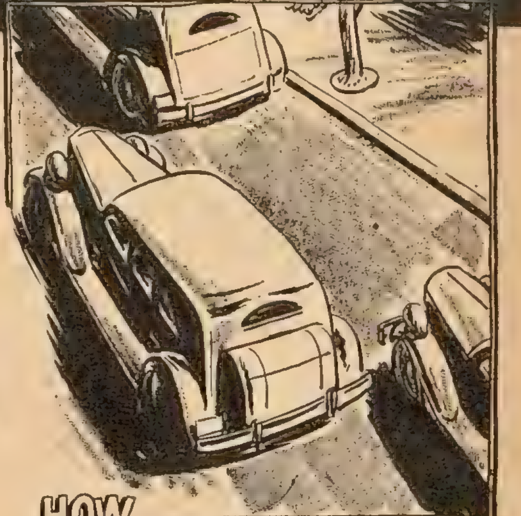

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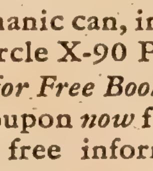
PISTON RINGS



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R-122

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of the street. She was talking to some one in a taxicab, and he could make out only that it was a man. The driver had left the seat of the car and was waiting a few steps off. Then she turned back, and, realizing that she was heading for no absolutely dangerous folly, he got back inside the place before her. He was seated and calm before she appeared, still putting the brightness of her hair into place.

"Why did you do that?" she asked.

He knew that she must have found out he had gone into the street behind her.

"I'll tell you why," he said. "You left me with the sort of a smile you'd wear before you threw yourself under the wheels of a train or in front of a fast car."

She stared at him.

"I *was* desperate," she admitted. "But you couldn't tell. I kept right on smiling."

"Of course you kept on smiling. But I suspected that you were just a spot unhappy. Too much champagne, or not enough."

Something between a smile and a sneer trembled on her lips, and her eyes seemed to hate him. Then she jerked open her bag and took a whole ragged batch of greenbacks in the grasp of her hand.

He could see a fifty and a hundred among the lot.

Can Grace Barnes lure Hamilton away from the girl who loves him? Does she carry a sinister secret? This trail that he has uncovered, will it lead to the murderer of John Merriam, and is death going to aim for Hamilton again? You'll watch him trying to find the answers in next week's installment.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago.

2—Moses, Exodus; 34:33—"And till Moses had done speaking with them, he put a vail on his face."

3—Ferryboats.

4—Charles Jules Guiteau, disappointed office seeker.

5—A vegetable, according to a ruling made in '93.

6—Rudyard Kipling.

7—Tallahassee.

8—Flax fiber, of which 6,600 tons are used for cigarette paper in the U. S. each year.

9—Of sugar.

10—Jenny Lind.

11—Bourbon.

12—John Wesley.

13—That of special agent in the Division of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice.

14—The Spanish-American War.

15—Sirius, the brightest star.

16—Pennsylvania.

17—Green.

18—Senator Royal S. Copeland.

19—Zed.

20— H. G. Wells

Will these *Mysterious Crimes* ever be *Solved?*

A Detective Classic: The Strange Murder of Elsie Sigel

A vivid real-life story of horror in the shadow of New York's Chinatown

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ON July 9, 1935, the cops opened a trunk in a swamp near Hammond, Indiana, and found the body of a young man. He had been garroted with a rope and his legs had been cut off.

He was identified as Ervin Lang, a Chicago grocery clerk. Within a week police were forcing the story from the lips of his mother-in-law, Blanche Dunkel.

She told police that Lang had killed his wife—her daughter—so that he could marry another woman. There was some suspicion that Mrs. Dunkel herself had yearned to marry young Lang and had been spurned. At any rate, she looked around for some one who would kill for a fee, and came upon Evelyn Smith, a somewhat flyblown ex-burlesque queen who was living in a Chicago roominghouse with a Chinese named Harry Jung.

A price was agreed upon—$500, payable in installments—and Miss Smith invited young Lang to her room. He drank four highballs there in quick succession and, mercifully, passed out. Thereupon—according to Mrs. Dunkel—Evelyn Smith held ether under his nose, then knotted a rope around his neck. Then his body was put in the trunk, which was dumped in the swamp.

Police at once set out to find Evelyn Smith and Harry Jung. Eventually Evelyn was located in New York and returned to Chicago, where Mrs. Dunkel identified her. Both went to prison to keep each other company for the next 180 years.

Harry Jung was never found. There are those who insist that he was the man who, about this time, leaped from the Washington Street Bridge in Chicago, leaving behind a coat, in one pocket of which was a clipping on the murder. This man's body was never recovered.

The murder of Ervin Lang was deliberately if clumsily patterned after a famous crime committed in 1909, more than a quarter of a century before, in New York City. In both cases the victim was strangled to death with a rope after having been given ether in one case and drugs in the other. In both, the body was concealed in a trunk. In both, a Chinese vanished.

When Chicago police reached the abandoned room of Evelyn Smith and Harry Jung, they found a detective magazine containing an account—portions underlined in pencil—of the 1909 *cause célèbre.*

It happened that the day police opened the trunk found in the Hammond swamp was the twenty-sixth anniversary of the 1909 victim's death!

That victim was Elsie Sigel, granddaughter of General Franz Sigel, famous Civil War fighter.

The Elsie Sigel case was essentially a product of its time—a time of militant morality.

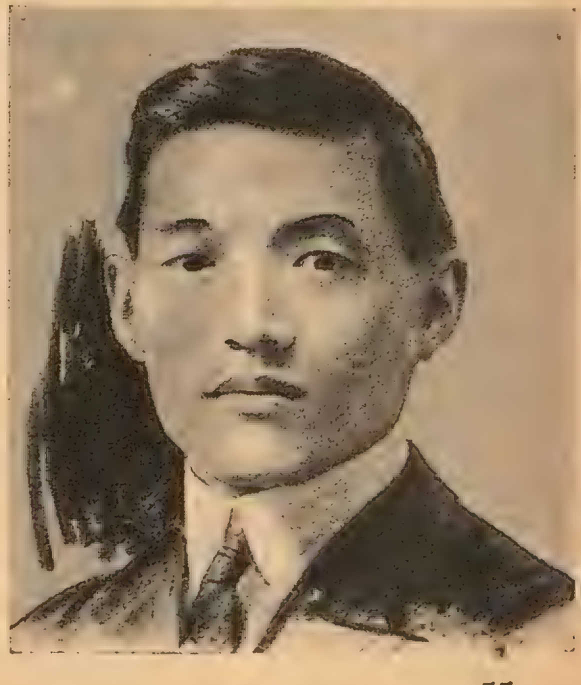
America was still the land of opportunity in those days, and Chinese by the hundreds left their women thousands of miles behind them and flocked to New York's Chinatown. It was to be expected that these womanless Celestials would become lonely. The Chinatown of those days was the real thing—a dingy, blatant, quietly hell-raising place of subterranean cellars and subcellars. Hatchet men shuffled through its narrow streets. Dance halls and gambling joints flowered.

To the opium bunks floated occasional white women, most of them derelicts. There are old-timers on the police force today who will tell you that the Chinese of that period were, for the most part, incredibly kind and generous to this feminine flotsam. At all events, Chinatown, an iniquitous sink, was made to order for reformers. Saving the heathen Chinee became, for society women, a fashionable pastime.

Pioneering in this salvaging of yellow men's souls was Mrs. Paul Sigel. A determined woman, she was to be found at work in Chinatown as early as the turn of the century. A little shy-eyed pretty girl in short skirts accompanied her there—her daughter Elsie.

For ten years, Paul Sigel, clerk in the office of the Board of Health and son of the brigadier general, had

The murdered Elsie Sigel and (below) Leon Ling, the Chinese who vanished.



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THE SEVERITY of those attacks of Bronchial Asthma, or seasonal distress intensified by pollen-infested air, may be reduced...use Dr. R. Schiffmann's Asthmador just as thousands have done for 70 years. The aromatic fumes help make breathing easier...aid in clearing the head...bring more restful nights of sleeping. At druggists in powder, cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or you may send for *free* supply of all three. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Calif.—Dept. L.

fought a bitter, losing fight against his wife's soul-saving obsession. He pointed out that other children were shunning Elsie, and her only playmates were Chinese children. He said all this could come to no good end.

Nothing he said deterred Mrs. Sigel. Some of her Chinese "boys" came up from Chinatown to visit the Sigel home on 180th Street. Finally, a few were boarding there. Neighbors protested; the Sigels were told to move. There was a terrific family quarrel. They moved to 209 Wadsworth Avenue. Chinese students still visited their home. Elsie, twenty, vital, prettier than ever, fully shared her mother's obsession by 1909.

Leon Ling, thirty in that year, seems to have been for several years an especial pet of both mother and daughter. He was an Americanized Chinese. He had cut off his queue; he wore American clothes and spoke English rather well. He was polite and ingratiating and religious in the eyes of his white friends; but he once ran a ball-and-pocket game in Fort George from which fellow Chinese invariably went home broke. More than one woman missionary came to his room to discuss his problems with him, and though it is doubtful that any of them did more than hold his hand, he was not above awing his yellow-skinned friends with boasts of white conquests.

He was, in short, smooth and a rascal—but there still is little reason to believe that his love for Elsie Sigel was anything but sincere.

THE first week in May he came to her home greatly excited. He asked her if she believed in dreams. "I had a dream about you last night," he said. "I heard you call for help, and ran to help you. I could see a pair of hands clasped around your throat. I was going to help you, when I woke up. I couldn't see who the man was who was choking you."

Another time, seemingly dazed or drunk, he stormed the Sigel home late at night, beat upon the door, demanded to see Elsie, pleaded with her to marry him.

At about 10.30 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, June 9, 1909, Elsie Sigel left her Wadsworth Avenue home. She told her mother that she was going to visit her grandmother. One of the family asked her to stop in at the grocery and order meat for that evening's meal. Sometime later the meat—corned beef—was delivered by a grocery clerk.

Elsie had never failed to come home around nine o'clock in the evening. At 9.30 that night she still had not returned, and Mrs. Sigel became frantic. Some member of the family communicated with the grandmother's house. Elsie had not been there at all. At eleven o'clock some one knocked at the Sigels' door—a messenger with a telegram from Washington, D. C.:

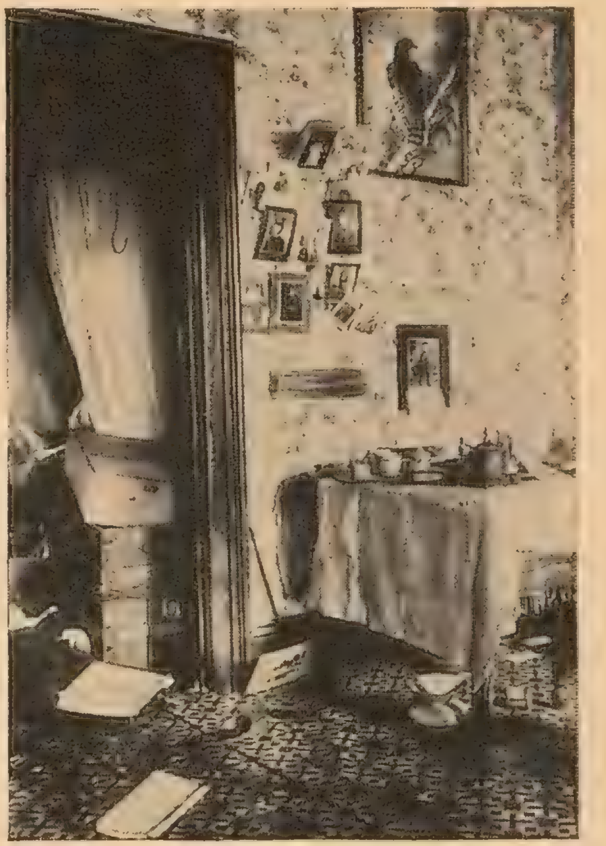
I AM SAFE AND WILL BE HOME IN FEW DAYS ELSIE

For a little while the telegram reassured Elsie's family, though none of them could imagine—unless she had eloped with Leon Ling—why she should have left home so abruptly and dressed in her old clothes.

Thursday and Friday passed, and Saturday found Mrs. Sigel desperately roaming the streets of Chinatown. She visited the Chinese mission at 10 Mott Street and spoke to "Mother" Todd. Together they went to the Port Arthur Restaurant and talked with its pudgy proprietor, Chu Gain. As a result, Chu placed a personal ad in a New York newspaper. It read:

E J S MOTHER VERY ILL COME HOME DEAR ONE CHU

On Monday, Mrs. Sigel went to 782 Eighth Avenue, where Leon Ling roomed on the top floor, over a chop suey parlor run by his cousin, Sun Leung. When she knocked at Leon's door, no one answered. Sun Leung said his cousin had not been there since June 9.



The doorway from Chong Sing's room into Leon Ling's, showing the trunk in which Elsie Sigel's body was found.

On June 19, Paul Sigel made a confidential report to the Missing Persons Bureau in Police Headquarters that his daughter had vanished. Within half an hour after he did so, the elderly Sun Leung shuffled into the Forty-seventh Street precinct station and told the desk sergeant:

"My nephew, Leon Ling, no answer door. Door locked. Him gone; mebbe dead."

Police went to the four-story brick building on Eighth Avenue, far uptown from Chinatown, and climbed the stairs, past Sun Leung's restaurant on the second floor to the top floor where Leon Ling roomed. The door was locked. Led by Inspector Ernest Van Wagner, they made their way in, to find the smell of death, a great deal of disorder, and a trunk bound with clothesline.

The trunk was opened. In it, wrapped in a sheet from which protruded bare feet and a discolored face, was the body of a white girl trussed with rope, her blue eyes staring glassily. Several moments passed before one of the detectives uncovered a piece of twine looped about her neck and drawn so tight that it was nearly hidden.

Around her neck also was a gold chain, with a locket showing her initials, E. J. S.

The body was found to be dressed in nothing more than a lawn waist, a corset cover, and a corset. Her other clothing, never found, was believed to have been burned in a stove in the room.

Pictures of pretty white women were pasted on the room's walls. Clothing was scattered about. A bloody handkerchief lay on the floor. An unwrapped copy of a novel, probably brought there by the murdered girl, lay on the dresser. Its title was Three Men in a Motor Car.

On the dresser, too, was found a note, later determined to be in Elsie's handwriting. It was a prayer:

> O, thank Thee, Father, that Thou has given me power to fashion my thoughts according to the patterns of duty Thou has set before me. Inspire and empower me always to use my gifts worthily that I may glorify Thee and bless my brothers. Through Thy powers I can accomplish all things.

A STRANGE assortment of Chinese books and English Bibles and psalmbooks littered the room. The only Oriental decoration was a red silk canopy over the bed; on the canopy was stitched, in gold thread, the figure of a dragon. The dresser drawers yielded more than a hundred letters addressed to Leon Ling by white women, many of whom professed deep affection. There was a batch of thirty-five letters signed "Elsie," written over a period of two years.

Police Commissioner Bingham persistently refused reporters a look at most of these letters, but admitted that they showed that the girl had been in love with the dapper young Chinese. He added that the couple had enjoyed "an intimacy that was very close."

A door in one wall of Leon Ling's room connected with an adjoining room, a mere cubbyhole, in which a fat young cook, a friend of Leon, had lived. His name was Chong Sing. He too had vanished.

Sun Leung, the landlord, denied that he had ever before seen the girl whose body was found in the trunk. He admitted that his nephew Leon sometimes was a "bad boy." He said he would go down to Chinatown and see if he couldn't find him.

By nightfall, Sun Leung had vanished.

Inspector Van Wagner went to the Sigel home late that night to inform them that their daughter was dead.

Mrs. Sigel, prim and severe, answered the door. She immediately

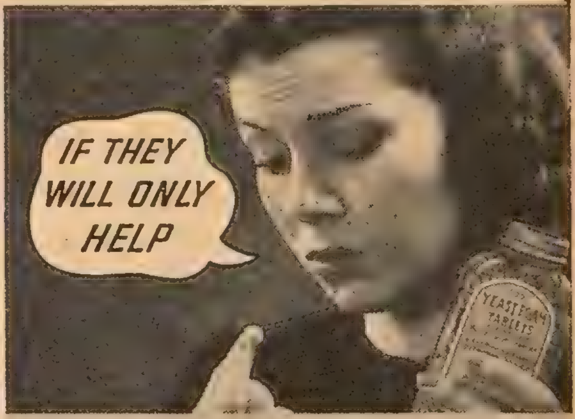
WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Anna May Dales NOTARY PUBLIC

WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I DO?

"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"


IF THEY WILL ONLY HELP
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"

THEY'VE WORKED WONDERS

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim — if not more"

NOTE: *The above letter is so typical of many others that it justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.*

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Let Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system, too, of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll look better—and feel better—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Now, with this new Double-Value size bottle available at drug counters, you can actually get the full value of the 30-day course for *one-half* of the former cost! Remember to ask for the 250-tablet size of Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

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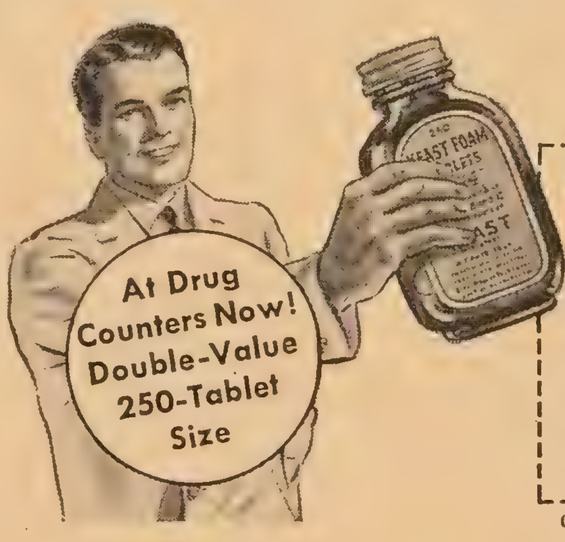
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denied that her daughter was missing. Her husband appeared at that point.

"I'm afraid it's no use telling the officer that, my dear," he said quietly. "I reported Elsie missing this afternoon. Come in, sir."

Inspector Van Wagner stepped inside, to find himself in the middle of a sharp family quarrel. Mrs. Sigel exhibited the Washington telegram signed "Elsie" to prove her claim that she was in touch with her daughter. Inspector Van Wagner produced the jewelry removed from the girl's body. Mrs. Sigel seized it.

"Where did you get that?" she demanded shrilly.

"Something's happened to her?" asked Paul Sigel.

"She's dead."

MRS. SIGEL fainted. Paul Sigel merely nodded. He had been expecting something like this for ten years. A description of Elsie's teeth tallied with those of the corpse, and the jewelry was hers. Mrs. Sigel, however, was obdurate. As the inspector left the house, she screamed after him:

"That can't be my daughter! She would never go to the room of a Chinese alone!"

Paul Sigel said quietly, "I'll come down to the morgue tomorrow."

When he came, his face showed worry as well as grief. He refused to identify the body. Later that day an aunt, acting as spokesman for the family, announced:

"Elsie Sigel is not dead. Mr. Sigel is in a very serious condition. Mrs. Sigel is a raving lunatic and we have little hope that she will ever recover. We do not recognize the body in the morgue as Elsie Sigel's. We are absolutely positive—and by we, I mean every member of the family—on this point. We have examined the body and are positive it is an entirely different person from Elsie Sigel. We will not accept the body as that of Elsie Sigel and will not bury it."

The newspapers were giving the story a terrific play. The public protested against the refusal of the Sigels to accept the body of their daughter for burial. A day or so later Paul Sigel quietly buried his daughter.

The coroner gave it as his opinion that Elsie Sigel had been drugged before her death.

More than three hundred detectives were now seeking Leon Ling, Chong Sing, and Sun Leung. Inspector Van Wagner hurried to Washington and ascertained that the telegram signed "Elsie" had been sent from a hotel by a Chinese answering Leon Ling's description.

Chinatown was bearing the brunt of the furor. Daily the newspapers pictured it as a cesspool. Doors were being smashed down, gambling joints raided, opium dens closed, secret passages boarded up. Chinatown took revenge in silent, sullen hostility. Questioning a Chinese who speaks no English is considered impossible. If you use an interpreter, police say, you never know whether or not he is crossing you up. The detectives did not find their tempers improved by this situation, and Chinatown, within a week, was a seething caldron.

Inspector Van Wagner followed a lead to a room in Chinatown where an old man lay sleeping. He bent over the old fellow to wake him. Something smashed viciously against his own skull and he dropped. When he regained consciousness, he was alone in the room.

Baffled, the New York detectives pinned their hopes on information brought to them by stool pigeons—lowly English-speaking Chinese, white piano players in Chinatown dives, white wives of Orientals. One of the wives—a withered ex-actress, haggard from dope—told Detective Fred Brickley, "I don't know a damned thing."

"Look, Josie," he said patiently. "Elsie Sigel was a white woman like yourself. Look where she wound up—in a trunk, with a rope around her neck."

"Well, she had it coming! She was playing young Leon against Chu Gain to make the old man jealous."

The detective's eyebrows lifted. That was news. Chu Gain, elderly, respectable, affluent, was known to have been a friend of the Sigels, mother and daughter. It was to him that Mrs. Sigel had gone first to report Elsie missing. Detectives now reached his Port Arthur Restaurant in time to prevent him from destroying some ardent love letters written to him by Elsie Sigel. One read:

> My dear friend: I don't want you to feel bad because Willie was here last night. You know I love you and you only, always. Don't mind Willie. Although he is nothing to me, I had to see him last night. I didn't send for him. Your ever-loving ELSIE.

"Willie" was Elsie's pet name for Leon Ling.

AMONG Chu Gain's effects the detective found a letter signed "Ah Tai" (The Chief). It was in Leon's handwriting:

> You know what will happen to you if you are seen with Elsie again. You'll be killed and the girl, too. The word has been given.

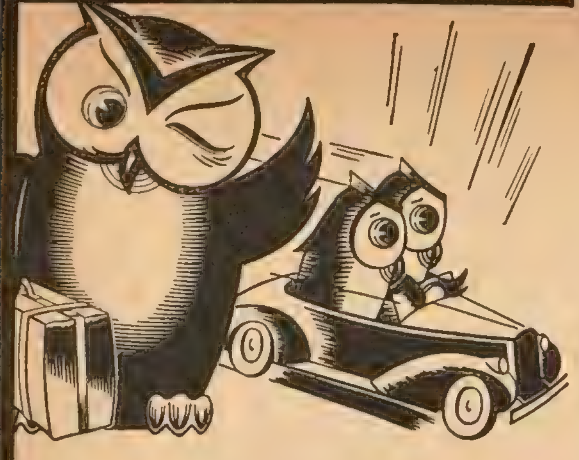
Another note written by Leon threatened:

> If you don't keep your eye off Elsie, I'll cut you up like a pig and kill her, too.

To Leon the girl had written:

> My Darling: I am writing this while mother is away from home. She would not let me if she knew it. Don't think, Willie, that I will give you up for anybody. I will always remember the dear times we have had together. I will see you soon. With love, ELSIE.

Detectives were jubilant. They now had a motive for the murder. Leon Ling had been madly jealous.



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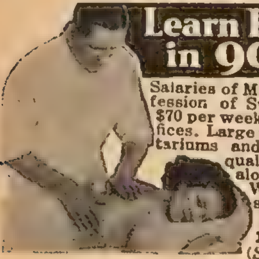

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Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Elsie Sigel had been playing one man against the other.

Chu Gain would answer no questions. He was high-caste, immaculate. Detectives threw him into a cell with drunks and vagrants. Two days of that broke his spirit, and he talked. He said that he was a man who loved peace; that he had never so much as spoken to Elsie until she had forced her attentions on him. Even then, he said, he had told her that hers was a passing whim and she would not wish to marry one of his race.

" Did Leon love her? " detectives asked.

Chu Gain grinned, shrugged. " He big fool. He see love evellywhere."

One bewildering admission was made by Chu Gain. A few days before the murder he had arranged for Chong Sing to obtain a loan of $260. This, obviously, was the money that Leon had used to make his getaway.

Leon's uncle, Sun Leung, now turned up of his own volition to explain vaguely that he had been seeking his nephew but had not had much luck.

A reward of $1,000 was posted and circulars were sent to every part of the country. Chinatowns of a dozen cities were turned inside out. But no trace of Leon Ling was found. Meanwhile police and newspapers were of opinion that most of the women engaged in missionary work in New York's Chinatown might be better engaged at home in housework, and the sudden change of public opinion soon closed the doors of Chinatown missions, dependent upon public contributions for their maintenance.

The Berliner Zeitung Mittag, in Germany, pointed out that the crime was a product of the religio-sexual atmosphere then existing in America and added that " the rule of the too truly good is harmful."

None of this, however, helped police find Leon Ling.

Chong Sing was turned up one day in West Galway, upper New York, where he was placidly at work as cook in the kitchen of a wealthy and respectable family. Once again police were jubilant. Leon, a frail lunger, seemed scarcely the man to have strangled a girl, crammed her body into a trunk, and then lashed the trunk securely with skilled knots, all without some assistance. Chong Sing, short but stocky and strong, was an adept at knot-tying, police learned.

Chong arrived back in New York at six o'clock in the morning. He had been kept awake all night by nudging him every time he dozed off, and his eyes were red. His nerves, however, were still in fine shape. He was taken to the office of Assistant District Attorney T. H. Ward. In English, in pidgin English, and in Chinese, he protested that he knew nothing. But he contradicted himself. Hours later, he said that on the day of the murder he had got up about noon and, while washing his face and hands, had heard a noise. He had looked through the keyhole into Leon's room.

" Elsie on bed with Leon," he said. " They make row and scuffle."

He said he had then clambered up and peered through the transom for a better view. " Elsie face all bloody. Bloody handkerchief in mouth. Leon he take clothes off Elsie. I scared."

Detectives went to the scene of the crime. Kneeling at the keyhole, they found that Chong could not have seen the bed. And he couldn't have looked through the transom, for the door had none. When they returned to report these discrepancies, Chong shrugged and denied that he had been in Leon's room.

" How did you know," he was asked, " that what you saw in her mouth was a handkerchief? "

" I see it on floor later."

" Then you *were* in the room! "

Chong sat silent. Suddenly some one behind him stuck a piece of cardboard between the blades of an electric fan. The racket sounded like a machine gun. Chong jumped, ran to the window, then shuffled disconsolately back to his chair.

" Me in room," he admitted. " But later. After fight."

It took five more hours of questioning to make him admit that at any time he had been within ten feet of Elsie's body. Finally he admitted having taken her wrist, which was warm, to feel her pulse—which was still.

He denied that he had seen the rope around her neck,

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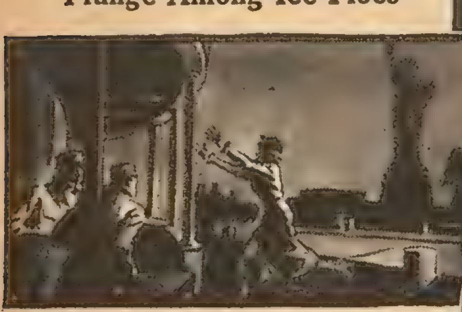
Black Swirling Water Swept Her Out of Sight . . . . . .

Girl Leaps for Ferryboat and Misses: C. C. C. Rescuers Plunge Among Ice Floes



Harold Watson of 64 Scholes St. and his pal Joseph Flanagan of 717 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., who were rewarded with C. C. C. Certificates of Valor signed by President Roosevelt.

"A girl came running down the dock as the boat pulled away. She jumped . . . and missed," writes Harold Watson, "falling into the icy swirling water. Standing as I was on the deck of the ferryboat with my buddy Joe Flanagan, I saw her swept under the pier while those on the dock couldn't tell where she was.

"One man had a flashlight but he didn't know where to shine it . . . I had to have it so I jumped back on the dock and dove after the girl with the flashlight in my mouth. I found her easy enough, but it was so cold in there amongst cakes of floating ice I couldn't do more than just hold her up. It looked like we both would drown . . . I was ready to give up . . . when I realized Joe was shouting at me, saw him swimming toward us towing a life preserver. Thanks to him we got the life preserver under the girl and brought her out from under the dock where soldiers in a life boat pulled us out.

"But if it hadn't been for that flashlight and those *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries that kept the light burning in that icy salt water, there couldn't have been any rescue at all, for we never could have found the girl under that dock.

(Signed)

Harold Watson

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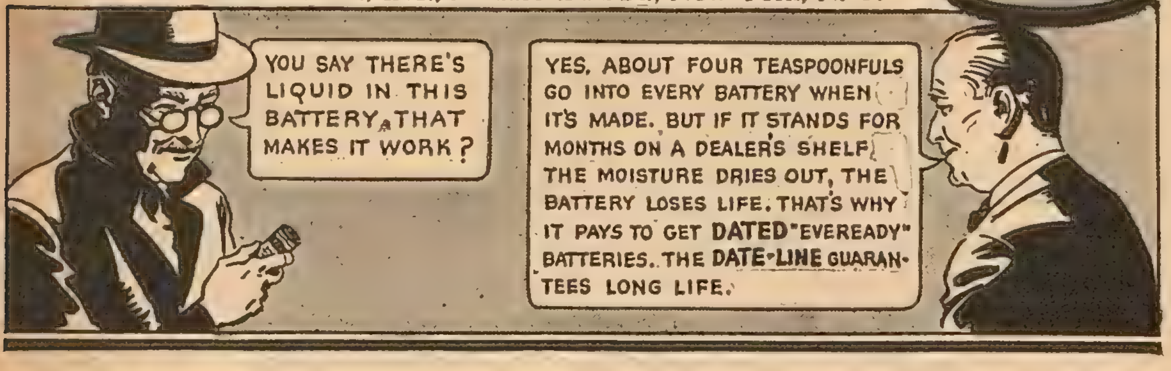

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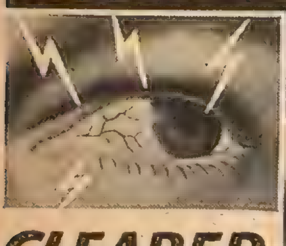

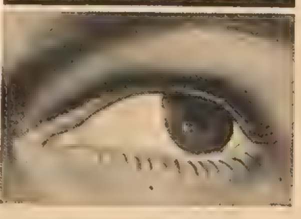

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Liberty thus reflects *current* public interest and opinion.

squealed shrilly that he had not put it there. He said that Leon had called him into the room and had told him "she bite her tongue—bleed—die."

Another session of questioning pulled from Chong the further admission that he had helped tie up the trunk. He denied having known what was in it. And eventually his questioners had to let it go at that.

Police learned that on the morning of June 9 Leon had hired drivers to take the trunk to Chinese laundries in Harlem and in Newark, New Jersey. At each place, apparently, he tried to leave it and was refused. Finally he returned with it to his room.

They learned of a Chinese who was willing to furnish them a lead to Leon's whereabouts. A detective found him lying dead on the floor, a tight-drawn rope around his neck.

Inspector Van Wagner learned of another Chinese, a restaurant proprietor, who was willing to talk. This man the inspector found sprawled in bed, his head chopped open with a hatchet.

Leon Ling's tong brothers had taken care of the two would-be betrayers, Ung Gow and Lee Hing Fang, and they were hiding Leon out in the Chinatowns of many cities. Nevertheless, the New York police were able, with the help of a Chinatown white girl, to follow his trail from Manhattan to Texas. In Philadelphia they missed him by only twelve hours when he came out into the open to meet a white girl.

Down into Mexico and finally to Panama the trail led. There, Inspector Van Wagner learned, Leon had just booked passage back to China. A cable to the Panama authorities, and he was arrested and thrown into a cell. A revolution broke out. He was let loose again.

TODAY, if alive, this man believed to be the murderer of Elsie Sigel is fifty-eight. There is a romantic story, totally unsubstantiated, that his own tong condemned him, for his crime, to work in China's rice swamps, and that he soon died there.

It is possible, though not likely, that he beat his way back to the Chinatown of New York. Some old-timers in the New York Police Department still look at the shoes of every Chinese they pass. For Leon had a unique habit—"a fondness for low-cut patent-leather shoes, which he wore laced down from the top, with the bow tied at the bottom eyelet holes."

Leon's probably dead anyway. The reward, too, has probably expired. But, say the old-timers, you never know. And isn't the case still open on the books down at Centre Street?

THE END

More Mysterious Crimes Still Unsolved, as well as more of the Headquarters Old-Timer's stories of famous crimes, will be found frequently in Liberty's future issues.

The Roar of the Bleachers

Pop bottles, hard words, insults à la carte! Here's a brisk look at life as a baseball umpire sees it

"Mister," a thin voice from the bleachers piped, "I got five years for less'n that!"

BY BILL McGOWAN

Veteran American League Umpire

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

RED ORMSBY'S wife, sitting up in the grandstand, covered her face with her hands. She couldn't look. She had become used to hearing her husband referred to as a "blind bum," a "cockeyed robber," and other unflattering terms, for she was an umpire's wife and had come to consider that just a part of her husband's job. But this—this was different.

The ball game between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Cleveland club that summer afternoon in 1930 had come to a sudden stop. Tumult, that had been ebbing and flowing with a mighty surge through the crowd, was replaced by a silent, shuddering fear as players left their positions on the field and rushed from the bench to gather around a blue-clad form that was stretched out on the grass back of third base.

Charlie Jamieson, a Cleveland player, had been called out for interference. The decision was just, but that made no difference to the inflammable Cleveland baseball crowd. Neither did the fact that "Brick" Owens, field umpire stationed at first base, and Red Ormsby at third base had nothing to do with the decision at the plate. All three umpires became targets for a bristling barrage of abuse—and then a volley of pop bottles.

A close decision at third didn't set well with some of the prisoner-spectators.

Out along the third-base coaching line Red Ormsby had been standing with his back to the crowd. One of the missiles hit Ormsby on the head and he sank to the ground. Still unconscious, he was hurried to the hospital, where he lay for days at the point of death from a compound fracture of the skull. And somewhere in Cleveland a baseball fan who had thrown a pop bottle in the white heat of a violent emotion probably had his peace of mind disturbed by remorse for an impetuous and cowardly act.

If I were asked to name the most valuable asset to an umpire I'd say it is a sense of humor—but, somehow, to us umpires, throwing pop bottles isn't so funny. The fans don't see the plays as we see them, and they don't know what is going on between the players and the umpires out there on the field.

Back in 1925, my first year umpiring in the American League, I was working on the bases in a game between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Cleveland club at Shibe Park in Philadelphia. It was toward the end of the season and Al Simmons and Harry Heilmann were battling down the stretch in a close fight to lead the American League in batting. To be eligible for the batting crown, a player had to participate in at least 100 games. Heilmann was well past that mark, but Simmons needed ten more games and several points in percentage to pass the Detroit clubber. And the end of the season was little more than a week away.

Simmons hit one on a line to right field and tried to stretch it into a two-base hit. "Bib" Falk threw the ball in to Joe Sewell, and Joe tagged Al out on a close play as Simmons slid into second. I called Al out.

With a roar of protest Simmons came up with a handful of dirt and threw it on my clothes. "And you're out of the ball game, too!" I added. Our instructions made it mandatory for us to eject a player who throws dirt at an umpire or otherwise subjects the arbiter to an open indignity before the crowd. Such acts also call for an automatic suspension of three days when they are reported by the umpire.

Simmons followed me all the way to first base and stood there talking to me. All over the park I could hear the fans yelling, "Take a punch at him, Al! Kill the big stiff!"

The crowd evidently thought Simmons was giving me a fine going over out there. I'll tell you now what Al Simmons was saying to me.

"Listen, Bill," he was saying. "I was out all right, and I didn't mean to throw that dirt. I was just sore because I was thrown out. I know I'm through for today, and that's all right, Bill—but please don't have me suspended, Bill. I want to lead the league in hitting and I've got to play the next ten games. I apologize for everything—but don't have me suspended, Bill!"

He was standing out there abjectly apologizing to me—and the crowd thought he was searing my hide off. Anyway, I didn't report the incident and Simmons was not suspended. It would have been unjust to rob Simmons of his chance to lead the league in batting because of a momentary fit of temper, especially when he had apologized.

TRIS SPEAKER was a master hand at setting the crowd on an umpire without doing or saying a thing that we could object to. After a close decision had been called against his team, Tris would come up to us shaking his head and his fist at us in a way that made the crowd think he was subjecting us to a blistering verbal attack. And all the time he'd be saying, "That was a swell decision, Bill. I've got to hand it to you. There aren't many umpires would have called that one right, but you did. Honest, Bill, you're the best in this league."

In 1919 I was umpiring in the International League. Harry Wagner, a burly 260-pounder, was assigned to work with me. In a game between Buffalo and Rochester on

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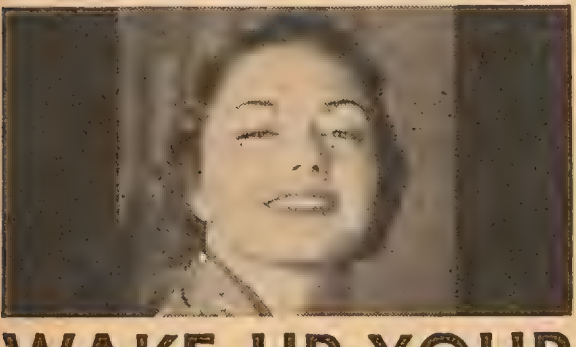

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the latter's grounds I was working the bases and Wagner was behind the plate. "Lefty" Brogan, a little mite of a fellow compared to Wagner, was pitching for Rochester and protesting continually on Wagner's decisions on balls and strikes. In the eighth inning Brogan walked two batters in a row. Thinking the fourth ball on the second of these should have been called a strike, he rushed in to the plate.

Looking up at the big umpire, he yelled, "Hey, Wagner! When in hell are you going to have a good day?"

Wagner looked down at the diminutive pitcher for a minute. Then he snapped:

"Well, I'll tell ya, kid—I've been guessing these things for nine years and I haven't had a good day yet!"

In 1923-24 I was umpiring in the Southern League. We were sometimes detailed to officiate at ball games played between prison teams within the walls of the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. On one of these occasions I called a player out on a close decision at third base, and it didn't seem to set well with some of the prisoner-spectators. During a lull in the roar that went up, I heard a thin voice coming from the bleacher seats.

"Say, mister," it piped, "I got five years for less'n that!"

In 1924 I was teamed up with Hadley "Bulldog" Williams, one of the most popular umpires with the fans who has ever officiated in the Southern League. Atlanta was battling with Memphis for the pennant, and Bulldog and I were sent to Atlanta to work in an important series between these two teams. In the opening game, Williams, who was working on the bases, was having trouble with the home crowd.

TO make it worse, Atlanta came to bat in the last half of the ninth inning just one run behind, and got the bases full, with two out. Bert Niehoff, Atlanta manager, then hit what looked like a sure hit over second base—a hit that would have won the game for Atlanta. But Bobby Lamotte, later with the St. Louis American League club, made a spectacular one-hand stop and tossed the ball to Billy Gleason for a close decision and a force-out at second base. That ended the game, with Atlanta losing by one run.

As Bulldog and I were on our way to our dressing room we were met by a well known local physician who was an ardent Atlanta rooter.

"Say, Bulldog," exclaimed the doctor, "that player was safe at second base! That mistake of yours cost our club the ball game."

"Well, doctor," replied Williams, "all umpires make mistakes, but the difference between you doctors and us umpires is that we have no undertakers to cover up *our* mistakes!"

The decision that gets the biggest roar of protest from the crowd is one that we have to make most often—a close decision on an ordinary play at first base. The reason for the roar of protest is that the fans aren't looking at the same point we are.

In making a close decision at first base, the umpire never watches the ball, never sees the first baseman catching it—he keeps his eyes glued on the bag and only *hears* the thud of the ball in the first baseman's mitt. In this way he can tell to the fractional part of a split second whether the runner's foot has touched the bag before the first baseman caught the ball. He need only glance up to make sure the ball hasn't been juggled.

IN order to save the fractional part of a second that may mean the difference between the batter being out and reaching first safely, the first baseman stretches far out into the throw. In his anxiety, he sometimes unconsciously lifts his heel off the bag. Then maybe there isn't a roar from the crowd when the umpire calls a player safe at first on a play in which the throw plainly has him beaten. But the umpire is the only one in the ball park who sees the heel of the first baseman lifting off the bag. The first baseman himself doesn't know it, and the coach doesn't see it because he is watching the runner.

I was teamed up with Red Ormsby back in 1926 when the Athletics, with a great ball club that was just getting into its pennant stride to win pennants in 1929, 1930, and 1931, lost eleven straight on one of their Western trips. In the eleventh of these consecutive defeats, Ormsby called an Athletic player out for interference in a tight spot, and the A's were yelling about this decision losing them the ball game.

We were coming off the field when "Mickey" Cochrane, Jimmy Dykes, and "Bing" Miller started barking at Ormsby.

"Fine work, big redhead!" said one of the players. "Your blindness and dumbness lost us that game!"

"Well," replied Ormsby, "you can go right on blaming that one on me, but when you get back home you'll have a hell of a time explaining to the Philadelphia fans who lost the other ten games for you!"

With an even temper, a sense of humor, and an aptness at quick repartee, even an umpire can get a lot of fun out of his job—and I like my job. Come up and see me sometime—and bring your insults with you.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

THE HUSH-HUSH MURDERS by Margaret Taylor Yates. The Macmillan Co.

Required reading for all those who, besides a capital murder plot, like a book which has humor, characterization, sound knowledge of the U. S. Navy, and even elements of beauty.

CAN YOU LIE
FASTER THAN
PETE SMITH
CAN TALK?

M-G-M WILL
MAKE YOUR
TALL STORIES
INTO SHORTS!

HOLLYWOOD FAME AND $1,000 IN CASH

AWAIT YOU IN LIBERTY'S

PETE SMITH—M-G-M WHOPPERS CONTEST!

COME on, tall-story fabricators. Turn your talent for fabulous yarns into fun, fame, and funds! This contest offers you an opportunity for cash winnings, Hollywood recognition, and exercise of your imagination.

Please make special note of the fact, set forth in the rules, that even if you do happen to just miss the prize money the whopper you send in may still be selected for picture material and be paid for as such. Your opportunity is therefore not limited by the number of prizes.

And even if you do not win money—which you may—think of the kick you would get out of seeing a story you made up shown at your local film house as part of a Pete Smith Short by M-G-M! Start a story now!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

This Entry Blank must accompany each entry submitted in Liberty's Pete Smith—M-G-M Whoppers contest.

The undersigned by signing below hereby states:

1. That he has read the rules of this contest and agrees to be bound thereby.
2. That he grants the full use of the material and the use of his name to Liberty and Metro.
3. That the material submitted herewith is wholly original with the undersigned; that it is not libelous; and its full use, as herein granted, will not violate any rights of others.

NAME________________________________

STREET______________________________

CITY____________________ STATE__________

THESE ARE THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	**$250**
SECOND PRIZE	**150**
THREE PRIZES, Each $100	**300**
SIX PRIZES, Each $50	**300**

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, their affiliated corporations, or members of the families of the employees of said corporations.

2. Write in pen and ink or typewrite on one side of paper only. Write name and full address in the upper right corner of your first sheet.

3. Whoppers must not be less than 100 nor more than 300 words in length. Each entry must be accompanied by an official entry blank properly filled out.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, exaggeration, improbability, and merriment, and must be entirely the creation of the entrant.

5. For the best entry rated on the above basis Liberty and Metro will pay a first cash prize of $250. For the next best entry $150 will be paid, etc., as in the accompanying prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. The judges will be PETE SMITH, FULTON OURSLER, editor of Liberty Magazine, and FRED QUIMBY, of METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CORPORATION, and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.

7. All prize-winning entries become the property of Liberty and Metro for publication and exploitation at any time, and none will be returned. Liberty and Metro may use the names of any of the contest winners for such purposes.

8. Metro shall have the right to change, adapt, add to or take from the submitted entries as it sees fit in the event it desires to use same for motion-picture purposes.

9. Metro shall have the right to use the prize-winning Whoppers in the production of one or more motion pictures, and shall have the right to use any of the other Whopper entries submitted in the production of one or more motion pictures; and Metro agrees to pay fifty ($50) dollars to each entrant not among the eleven (11) contest winners whose entry is so chosen for motion-picture purposes. The name of any of the contest winners, and the name of any entrant whose material is actually used in a motion picture, may be used by Metro in such motion picture and in the publicity and exploitation thereof.

10. Send all entries by first-class mail addressed to Whoppers Contest, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

11. This contest closes on October 9, 1937. Entries received later will not be considered.

12. Winners will be announced in the December 18, 1937, issue of Liberty Magazine.

Vox Pop

Agnes Smedley Answers Upton Sinclair

Pasadena, Calif.—Here is an interesting letter from Agnes Smedley concerning my article, America's Amazing Woman Rebel in China, which appeared in your March 13 issue.—*Upton Sinclair.*

Yenan, North Shenshi, China—Thank you for your sympathetic defense. It is more than many people did. However, it is based on false premises, in a way. I did news reporting from Sian, but never organized "student propaganda corps." Nor, so far as I know, did I do Communist propaganda. I spoke for a national united front of all Chinese against Japanese invasion. I believe that a bigoted, violent American missionary in Sianfu sent out lying reports saying I was doing Communist propaganda. That is because most missionaries out here are ignorant, vicious, reactionary.

Now the American consular officials in Shanghai have informed many people that they shall refuse to renew my passport because of my Sian broadcasting. The reactionary elements in Nanking and the Shanghai Municipal Police (British) agitated for this and succeeded. So we have a fine situation—American authorities taking their orders from British policemen and corrupt Nanking officials against an American citizen. How far this business goes I do not know, as the American consular officials have confidentially informed others but not me. The Sian police boast that the Americans say they have canceled my passport and withdrawn protection from me; so the Sian police wait hopefully for me to come there, so—they say—they can arrest me.

I advocated the end of civil war in China and a national front against Japanese imperialism, which is annexing Chinese territory steadily. I broadcast daily news facts—about the N. W. united front movement. That was my broadcasting. But, because I have for years defended the Chinese revolutionary workers and peasants, I have countless political enemies in Nanking, among the Japanese, Americans, and among the corrupt and savage Shanghai Municipal Police.

I am really no leader in China—not at all. I am a writer of fact, a recorder of events, a chronicler of the Chinese revolution. Or try to be.

Anyway, I appreciate your friendly defense. I need defense, I assure you. Your spirit warms my heart.—*Agnes Smedley.*

THERE'S NO SANTA CLAUS, EITHER, LITTLE BROTHER

Chesapeake City, Md.—Family Scandal, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is tops with me, but Mr. Vanderbilt rather slipped up in his knowledge of unborn children in Part Nine (August 7). The idea that the mother can mark, deform, or in any way make her unborn child abnormal by an accident, emotional upset, or any connection through the nerve system, is passé—very passé!

This idea went out of existence about the same time little brother was no longer told the stork brought the new baby.

Read any modern embryology book, Mr. Vanderbilt, and learn the truth about a mother and her unborn child.—*Alice M. Vaughan.*

WANTED: ANOTHER DEPRESSION

Sacramento, Calif.—Would it shock you to know that I am sitting back waiting for another depression? Cause why? I like depressions. Of course our family salary was low, but prices were equally low. Everybody seemed to be doing things, going places, and buying things. There was more fun.

Now good times have come—or have they?—prices have gone up, some salaries with them; not so ours. But there's no fun any more. Nobody seems to be doing things, going places, or buying things, unless it's a new car—and we are all in the hole and down in the dumps. It just doesn't make sense.—*Elizabeth Hunter.*

AN UNEMPLOYED VET'S PLEA

Albuquerque, N. M.—"You are too old," say the railroads and nearly all other big corporations when the World War vet asks them for a job. Even the department stores, large and small, hire kids who are hardly dry behind the ears, paying them about a dollar a day to "learn the business," while the unemployed vet mooches off his friends or tries to get into a CCC camp.

Regardless of his age, once in a while a vet passes a Civil Service exam; but he seldom gets the job, and he wonders why.

Back in August, 1933, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, wrote an editorial entitled Back to the Farm—National Bankruptcy—or Revolution? There was, and still is, a lot of truth in that article.

One of these days the Conchas Dam will be completed, and when that great work is accomplished there will be enough water impounded to irrigate about fifty thousand acres of rich virgin land located near Tucumcari, New Mexico.

Originally most of our forefathers were farmers and frontiersmen. That being the case, why would it not be a good plan for our government to allocate some of that open land, in small units, to the unemployed veterans of this part of the country, with sufficient financing to give them a start, so that they might become permanently self-supporting?

We should make good farmers, and we are certainly entitled to own some land in the country we fought for.

If you publish this, I am sure the vets all over the country will highly appreciate it.—*C. M. Murphy.*

LIBERTY'S GOOD DEED

New York, N. Y.—Our Jamboree is now history. It is generally agreed that it was a huge success and will bring great values to the youth of America. Many factors and many individuals contributed to making our Jamboree the outstanding event that it was. Prominent among those who helped us was Liberty.

Your co-operation was an important factor in the accomplishment of a great undertaking which will mean much for the future of Scouting here in America. We are very grateful to you.—*James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, Boy Scouts of America.*

IF GABLE COULDN'T, WHO CAN ?

Enid, Okla.—Normally I'm a peace-loving gal and not many things excite me. (Gable had a chance, but he's getting old and harmless now—well, old anyway.) I mind my own business, am good to my mother, and eat my raw vegetables as Mr. Macfadden advises. I tried exercising, too, but it made me tired. Besides, I began busting all my britches bending over.

But what really makes me break out in a temperamental rash is when I pick up Liberty and find it filled with stories and articles about war, sabotage, murder, strip tease, mayhem, and monkeyshines! Ye gods and cockeyed cockleburs! Ain't there nothing nice left for your authors to write about? Can't they concoct something tender and dreamylike out of romance and love, youth and life? The moon, the stars, the sunrise—things that make life a little lighter and love a little nearer?

Who wants to read about disaster, death, and the horrors of past wars and those coming? We all know the future looks black, but for the present can't we have a little more sunshine, a few more moments of happiness, even in our magazines? Please do something before I lose my temper. I'm so mad now I could scratch the hide off a hippoputa—hippopotma — hipopat — a crocodile, dammit!—*Mildred Rice.*

PERHAPS SHE'S A VEGETARIAN

CHICAGO, ILL.—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin must be younger than I had supposed if she thinks the "crescent-shaped salad plate" that "fits snugly around the side of your dinner plate" is something new. Thirty years ago we called 'em "bone dishes."—*John Curtis.*

A DOCTOR PRESCRIBES —FOR SHANE

RIGBY, IDA.—Ted Shane has ruined our home life. To solve his inventions one must be an alien, loafer, slumgullion, thief, thug, pug, racketeer, gambler, movie fan, social secretary, economist, master of foreign languages, Greek and Latin scholar, with emphasis placed in the order named. My boys and girls are none of these.

HOME SWEET HOME

For the love of Mike, slay that fellow. I will gladly send a potion that will transfer or transplant him into the vulgar surroundings of which he seems to know so much. If the spirit survives the body he should be entirely at home. —*Country Doctor.*

"BUY AMERICAN"

BALTIMORE, MD.—Mr. Macfadden's editorials on Americanism against Communism, etc., should be read by every man, woman, and child in the land.

You will be interested in the following, I believe.

We have three children, aged eight years, six years, and ten months.

My husband and I have instilled loyalty to our country in them, have taught them to buy American and the like.

Mary, aged eight, went to the store for me the other day, and among other things she asked for matches and said, "I want them made in America, please." A customer overheard her and said to the clerk, "Now, if all children would specify the same when buying, think what effect this would have."

Pat, aged six, was given a dime by a friend of ours. We asked him not to spend it.

He was late coming in to dinner. Finally he strolled in and greeted us with: "Daddy, I spent my dime; but you won't be angry, I know, because I bought two little automobiles, and it says right here 'Made in U. S. A.'"

We reprimanded him for being disobedient; however, we commended him for remembering to buy American.

Does this interest you? I feel that parents should read this.—*Mrs. Francis Moran.*

BITTER-SWEET BEVERLY

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Do you like lemons? Or limes? Well, *I* don't. But I do like lemonade, as well as limeade. I think your Miss Beverly Hills makes a mistake when she gives us so much acid with our movie reviews.

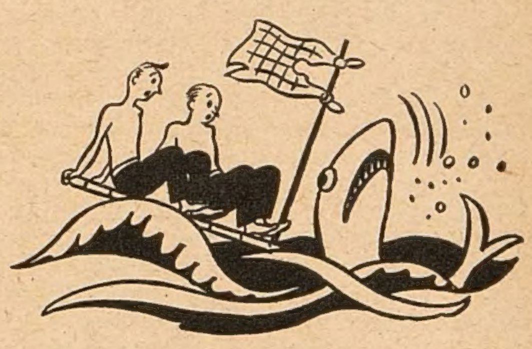
Now, I like good movies; go to several a week. And I also read quite a few reviews. But why in the world this Hills gal gives a picture three stars, or two and one half—which I presume is supposed to represent a good picture—and then tells us that it is too long, too dull, etc., is really beyond me.

Let's hope she gives us more of the "inside" of our pictures. Incidentally, I enjoy immensely the Vital Statistics that follow each review.—*Billye Woodall.*

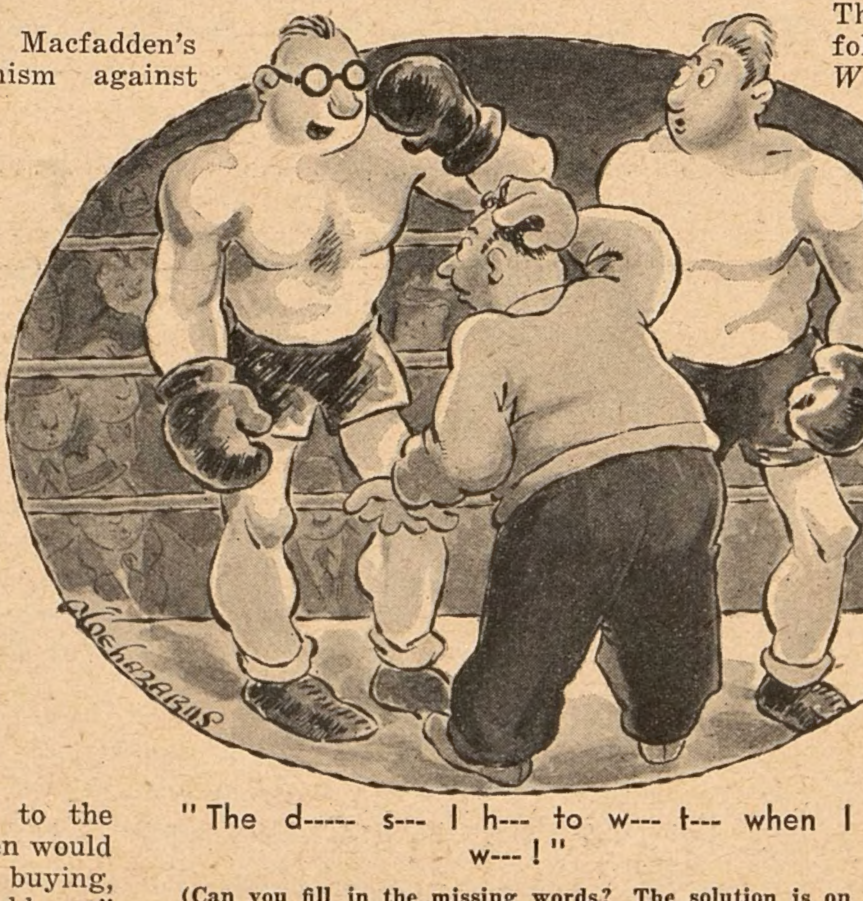
NEVER LOOK A GIFT SHARK IN THE MOUTH

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.—I have long been an avid reader of Achmed Abdullah. But I'm afraid he's slipping! In his Two-Minute Story, Solitaire! (August 14 Liberty) he tries to make his readers believe that a shark climbed aboard a floating raft, grabbed a Scotchman by the leg, and pulled him into the sea! Now, as man to man, doesn't that sound fishy?

A shark's mouth is so fashioned that it can't grab anything until the shark turns upon its back, belly upward. Would Mr. Abdullah have us believe the shark, in this instance, crawled on its back to reach its victim? Or did it do a flip-flop after grabbing the edge of the raft and hoisting itself aboard? —*Frank Kenneth Young.*



FILL-IN STATION



"The d----- s--- I h--- to w--- t--- when I w--- !"

(Can you fill in the missing words? The solution is on page 66)

ALPHA CHI'S DREAM MAN

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—Our local chapter of Alpha Chi is going goofy looking for more Bert Green stories. Shorty McCoy is our dream man.—*Edna Perry.*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS —JUST FOLKS

VANCOUVER, WASH.—We are two youthful residents of this Coast city who are tired of reading sensational write-ups about the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. We have no morbid curiosity about their private lives and think they should be left alone to enjoy the peace and quiet together which they went through Hades to gain. We feel that the Duke and Duchess are human and not specimens to be exhibited on the end of a pin.

Why not give them a break by forgetting them for a year and a day? They might enjoy privacy, even as you and I. They are no longer headliners but just folks. Let's leave 'em alone.—*F. V. H., W. H. L.*

THOSE TERRIBLE 13 ONES

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—In August 7 Vox Pop, C. L. Judkins of Uxbridge, Massachusetts, wanted to know what the prime factors of 1,111,111,111,111 were. I have worked on this puzzle till I was blue in the face, and have finally decided that the following numbers were the prime factors of those terrible 13 ones. Here they are: 1; 53; 20,964,360,587.

Wish you would find out for me if this last number can be broken down any more. I don't think it can; but then, I may be wrong—it wouldn't be the first time.—*W. C. Clark.*

He Was Afraid To Sign His Name

ARE YOU BEING CHEATED by your own government? This arresting question is asked in an exciting Liberty article next week by one of the best known attorneys in the United States. Perhaps when you read his statement you can guess his identity. That is the only way you are likely to discover it, for, in spite of all Constitutional safeguards of free speech, this eminent attorney declines to sign his name to his article. Yet he considers that article important to you and me and every other American citizen. Why does he remain anonymous? The answer is disconcerting. This distinguished American citizen conceals his identity only because he fears government reprisals when he makes out his next income-tax statement. That is a sorry state of affairs. It does not matter so much whether his fears are groundless or not; the mere fact that a man internationally well known, and of broad practical experience, feels that way about it is an indication of a bad condition. It means that the Washington taxgatherers have created the wrong kind of impression on a free country. Don't miss this important article in Liberty, out next Wednesday.

* * *

CHARLIE McCARTHY'S PRIVATE LIFE is going to be fearlessly exposed. You know what he owes to Edgar Bergen—or is it what Edgar Bergen owes to Charlie McCarthy? You know, too, of that blood feud—or is it sap feud?—between the little manikin and his poisonously polite foe, W. C. Fields? All the world knows of their Sunday-night brawls over the Red Network—but all the world does not know that Charlie McCarthy has a past! Nor did we until we set Old-Timer, Anthony Abbot, and a few other sleuths to work up the case. Now we have all the facts about Charlie McCarthy, chip off the old blockhead. For the first time, you will learn the truth about Edgar Bergen's famous dummy in Liberty next Wednesday.

* * *

DO WE READ EVERYTHING submitted to us? Yes, we do. But most beginning writers won't take yes for an answer to that question. So here is a little true story that has just happened. Out in Los Angeles lives a man named Robert Ray. At least, that's the name he signed to the first story he ever wrote. Bob has a family and a job; he wrote his story in the evenings after helping his wife clear away the dishes. His first story was forty thousand words long and he called it Ambush. On July 10, 1937, he put the manuscript in an envelope and addressed it to "The Editor, Liberty Magazine, New York City." Along with the manuscript he sent the following first-rate sales letter:

"Dear Sir:

"The enclosed is the first thing I ever attempted to write; which makes my nerve in sending it to Liberty a very good Grade-A Colossal. However, I decided I might as well place myself definitely above the common herd, right at the start, by annoying only the best in the business.

"There's no particular reason why I should try to write stories, except that I want to and could use the money. I work in an office and write evenings, so it took me about two months to finish the enclosed; principally because some weeks I got lazy and only worked on it two or three evenings.

"I never did complete the eighth grade, it being against the expressed wishes of the school board, and the nearest I ever got to a newspaper office was down in the basement of the Times-Herald at Port Huron, Michigan, where the route boys pick up their bundles. So the more I think of it, the less I think of my idea that, regardless of all this, I *can* write. It's a kind of an itch some place between my breastbone and the top of my head, and the only way I can seem to scratch it is on a typewriter. Up to the time I got married I relieved the irritation to some extent by going off and joining somebody's revolution and shooting guns at people I didn't know. I thought I was a regular heller until one of my opponents with no sense of humor got unexpectedly personal, and after that I found I had an inclination to dodge bullets, which is a poor way to maintain one's health and youthful vigor.

"But let's not get chummy out here on the front porch.

"Yours very truly,
"ROBERT RAY."

That first story of Robert Ray's was one manuscript in 3,000 received at our offices that week. As with all the other 2,999 submittals, Robert Ray's story was given one full reading. The first reader liked the story. So did the second. So did all the rest of them, until at last the manuscript came to the editor's desk—and he liked it, too, so the story was bought. Ray telegraphed: "I thought it was called Heaven but now I see its real name is Liberty."

* * *

FOUR FAMOUS COACHES come together to forecast the probabilities of the new football season. This has grown to be a looked-for annual feature in Liberty. It serves as a source of information not only for one week, but is something to be checked against, week after week, as the major games come along.

* * *

JEALOUSY FROM A NEW ANGLE is the theme of an exciting new short story by Sylvia Thompson. The lovely author of Hounds of Spring—she reminds me of an old-fashioned candy-box cover coming to life—tells here of a honeymoon and another woman— But one must not reveal too much of this thrilling story. There are two other stirring short tales and, of course, the Short Short and the Two-Minute Story, all complete in next week's Liberty.

THANKS! Hope to see you all here again next Wednesday. Until then!

FULTON OURSLER.

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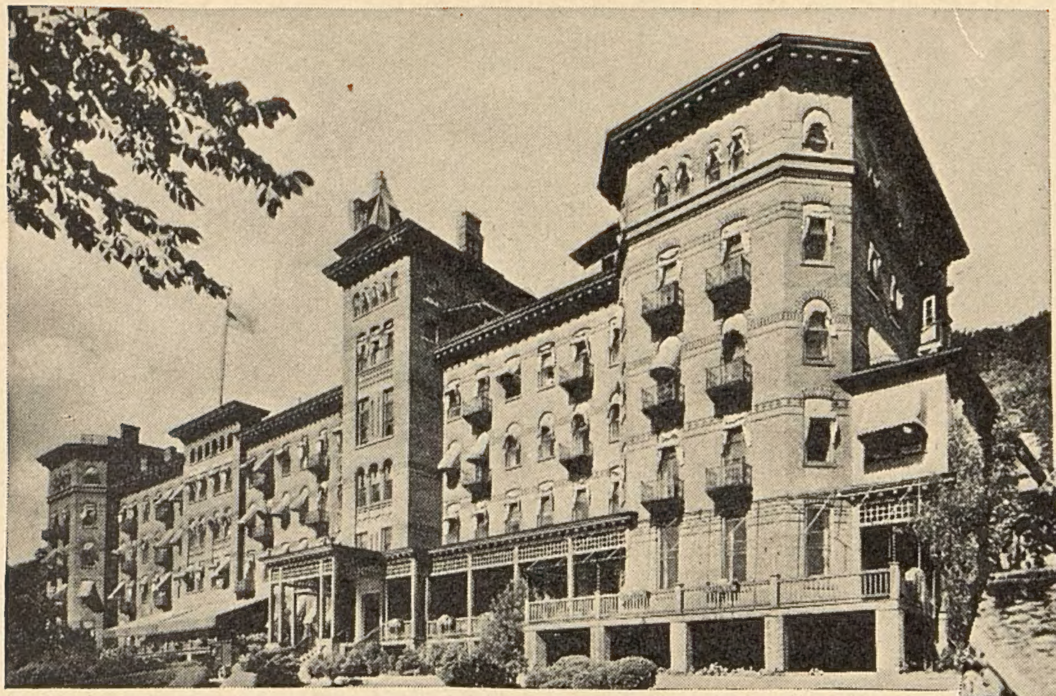
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

Answer to Fill-In Station Cartoon, page 65:
"The doctor said I have to wear them when I work!"

PHYSICAL CULTURE RESORT

Where Building Health is a Happy Game



Founded by Bernarr Macfadden

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. • Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete co-operation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. • Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. You will find an utter absence of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. • Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

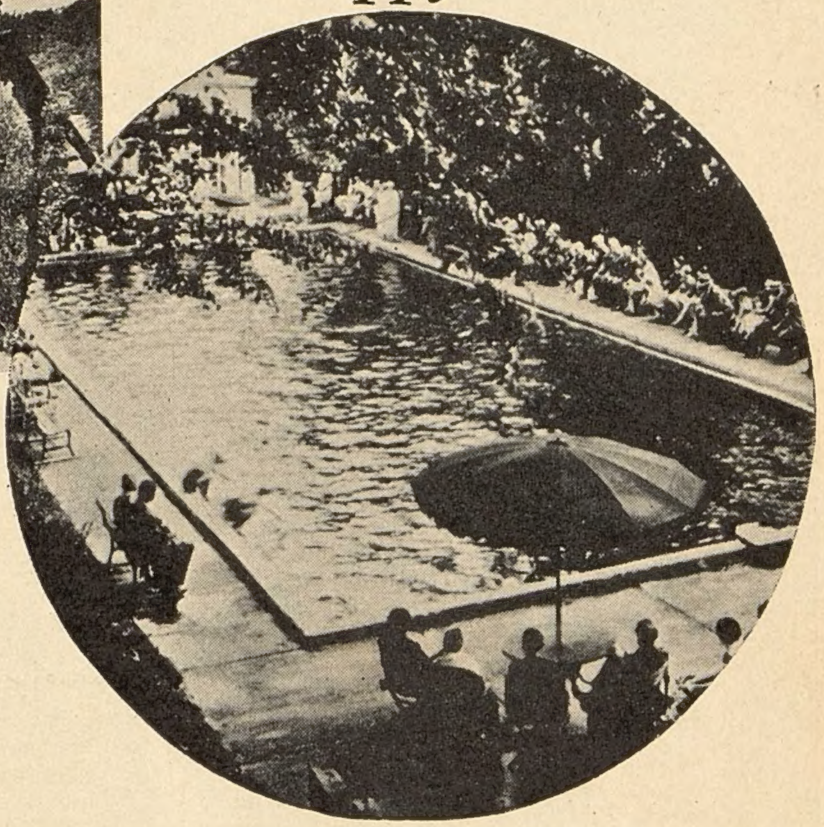
DANIEL FROHMAN, FAMOUS THEATRICAL PRODUCER, ENTHUSIASTIC OVER PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

"I have never seen a more delightful place. And it has been so highly commended by its guests who were taking the treatment there. It is the most picturesque and delightful health resort I have ever seen anywhere in this country or abroad, and I hope it will always prove a success, and make you feel happy over the splendid results you are achieving for the benefit of those who need its service." DANIEL FROHMAN.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Among the many facilities for personal enjoyment available at Physical Culture Hotel are a splendid swimming pool, tennis, golf, volley ball, dancing, mass singing and horseback riding. Everything possible is done to make your visit not only a wonderful adventure in health building but one of the happiest vacations you ever spent.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK



LOST A TOTAL OF 53 POUNDS

It was the cooking way down South that brought Mr. and Mrs. J. A. West of Mississippi, to the Physical Culture Hotel. The temptations which their dusky cook prepares would make anybody gain, they affirm.

Mr. West said: "The idea of coming to the Physical Culture Hotel has always appealed to us as we have been believers in Macfadden health principles for fifteen years. However, we did gain weight and in this respect we have not been strictly physical culturists—so we came to the Hotel both to reduce and to become better acquainted with the methods practised."

Together they lost 53 pounds during their visit. Mr. West led with a 30 pound loss and Mrs. West 23 pounds.

Mrs. West remarked: "The Physical Culture course is the easiest I have ever followed. The fact that we went to the special dining room and didn't smell other foods helped. It is when seated at a regular dinner table that one can't resist the foods which are desirable to exclude."

"I notice, too, a considerable improvement in my general condition. When I first came I couldn't walk half a block before I became tired and breathless. Now I am able to walk five miles comfortably."—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. West.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

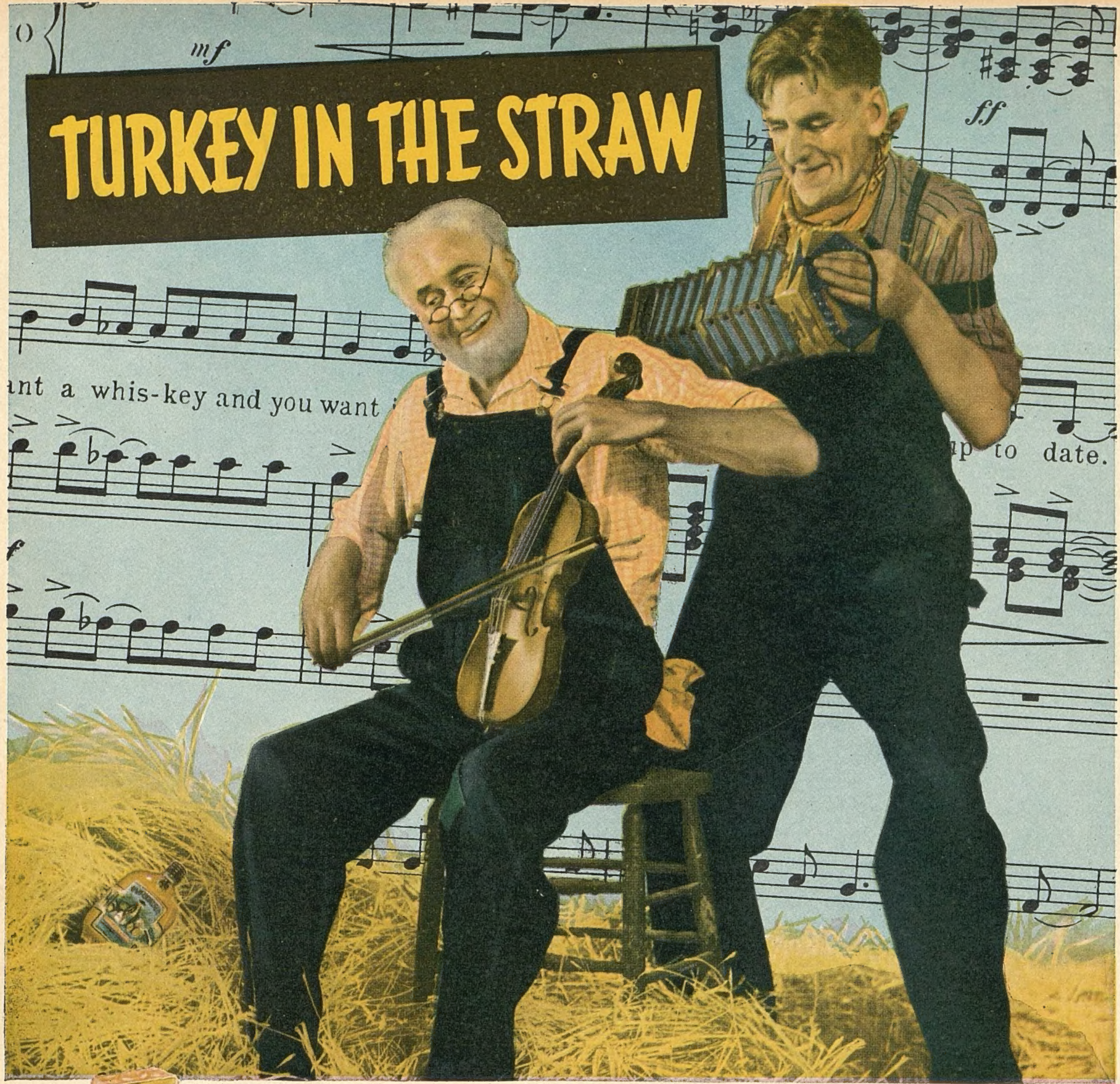
Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L 9-25
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name..

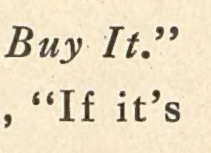
Street..

Town...State.....................


TURKEY IN THE STRAW
mf
ff
ant a whis-key and you want
up to date.

WE don't need a straw vote to check the popularity of *our* theme song: *"There's A Barrel of Quality In Every Bottle, But It Doesn't Take A Barrel Of Dough-Re-Mi To Buy It."* For fifty-nine years folks have been singing, "If it's OLD QUAKER, it's O. K.!"

SCHENLEY
Bottled at the Distillery
OLD QUAKER
BRAND
MALT
ONE PINT
90 PROOF
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
THE OLD QUAKER COMPANY
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
DIVISION OF
SCHENLEY PRODUCTS COMPANY
SCHENLEY'S
OLD QUAKER



Think STRAIGHT... *buy* STRAIGHT

OLD QUAKER

BRAND

STRAIGHT WHISKEY
AVAILABLE IN BOURBON *OR* RYE

90
PROOF

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